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THE  
ESSEX INSTITUTE  
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

VOL. LXXXVI—1950

ISSUED QUARTERLY



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SALEM, MASS.

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SALEM, MASS.

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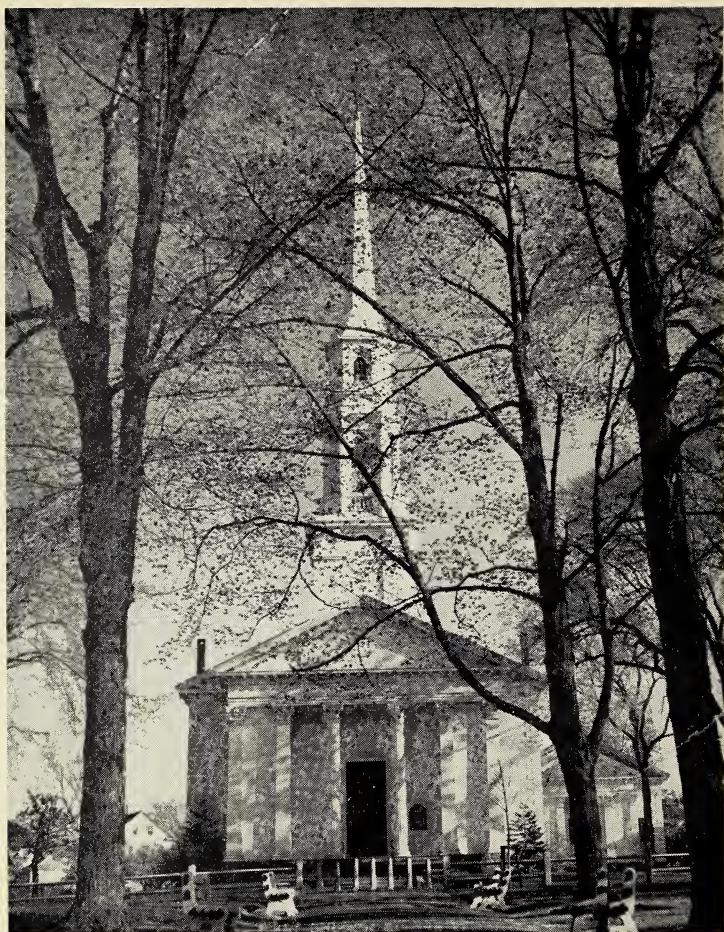
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FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST  
Bradford, Massachusetts

# ESSEX INSTITUTE

## HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

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VOL. LXXXVI JANUARY, 1950

No. 1

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### THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, BRADFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

BY REV. GEORGE E. CARY

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When a church building reaches the age of a hundred it deserves to have its story told. Though the world, ten decades ago, was different, fundamental needs were the same. People desired a building where they could worship God. They found such in the First Church of Christ, Bradford. It served them. It serves us.

It was a strange world then. The years of 1848 and 1849 were times of revolution in Europe. Here, California was opening her ports to the Forty-niners and a hot and bitter Presidential campaign, which ousted one party and brought in another, was taking its place in history. Men were being paid ten cents an hour for breaking out roads in winter. Mad dogs and what to do with them caused long discussions in local town meetings. Bradford had a population of 1212 when in March, 1850, Groveland was set off as a separate town. Men could be hung in Massachusetts for murder and three other crimes. Thousands were being spent for reform schools. Horace Mann had just completed twelve years as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education and had revolutionized the schools of the Commonwealth.

In the church world Henry Ward Beecher had just started his great pastorate at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward Everett Hale was winning his spurs in Worcester, preparing to come to Boston; Phillips Brooks was almost ready for Harvard; Horace Bushnell, down in Hartford, was gathering material which gave us a few

years later that book which helped to change religious education, "Christian Nurture." Out in Burma, Adoniram Judson was coming to the close of his long term of service and died a few months after this church was built.

Here in Haverhill the First Baptist Church was preparing to dedicate, in 1849, its new building. Its English Gothic tower and graceful spire lifted itself 169 feet into the air. Centre Church was fifteen years old and the North Church was not even thought of for nearly another decade. Whittier was writing some of his Anti-slavery poems and settling down in his Amesbury home.

Four church buildings preceded this. The first two buildings which the Bradford people had for worship stood on the knoll of what we now call the Old Burying Ground. The date of the first of these is 1670, and the lot used was given by John Hasseltine, one of the three first settlers. This church must have been of fair height, for in 1690 a gallery was added to the meeting room. The church organization did not come until 1682, and Bradford communicants crossed the river to Haverhill for Communion services. Neighboring clergy assembled in October, 1682, approving the gathering of a church, and returned on December 27 to complete their work and ordain Zechariah Symmes as the first minister. He had already served the town for fourteen years. Some sort of quarrel seems to have delayed the organization of the church. Town folk helped keep the church building in order and double wages were required from any who failed to come with hands or teams.

The second church stood a little east of the first. It was forty-eight feet wide and twenty feet high. The date was 1706. In 1751 a church, the third, was built on land which is now Bradford Common. The main door was to the south. Within was a gallery which ran around three sides and was entered from both inside and out. Pews were square. Each accommodated eight or ten people. Seats were hinged and made a deal of clatter when dropped. The building was forty feet square. Joel Saunders, of Joel Road fame, a negro, was caretaker. He sat in front of the pulpit to tend the fire after stoves were in-



roduced in the 1820's. Fortunately, in the church records Harrison E. Chadwick, for a time Clerk of the Proprietors, has left a plan of the Common with the exact position of the church. It was here that students of Andover Theological Seminary came asking for a society to send them out to foreign lands. As a result the American Board came into being within its walls as the stone on Bradford Common states.

One Sexton was Joseph Pearson who evidently, at an auction, was lowest bidder for the honor. He received for sweeping the meeting-house once a month and after every town and parish meeting; cutting the wood and housing it; trimming the lamps and lighting them; and opening and shutting the house for meetings, the large sum of—fourteen dollars a year.

An entry in 1834 in the church records gives the simple facts about the building of the fourth church:

The Meetinghouse in which the church and society had assembled for public worship more than eighty years (since 1751) having become decayed and needing repairs and being less commodious and capacious than was desirable, it was voted by the Parish in November, 1833, that the same be taken down and the Trustees of the Fund were requested to build a house with the Funds in their hands, belonging to the Parish. The pews in the house were accordingly appraised, the house taken down, sold at auction and the proceeds paid over to the pew holders. The society for nearly a year holding public worship in the Academy.

The Trustees of the Fund declined using the property under their control for the purpose of building a meeting-house, having taken legal advice, and there being a question whether such an investment might not be regarded as a perversion of said Fund. They preferred a different course and therefore eight of them . . . united together to erect a house at their own expense to be disposed of in such manner as a majority of the proprietors should direct, when the same should be completed.

On October 8, 1834 it was dedicated and the day following pews appraised at \$5500—the cost of the building—and by the next Thursday sold at auction with a surplus of \$300.

The bell and clock were obtained by subscription, (cost \$407) and the sofa, astral lamps, carpet and table were the gift of the ladies of the Parish. The contract for the work is among the church papers. James P. Sleeper, a local carpenter, signed it January 27, 1834, agreeing to complete the building in eight months. Dimensions were seventy-two feet long, forty-six feet wide and twenty-two and a half feet high with a three foot projection to carry the steeple. There was to be a door; eight windows and blinds; pews with mahogany arms and caps, while the Byfield pulpit was to be copied in mahogany. The room was to be arched and the gallery suspended with iron rods. The steeple of the Baptist church just built in Haverhill was to be copied. A lightning rod and vane were called for. The contractor was to receive \$3850 for his part of the work. A notation shows that sometime during the period Mr. Sleeper broke his leg. Stone brought in from Gloucester, and brick were to be furnished by Samuel Howe for \$577. The steeple was once described as shoe boxes piled on one another, a good description.

The Proprietors advanced the money, then sold the pews and by levying assessments maintained the church edifice. Annual meetings were held in April. Their book is well kept and is as legible to-day as when Eliphalet Kimball, the first clerk, began the records.

Interesting problems came for them to solve. People were annoyed by carriages driving up to the front steps. A fence was ordered. Notices, deemed undignified and contrary to the sensibilities of church people, were being posted. That was forbidden. Special permission had to be sought for any but church and town announcements. It wasn't until 1844 that locks were ordered for the doors. Young people were the cause of passing strict rules as this entry shows:

Whereas it has been the practise of certain young men, and Boys, to congregate at the Meeting-house on the Sabbath, long before the time of commencing Public-Worship, and indulge themselves in levity and other acts of vain and improper conduct inconsistent with the proper observance of the Lord's day, and disrespectful of the place consecrated to



the worship of Almighty God and much to the annoyance of all religious and sober minded persons:—and whereas it has been the practice of many to stand in the entry by which they obstruct the passage of those assembling: and, at the close of service, of those retiring from the House to the very great inconvenience, and even difficulty to many to gain a passage out of the door: in view of these grievances it is therefore Resolved, that we the proprietors of said House adopt and enforce the following rules and regulations.

Then follow seven rules. No person was to be admitted to the gallery but those who had seats there. No boys could be admitted to the church before meeting-time except those from a distance and they must immediately take their seats in their own family pews. In case of trouble the Sexton was to notify the committee in charge. During service boys were not to loiter about the building. Obstructing the entry must stop. The doors were to be locked except during meeting time and the key was to be left at Jacob Kimball's Tavern. One hundred copies of the rules were to be printed and Benjamin Greenleaf, the Mathematician, was given responsibility to see that this was done.

Evidently these rules were not enough, for eight weeks later an additional regulation was passed. Anyone refusing to be seated when asked to move from the entry or steps was to be made to do so by the committee. One wonders how.

On December 28, 1847, it was voted to appoint a committee to ascertain the wants of the people in regard to the capacity of their then present meeting-house. A report was made in January, and on February 8th, the Proprietors voted to rebuild, to accept an offer of \$2500 for the 1834 church and to build a new building on the same lot in a "prudent, economical manner and within a reasonable time."

By March 24th plans, drawn by Richard Bond, Boston, were approved and it was decided to go ahead, with Jedediah Perkins Carleton as carpenter. (Carleton Ave. is named for him.) At this time Dr. George Cogswell was President of the Proprietors, Eliphalet Kimball, clerk and treasurer, George K. Montgomery, Jacob Kimball and Al-

bert Kimball the committee in charge of the meeting-house. Many others during the years have had much to do with its welfare. It was during the summer and fall of 1848 that the church was being built. It was called the West Bradford Meeting-house until May, 1851. By that time the East Bradford meeting-house had become the Groveland church.

Wednesday, January 10th, 1849 was a gala day for the building was then dedicated. A large crowd assembled. The service included an original hymn written for the occasion by Rev. Jesse Page of Atkinson, N. H., and other special music. Mr. Munroe preached the sermon and Rev. Gardner B. Perry of East Bradford, later Groveland, offered the dedicatory prayer.

Here are quotations from the *Haverhill Gazette* of January 13th:

The exercises on this occasion were all very interesting, and were listened to by a large and attentive audience. The sermon was an ingenious and well written discourse. Text, 2nd Chronicler VII, 5 "So the king and all the people dedicated the house of God." The subject was "The True Design of the Sanctuary." Some suggestions were made in the course of the sermon, in reference to the proper use of the house of God, and the manner of worship, which should be heard and acted upon by some of the neighboring churches. The remarks relating to the posture of congregations during prayer, were highly interesting, and it was clearly shown that the apostolic mode was standing or kneeling. The apparent indifference manifested by some in not changing their position during their act of worship, is decidedly irreverent. If it is proper for the congregation to sit, it is equally so for the minister. We are gratified to see that Rev. Dr. Pond has taken up this subject, and is publishing a series of articles relating to it in the *New England Puritan*.

The house which is now completed is remarkably chaste and neat. The expense of erection is between \$12,000 and \$13,000. There are 120 pews on the lower floor, calculated to seat 720 persons, besides some room in the singing seats for a number more. The pews are all stuffed and lined. A large-sized organ has been procured, and our enterprising neighbors in Bradford have reason to be gratified in view of the completion of so neat and commodious a house of worship, which is surpassed by few, if any in this community.

At the sale of the Pews on Thursday, about 80 were sold, the choice-money<sup>1</sup> of which amounted to \$1640. The sale was adjourned to Saturday.

The account given in the *Essex Banner* that same Saturday adds a few facts and tells something about the town in those days:

"On Thursday the Pews sold from 30 to 225 dollars. The 'choice money' amounted to about \$1800, making some of the pews cost \$300. No gammon on this choice money.

"The house is very pleasantly located, thoroughly finished in a very neat and handsome, though not grand style, and is really an ornament to the beautifully located village.

"The citizens there appear to be united in the improvements of the place, which within a few years has undergone a great change in looks for the better, many new buildings having been built there within a short time. This shows the general prosperity and liberality of its citizens."

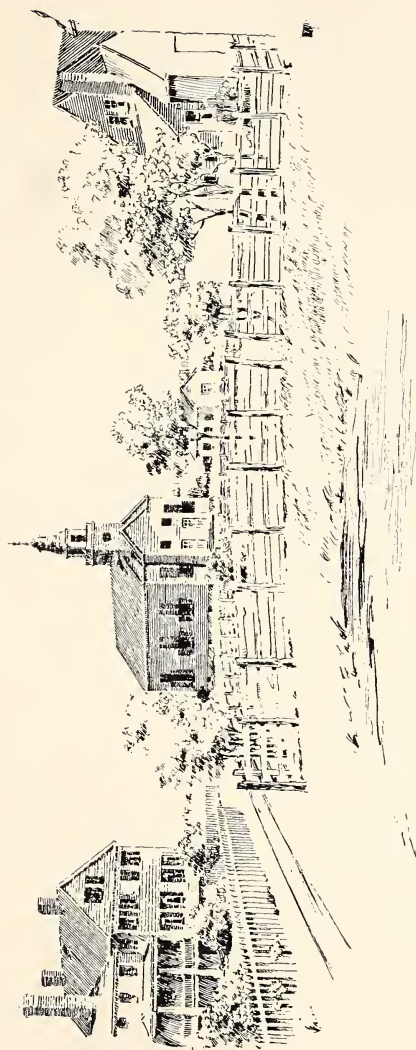
It was very cold that January. There was a stretch of weather just then that carried the thermometer down to 5 and 12 degrees below zero day after day. Some bought more than one pew. They then had seats which they could rent. This became a common practice and somewhat of a scandal. It is one reason why free pews have come.

Dr. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D., minister here from 1901-1913 studied the story of the church and gave an account of it in his *Historical Sermon* which was printed for distribution. In it he tells what he was able to discover about Richard Bond, the architect. Conway, Mass. was Mr. Bond's birthplace and March 5, 1798 the date. Consider and Jane Tobey Bond were his parents. An early ancestor, William Bond of Watertown, was once speaker of the House of Representatives of the General Court. In 1822, Richard married Mary Larabee of New Hampshire. They evidently lived in Salem for a while for he transferred his church membership from there to

1 Higher bids for choice seats.

become a charter member of Eliot Church, Roxbury, in September, 1834. A trip to Europe was enjoyed in 1851. His office was at 83 City Exchange, Boston, and at another time in the Suffolk Building, when he was with the firm of Bond and Parker. He died August 23, 1861 of heart disease at his Lambert Avenue home in Roxbury. South Church, Pittsfield was also the work of Mr. Bond. The same plans as were used here were adopted there in June, 1848, and a corner stone was laid on Christmas Day. As the church was nearing completion it was completely destroyed by fire. Money was raised and the plans followed again with a church dedication in November, 1850. Twice its spire was blown down. In 1882 a cupola took the place of a steeple. Richard Bond also planned the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston, which stood where the Telephone Building is now; Gore Hall, the old library building, Harvard; and North Church, New Bedford.

The Bradford Church spire intrigued Henry Ford. His antique man, Mr. William Taylor, who once lived in Haverhill, told him about it. Mr. Ford called one morning. It was just before his Model A was to be displayed with much fanfare. When the papers heard that the building was to be copied in his Greenfield Village, some carried a photograph with the caption, "The New Ford." As Mr. Ford walked into the Chapel the day of his visit, he asked Mr. Taylor what sort of a table they had there on the platform. "Empire" came the reply. "Are those the right kind of chairs for that table?" he asked in regard to some wicker ones standing there. "No." was the reply. "What should they be?" "Empire." "Have we any extra Empires?" "Yes," said Mr. Taylor. "Send them two," came the command. They are now on the lower church platform for they are not built to stand the harder wear they would have in the Chapel. Mr. Ford copied the spire at about one-third the size in four of his Martha and Mary Chapels, Greenfield Village, Michigan; Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, Mass.; Richmond Hill, Georgia; and Macon, Michigan. There are lines inside these chapels which are reminiscent of Bradford.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, BRADFORD  
Fourth Building 1834 - 1848

Pen drawing by George Fitts  
Presented to the Church by Mrs. Wm. W. Phillips





The spire rises exactly 174 feet and 8 inches from the sidewalk. Dr. Stackpole gave the figure of 180 feet, but recent triangulations carried on by men of the Haverhill Engineers' office give this corrected figure. The building's overall dimensions are just over one hundred feet long and about sixty-three feet and a half wide. The first Bible and hymn books were gifts from the children of the Parish. The pulpit was made in Manchester, Massachusetts. One similar to it is found in the Unitarian Church, North Andover. The Baptismal Font was a gift from the Ladies of Bradford Academy. (Cost—\$50.) The present pulpit furniture was introduced when the doors and ends were removed from the pews and the ends now in use were substituted. In February, 1849, the church was insured for \$5000. In 1863 the value was placed at \$10,000; in 1867, \$14,000; in 1884 \$20,000. To-day \$100,000 insurance is being carried on the plant.

The use of the pews for Sabbath School was an early question that arose. Any pew-holder who did not want his used for classes must inform the Superintendent and the owner's wishes would be respected. The first bell was inherited from the 1834 church and rung for the last time, January 9, 1895. The present bell, weighing 1788 pounds, was lifted into place January 12, 1895 and rung the next day by William W. Phillips, a former care-taker. It was cast by the Blake Co. of Boston. Boys used to try to ring it on the Fourth of July. Repairs made necessary by their breaking in one year are mentioned in the records. For years janitors were instructed to post "No Trespass" signs on the building on July 3rd. Boys celebrate in other ways these days.

Gas was introduced in 1869, electricity in 1916. The first organ was placed in the gallery. In 1874 a new instrument was installed in the front of the church and it was necessary to add a recess in order to care for it. The present instrument was built by the Skinner Company and installed in 1919. Stoves were first placed in the rear corners of the auditorium. By 1866 plans were being made to use the cellar, but this was not done until 1872: The present oil heating plan was installed in 1947. Aca-

demy students occupied the gallery after the organ had been removed. Then, in 1904, eleven pews were purchased on the floor.

Paint and brush have been used many times to keep this truly "The White Church." Here is an early record put down in 1857. "Bradford—Improvements have been made on the church, principally through the ladies of the Sewing Circle, and a Levee, the best ever got up—whole amount expended in painting the outside, frescoing the walls and painting the pews, with a new carpet for the pulpit, was about \$575." The last frescoing was done this past summer. That alone cost four times as much as the whole did in earlier days. Twice the spire has been nearly wrecked, once in 1908, and again in the hurricane of 1938. Both times, when it came to repairs and restoration, gifts have come in from outside as well as inside the Parish. The 1908 repairs cost \$1611.70. More than \$6000 had to be raised the second time. Events great and impressive have taken place within the walls. Installation Councils for five ministers have been held. In addition to installation, Rev. Henry A. Arnold, 1914-1919, was ordained.

Rev. Mr. Munroe completed his term of service in 1854 and entered secretarial work. The Council that dismissed him installed Rev. James T. McCollom. He was here during the Civil War and was given a leave of absence for a time to serve the Army through the Christian Commission. He was a good story-teller, jovial and full of fun, but very serious in the pulpit. His college name was "Merry Mac," a good name for a person who later was to care for a church on the Merrimac River. Stories of his pastoral care are told. A townsman accustomed to imbibe in Haverhill, and then try to find his way back to his cottage near the Boston and Maine Haverhill Bridge Station, was helped home one night by the minister. The townsman did not forget his manners, and thanked Mr. McCollom profusely with words something like this—"Thank you. Thank you, sir. And may I have the pleasure sometime of returning this courtesy when you are in my condition."



Dr. John D. Kingsbury was installed on January 11th, 1866 and thirty five years later became Pastor Emeritus. The church prospered under his guidance, the town benefited by his civic interest. School committeeman, Trustee of Bradford Academy, he was esteemed by all. The Chapel was built while he was here (1879). His Memorial History of Bradford is still our authority on local happenings. He helped celebrate the 200th anniversary of the church and his own 25th anniversary was noteworthy. After his service here he helped in Home Missionary efforts out west. His funeral service was held within these walls in 1908, for he died November 11 of that year.

Rev. Everett S. Stackpole came here after missionary work in Italy and was installed in 1901. During his term important changes took place in the organization of the church. The new covenant was adopted, the church was incorporated and steps taken to dissolve Parish and Proprietors. In coming he said that he wanted "to make bad men good and good men better" and he labored earnestly to that end.

Rev. Henry A. Arnold, fresh from Yale Divinity School, arrived with the enthusiasm and energy of youth. He ministered during war years and maintained his Christian idealism, giving diligently of service during trying times. Material changes and new organizations marked that period. Too soon he accepted a call to Toledo, Ohio, in 1919.

The present minister came to Bradford first as a young theologian in 1910. It was on Columbus Day and he was one of the fifteen hundred visitors who came out from Boston to attend the dedication of the stone commemorating the founding of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He came again on a July day in 1919, was called, and began his work on the last Sunday of September.

That dedication of the American Board stone will never be forgotten. The service was arranged in connection with the 100th anniversary of the founding of the missionary society. The day before a message came that about seven hundred guests were expecting to come from Boston where

meetings were being held. Over twice that number appeared. The plan was to serve sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee. Word came of the larger numbers. Because of the holiday, stores were closed, but food was found, nobody went away hungry and the stone was properly unveiled. Housewives rose to the occasion magnificently.

Other anniversaries have been observed. The church has marked her two hundreth and two hundred and fiftieth. The 50th as well as the 100th of the founding of the American Board was marked. Bradford Academy, now Bradford Junior College, has used the church on several anniversary occasions and yearly her Baccalaureate is held here.

Old Folks' Concerts, pageants and plays suitable to the building have taken place—Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Old Peabody Pew" being one of the most successful. After the fire of 1882 a Grand Concert was held to raise funds for the sufferers. During the flood when the Chapel was being used as a dormitory, an entertainment planned for that room was put on within the church. Some numbers were a little peculiar for these new surroundings, but no harm was done.

There have been weddings here. One of the first, if not the very first, was when Miss Mary Elizabeth Ellison, being groomed to take Miss Abigail Hasseltine's place as head of Bradford Academy, became Mrs. Luther F. Dimmick in 1849, and went to live in a Newburyport parsonage instead of remaining here to direct the Academy. The majority of the Senior Class, feeling that some slight had been done a popular leader, withdrew just before they were to finish their course that summer.

There have been funerals, as out from the church temporal have gone those who have entered the church triumphant. Because of their long association with the church and the work they had done it seemed eminently fitting that their simple memorial services be held here. Music has always been a feature important to the people. There have been choirs, quartets, octets, soloists, and Junior Choirs. Vesper services have drawn worshippers from all over the city.

We have our little jokes. Some have been at the expense of our organists. Isaac Goodell was one of these. Many times he was found inside his instrument tightening screws, tinkering with the stops. When through, he'd appear puffing and fuming. Popular conundrums were—

Question "Why is the First Church like Abraham?"

Answer "It almost killed Isaac."

Question "Why is the musical world of Bradford like a German stein?"

Answer "Because it overflows with good-ale."

For a number of years no offerings were taken during the church service. Contributions were received in a large box that stood in the Vestibule. Some irrelevantly called this "The pay as you enter church." At one time it was necessary to ask those who drove to church to use the side doors, thus not obstructing those using the portico.

Many another story might be recorded, but this is enough for now. This should be an unfinished story looking forward towards a second century mark. Today's pace is a good deal faster than in 1849. Mad men rather than mad dogs are the problem now. Monsters come during the winter to shovel snow from the walks and men are paid more than ten cents an hour for managing them. Boys are still boys and are not always reverent as they enter our doors. But these same boys have a way of turning out to be pretty good men who are anxious to see that the church is given a chance to serve each generation as it follows on another.

Those who come today need to know God and are better for a period each week within these portals. The church is open to all, gladly serving Him whose name it humbly but proudly bears.

In closing may we quote a few stanzas from a poem written by Mrs. McCollom. In 1854 when she came with her husband, who had been called as minister, her first night was spent across the way at 10 Salem Street. Homesick for friends in Great Falls, N. H. whence they had come she looked out of the window and caught sight of the church spire. She wrote—

A blessing on the head of those  
Who reared yon graceful spire:  
Constant as morn's rose-tinted glows  
Or evening's fading fire,  
Do cherished visions, bright and fair,  
Cluster in sacred sweetness there.

The day veiled in a misty shroud  
My new but unseen home,  
While on my heart as dense a cloud  
Spite of my hopes had come;  
Loved scenes, kind faces left behind  
Could I the like mid strangers find?

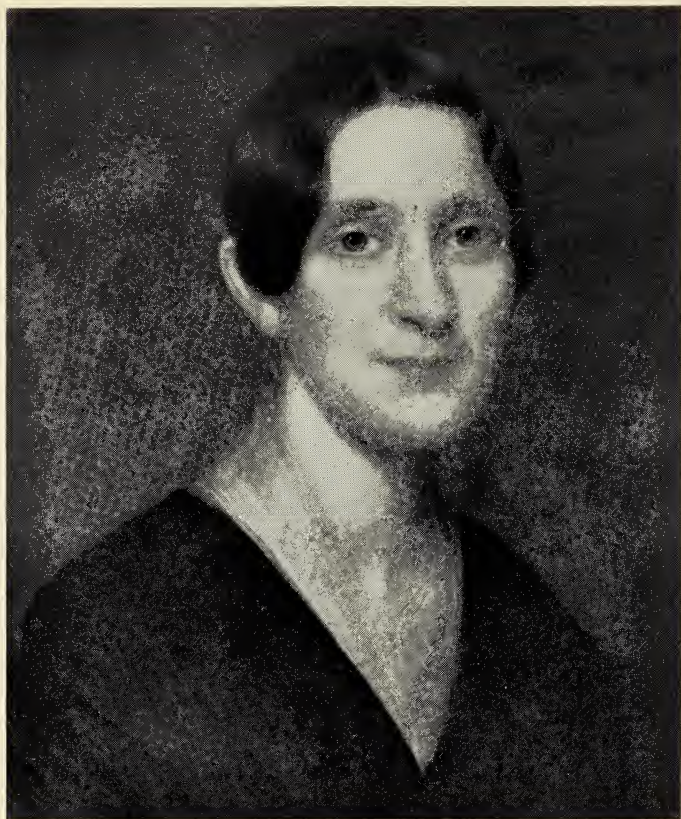
Thus pass the night's first painful hours,  
When, as I raise my eyes,  
Lo, all unveiled the moonlight pours  
From a clear beaming sky,  
And like an angel clad in white  
Yon tall church spire breaks on my sight.

I sought the window to acquire  
A fuller, clearer view,  
And 'twixt my heart and that tall spire  
So strong a friendship grew,  
Had it my earliest love possessed,  
It could not more my sight have blessed.

A blessing on the head of those  
Who reared thy graceful form;  
Whether gay sunshine round me glow,  
Or breaks the gathering storm,  
Oh, that to me thy power were given  
Steadfast to stand with look on Heaven.







MRS. NATHANIEL KINSMAN (Rebecca Chase)

Author of these letters from Macao

From a portrait by Charles Osgood in 1842

Owned by Mrs. Storer Ware (nee Kinsman)

## LIFE IN MACAO IN THE 1840's

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### LETTERS OF REBECCA CHASE KINSMAN TO HER FAMILY IN SALEM

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From the Collection of Mrs. Rebecca Kinsman Munroe.

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The following letters supplement the articles on "Nathaniel Kinsman, Merchant of Salem" published in the January and April, 1949 numbers of the Historical Collections.

Macao 11th Mo. 4th 1843

My beloved parents, Sisters and Brothers:

We hear this morning that the Ship "Ann-McKim" may be expected here tomorrow or next day from Canton on her way to New York, and consequently all letters to be forwarded by her must be in readiness. I intend to forward by this vessel my journal kept at sea, consisting of four folio sheets, which though not as much as I should like to have written, is, I suspect, as lengthy a communication as you will have patience to peruse. This being too large a package to be sent by mail, will be sent to the care of Wm. Wetmore to be forwarded by private conveyance, while this sheet comes directly on. It is with sentiments of the most sincere gratitude for the blessing of preservation through our long voyage, that I inform you of our safe arrival at this place on the 13th of last month after a long but pleasant and prosperous passage of 129 days. I left a letter at Anger (which place we reached the 22d of 9th Mo.) which I hope will have reached you long ere this comes to hand, informing you of our safe arrival there.—We had a very favorable passage up the China Sea, of 20 days, which at this season, is considered short. Our first impressions of this, our place of residence, are very favorable. We were received at landing with the utmost kindness and cordially by Wm. R. Lejée and Wm. Cooper,<sup>1</sup> the latter of whom usually resides at Canton, but was then in Macao for a short time. Our host, Wm. R. Lejée, is kindness itself and nothing that can contribute to our comfort and happiness is neglected or omitted. The house which is new and one of the best in the place, is spacious and airy, and pleasantly situated on the "Praya

1 Members of the House of Wetmore and Co.

Grande," which is a broad, marginal road running along the Sea Shore. It is surrounded by a high wall enclosing a pretty garden and is two stories high, which is the common style of building here. The lower story is occupied as servants apartments, store rooms, offices etc., while the rooms occupied by the family are invariably in the second or upper story—. We are going to have some pictures copied from some Wm. Lejée has had painted and which we intend sending home, which will show you the outside of the house, and some of the pretty views we get from the windows. From my room, I have one of the prettiest views you can imagine. It opens on the veranda in front, and I see first the luxurious verdure of the trees in the yard,—and beyond the bay, where almost each day, one or more ships from some foreign Port come in, and anchor in view from my window—There are at this moment two French Ships of war and one Dutch one lying in the Roads beside a host of Merchant Ships, and only yesterday a British steamer left, while innumerable Chinese boats, with their industrious occupants plying their daily avocations, render the scene an active and interesting one. On the left, the land sweeps around in a graceful curve forming a semi-circular bay. On the extreme point of land, stand a Catholic Church and Convent, and a Portuguese fort, from which waves the National flag, while the Cross designates the sacred edifice.<sup>2</sup> Pretty dwelling houses extend along the curve, surrounded by trees and shrubbery and on a lofty eminence behind them, seemingly almost inaccessible, stand another Church and fort. There are a great many old Churches here, and some of them have fine sounding bells. These we enjoy highly, they remind us so pleasantly of home—On "Holy Days," which occur very often you know, they ring almost incessantly, but there are none near enough to us, to be annoying. On Christmas Eve, in particular, they have very fine music at the old church of St. José, which we intend to visit. I will give you a brief account of the day—Nathaniel rises about six o'clock and accompanies Mr. Lejée and Mr. Whitney, whom I will presently introduce to you, in a

2 The Portuguese had control of Macao.



walk. I indulge usually not until a little later. As soon as he returns tea is brought to our room, (*and such tea!*) and a loaf of delicious bread,—we breakfast at a little before nine—The children have their bowls of delicious bread and milk as soon as they are dressed—The children's milk from our own cow who is a treasure here where milk is sold by the cup, which holds less than a gill at 5 cts the cupful—Our breakfast consists of fish, of which the waters of the bay furnish a variety, and very fine ones, rice cooked as you have heard Nathaniel describe it, (perfectly white, every kernel swollen to its full extent, but unbroken, though perfectly soft) eggs, ham, and curried chicken—bread, tea and coffee—then some kind of preparation of Indian Meal, sometimes fritters or Johnny cake, but usually *waffles* baked on an iron precisely like the one we used at home. These are very light and nice—finger cups are always used, both at breakfast and dinner.

At one o'clock the children have their dinner, consisting usually of chicken, cooked in some way, either roasted or boiled with *broth*, rice and pudding or custard. We dine at 3. Dinner consists of soup, fish—meats, (mutton, fowls, etc.) with delicious vegetables, (tomatoes, potatoes, sweet potatoes, yams, spinach etc.)—curried chicken and rice, salads (lettuce, celery, radishes, young onions, etc.), roasted birds usually teal, puddings and pastry, including sponge cake of which our host, finding *us* very fond, has ordered it every day. Custards, too, they make very good—then the dessert, consisting of a variety of fruits new to us.—The Pummelo, and persimmon, (which we get in Philadelphia), but here it is large and very sweet, tasting like a plum of a bright red colour, and looking very like a tomato, enormous chestnuts, oranges, etc. etc. In the way of fruit, however, there is nothing to compare with our delicious pears and peaches, or apples even. Coffee is brought in before we leave the table. These numerous courses, of course, occupy a great deal of time and sitting at table so long would be very tedious, were it not that the conversation is intelligent and interesting. We frequently and usually have one or more guests at dinner but enjoy quite as well being by ourselves. We take tea at

seven, which is served on Tea Poys and we usually have dry toast and sweet cakes. The Comprador or head servant is a sort of head steward—He takes the care and oversight of everything relating to the house—provides the servants & is responsible for their honesty and is the *Banker* and has charge of the *treasure*, as they call money.

The waiters are called *boys*, though many of them are married men, young, however, as it is considered a duty among the Chinese to marry young. Each person has a boy to wait on him at table, take charge of his room, etc.—and they are excellent servants, know their duties perfectly, and seldom require telling except something out of the usual routine—I wish I could give you an idea of their appearance but as this would be impossible by any description of mine, I intend sending home a clay figure, dressed in the costume worn by them—The Coolies perform all menial services—sweeping and dusting—bringing & carrying, etc.—The Chair Coolies carry the Sedan Chair when we ride—There is a Horse Coolie, Cow Coolie, and Dog Coolie, each having his separate duties—Then there is the Cook, Cook's Mate, and these complete the list of servants, I believe. We shall enjoy a great advantage in the way of servants—The Comprador, Cook, and some of the Coolies having been in the house a long time, and known to be faithful—these will be transferred to us or as many of them as we may find desirable. The family here consists only of Wm. Lejée and the bookkeeper, Mr. Whitney—The clerks in the office being Portugese, who reside at their own homes. Mr. Whitney is from New York and has been out here about a year. Six years ago he was worth \$200,000—We are guests, until the first of February next, when our kind host, Mr. Lejée of Philadelphia, leaves for home, and I become mistress of the Mansion. This gentleman has been in China ten years, and you can imagine the delight with which he anticipates a reunion with his father and mother (he is an only son) and two sisters. He has been most attentive and considerate in his kindness to us and we feel ourselves extremely indebted to him for rendering our first impressions of China most agreeable. I hope you will see him in Salem, where he

intends going soon after his return home. Everything here is so unlike what we have been accustomed to, that when I first came, I thought I never could like the arrangement, but now I feel quite accustomed to it, and things go on so nicely that I begin to think that this is the *best* way.—Mr. Lejée is very fond of the children and so far from being disturbed by their noise, as I feared he would be, he says, let them make as much noise as they choose if they only do not come into the office and *tear up the bills of exchange*. They will not disturb him at all. He never forgets to send them sponge cake or some other tidbit after dinner and is constantly giving them play things of one sort or other. He has bought them a large box of Chinese toys, and the other day he gave Sissy a little Mandarin cup and saucer of the most exquisite porcelain, the sight of which would delight some of our old China collectors at home. The children have the range of the house and every afternoon they go out with John<sup>3</sup> to the "Campo" (an open space just beyond the City Walls) or in some other direction where they meet other children, and some lovely ones there are here, far superior in beauty to any that we can boast. These are the children of English and Americans who reside here, and some of the little Portugese boys & girls are quite pretty. They come home pleased and happy, have a good supper of bread and milk, go to bed and sleep sweetly. Natty has not been quite well last week. We thought as we were in a new climate we would consult the Physician and Dr. Young was accordingly introduced, a pleasing young Scotchman, who reminds me of our friend Lloyd Mifflin. After dinner we go to walk, and sometimes when we do not intend going too far, we take Sissy with us. The Coolies follow us with a "chair," and if we get tired we get in and ride. Ecce likes this particularly. I have before mentioned the peculiar healthiness of the climate for young children—scarlet fever, measles, and other scourges of the juvenile human race with us, are here unknown, and whooping cough if it appears at all, comes in so mild a form as

3 John Alley was a Malay servant who had lived with the family since he was a boy.

hardly to be recognized. Willie,<sup>4</sup> dearly as I love him, I still rejoice that he is not here. I feel more than ever satisfied that we acted wisely in leaving our darling boy at home, and dear as he is to me, and intense as is at times my longing to fold him to my heart, I have never seriously regretted that we did not take him with us—My husband too, I think, is now quite satisfied that we pursued the right course—The climate here is considered very healthy for children until about 9 years old—Then the growth becomes so rapid, that in most instances Parents find it necessary to send them home, about that age. This of itself, setting aside the ill effects upon his habits of mind, which we anticipated, would be a sufficient objection to taking a child of dear Willie's age to this country.

As to his clothing, you, my dear mother and sister, can judge far better than I can, but I have thought a good deal about his shirts—I think he ought to have some made high in the neck and long sleeves—let him have boots in the winter and everything necessary for his health, comfort and happiness, particularly I would suggest a good supply of woollen stockings for the winter. Give him my tenderest love and tell him I will write by the next ship, which goes in two or three weeks. We wish Osgood<sup>5</sup> to paint his picture, have it placed in a plain gilt frame, and send it to us as soon as you can. Our cow came on shore in perfect health and spirits, very thin to be sure, and a little bruised by the hard knocks she got, the last few days of our passage, but she gains every day now. They have a nice barn here for her, and she too goes out walking every day, attended by *Coolies*. Mr. Lejée, too, has a fine cow. Our Mully now gives a very good supply of rich milk which is entirely appropriated to the children. Please tell Enoch Paige how excellent she proved, and how invaluable she was to us on the passage, and will be here, where milk is enormously high, 50 cts. for a small *supful*, about enough for six people! Many thanks my beloved sister and brothers for your kind letter received last evening by the "Steiglitz"—It was joyfully welcomed I

<sup>4</sup> Willie was the oldest child left at home in boarding school.

<sup>5</sup> Charles Osgood was the portrait painter of Salem.



assure you. On 6th day morning an American was descried in the harbor, and with the aid of a powerful telescope, which we have here, was pronounced to be the "Lucas" from Boston. About noon her letter bag was brought on shore and Nathaniel received a very kind, friendly letter from his friend Wm. Neal. I am truly sorry to hear that our dearest mother took our separation so much to heart.—I trust by this time she feels better reconciled to our absence, and that her faith is stronger in the ordering of all our movements by a power superior to our own. For myself I feel entirely satisfied with being here and am as happy as I could be, so far from my dear friends and native land. And now I have a special charge to give you—write often even when you do not hear of an opportunity to send—and send your letters to Wm. Wetmore in New York. He frequently knows of vessels coming, when he could not inform you, therefore I wish you to calculate always to have letters in New York, in his care ready to forward—and another charge, write every month by the Overland mail—this is *certain*. Write on thin paper and write *close*. Among *four* brothers and *four* sisters surely there can be no reason why we may not hear every month—I beg of you not to fail. Direct to the Care of Wetmore & Co. Macao. Letters sent in that way, should be directed *beside* to the care of Fletcher, Alexander & Co., London, who will forward the letter to China. If directed to Canton, they will be liable to be sent there, and then we must wait until they can be sent back here. The comfort, the inexpressible joy of a letter, you can imagine—so far as we are from kith and kin.

The society here is limited but agreeable. There are several very intelligent and well informed people, both English and Americans, with whom we have become acquainted and in intercourse with whom I anticipate much pleasure. The city of Macao is larger and more pleasant than I anticipated. The scenery in the environs of the city is picturesque and romantic and affords many delightful rambles. It is the custom here and a most agreeable one it is, to walk every day in fine weather after

dinner—The exercise is considered almost essential, at least very conducive to health. On every hillside we find Chinese burying places—and the other evening in one of our walks, we saw a Chinese Funeral—The Coffin, which was very peculiar stood upon the ground, while the grave was being prepared. The departed was probably not a person of much importance, as no weeping friends stood around his place of sepulture—Only a few apparently unconcerned spectators looking on. I cannot describe to you the strange feeling which came over me when I first saw one of these burying places—It seemed never to have occurred to me before that these people were subjected to the same fearful penalty with ourselves.—I know not how it was, but a strange consciousness of a common kindred with them came over me, and I no longer felt myself a stranger among them. They (the Portugese) have many old churches and in most instances, a church and fort stand side by side—The Cross and banner in close connexion—a striking commentary on the Catholic faith is it not?

In walking out we meet almost every variety of people, the representatives, as it would seem, of almost every nation on earth. Jews, Parsees, (who are descendants of the ancient Persians and are fire worshippers) Malays, Bengalees, Lascars, (these all dressed in their several native costumes) then there are Coffers, slaves to the Portugese, to say nothing of Europeans, English, Scotch, French, Germans, Swedes, etc., Distinguishable only by some slight differences of feature and complexion. The principal part of the European population are Portugese. The Portugese vary very much in complexion, some of them as dark as any colored people in Salem, and it has a very strange appearance to see the Governor's guard, dressed in *Uniform* and composed of such a variety of hues—The Governor himself is a very fine looking, elderly man, recently come into office, the Ex-Governor who was a great favorite, I believe has not yet gone home. Nathaniel, and Mr. Lejée intend paying their respects to him (the new Governor) very soon—Of all these people, I admire most the Parsees. There are a great many of

them here and some very wealthy. Their dress is very strange, but graceful—and they are most of them fine looking, athletic looking men. They are from Bombay, and live here without their families, it being contrary to their religion to bring their wives from their own country. I have an engraving of one of them, which I will send, as it will give you some idea of their appearance.

Macao, 11th Mo. 13th, 1843

My dearly beloved Mother:

We are informed that an English government steamer is to sail tomorrow for Suez, to meet the Overland mail there, and this affords so direct and excellent opportunity to send a letter home, that I gladly avail myself of it. . . . There is a large and well filled bookcase in the parlor here—I was looking in it the other day, when the first books that attracted my attention, were, what does thee think? Barclay's Apology, Sewall's History, George Fox's journal in eight large volumes, Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism, and a bound volume of the "Friend." I was very much surprised, and uttered an exclamation of delight as at the sight of old and familiar friends; I was then informed that they are no strangers here to the Quaker doctrines and that this house of Wetmore & Company had formerly been a great deal under Quaker influence. Nathan Dunn, its founder, having been a friend, and old Samuel Archer of Philadelphia, and one of his sons, have likewise been partners. These though not members of society were, or at least the father was, a plain and good friend,—so said Wm. Lejée. When we first arrived here a Captain Steele of the Ship "Ianthe" from Boston, with his wife were staying here. They left soon after for home—I requested her to go and see my friends at Salem when she got home. I thought it would be so pleasant for you to see some person who had *actually* seen us. There is a son of thy old friend Dr. Moore of Philadelphia, a clerk in the house at Canton, an excellent young man. When we first came, there were two other brothers staying *here*; one of them, Robeson Moore has gone on a trip to Java for a cargo of rice, in a pretty little vessel called "The Wissahickon," which he owns, and came out

here wishing to sell but was unable to. The company here is constantly changing—people come and go continually. Horace Story our fellow passenger, received a letter from his father by the Overland mail the other day mentioning a piece of news, an elopement at Salem, but giving no names. We feel quite curious to hear who it can be.

We went the other day to visit a "Jos House" or temple the other side of the city, about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from our house. It is a most remarkable place—an enormous pile of rocks lie tumbled together, as if thrown up by some dreadful convulsion of nature—the highest being not less than 130 or 150 ft. from the sea. It fronts what is called the inner harbor of Macao. Among these rocks is built this temple, dedicated to the "Queen of Heaven," whom they call "Holy Mother." The Temple is carved out of the solid rock with small temples or oratories one above another, the stairs are carved or cut in the rock. Enormous trees grow among the fissures, and vines and flowers, spring up wherever they can find soil. In the upper one of these little apartments, was a priest, with shaven head, dressed in a loose, dark robe "chin chinning Jos" or praying. He sat on a little bench with a sort of table before him on which were placed a hollow copper vessel, and a smaller one apparently of wood—he had two sorts of drum sticks in his hand with which he struck these alternately, all the while praying in a monotonous sort of chant—the only words we could distinguish were *ah! Ma!*—frequently repeated—the Chinese word for Mother is *Ma*. The priest was probably praying to the "Holy Mother" for a favorable wind for some Chinese junk or boat about leaving on some expedition. He looked very solemn—It produced a most painful feeling in my mind. . . . It is very painful, as thee remarks, to witness the idolatrous worship of this people, yet I cannot reconcile it with my ideas of the Divine justice and mercy, to suppose a vast nation like this, to have been created and without fault of their own, permitted to remain, in ignorance of the one true God and of the gospel of dispensation, so precious and invaluable to us, only as objects of the "Divine







FACADE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE, MACAO

Engraved by S. Bradshaw, about 1840



CHAPEL IN THE GREAT TEMPLE, MACAO

Engraved by M. J. Starling, about 1840

Vengeance," as some bigoted persons seem to believe. And as there are many intelligent and enlightened men among them, I think we must include these among the number of whom the Apostle speaks, as not having the law, but being a law unto themselves. They seem very sincere and devotional, and what more can we expect from them. . . . I hope thee will go often, dear Mother, to see mother Kinsman—only think how lonely she is left. And request sister Maria always to mention mother K. and how she is whenever she writes. Our cow is very well and improves in her appearance every day and is a great treasure to us. John desired me to give his love very particularly to father, mother, sister Maria, and all the brothers and family. He seems very contented and happy and has a nice easy time, with very little to do, except to wait on the children.

Macao, 11th Mo. 21st, 1843.

My dearest sister:

I wrote by the Overland mail to dear mother about ten days ago and we were obliged to get our letters ready with all possible dispatch, as the steamer was to leave immediately—but half an hour after they had been sent by an express to Hong Kong, we received intelligence that the steamer was detained in consequence of the severe illness of Major Pottinger who was to have been the bearer of dispatches. He has since died, as you have probably seen by the papers, of the Hong Kong fever, a dreadful disease which has proved very fatal at that place. He was (I believe) a nephew of Sir Henry Pottinger. . . . We have taken some new and pleasant walks in different directions of which I will try to give you some idea. One of these was to a garden formerly owned by an old gentleman of the name of Beal, an Englishman, and is still called Beal garden. It is extensive and well filled with trees and shrubs, among which were pointed out the Tea and Coffee plants, but the most remarkable thing there, is an immense Aviary, high enough to contain trees 20 ft. in height, and proportionably large. It contains gold and silver pheasants, various species of ducks, (who are provided with pools of water) varieties of beautiful pigeons,

partridges, quails, small singing birds, and many other rare and beautiful specimens of the feathered race whose names I have forgotten. A tiny Moose-deer from Java, was sporting about, and rarest of all, a bird of Paradise. This is said to be one of the only *two* specimens of this bird in confinement anywhere. It is not now in full feather, but is very beautiful, and being very fierce, is kept in a large cage by himself—He has been there 15 years. Various rare kinds of parrots hung in cages among the trees, being too quarrelsome to be in company with the other birds, and a beautiful Krokatoa swung in a hoop, laughing and calling out Krokatoa which delighted the children—indeed they were wild with pleasure the whole time we were there, and John, in his quiet way, seemed to be as much pleased as they. Another day, we visited a fine garden, now owned by a Portugese gentleman, in which is a remarkable cave, where the poet “Camoens” is said to have written his best poem, the “Luciad.” This garden is one of the most charming spots I ever saw. . . .

4th day 22d. (Dec.)

You are now probably sitting by comfortable fires and beginning to enjoy the social pleasures of winter—Lyceum Lectures and Dorcas meetings have probably commenced, and Oh, how I should like to look in upon you. I am sitting with my window open, and the day is delightfully pleasant though we begin to see tokens of the approaching winter in the falling of the leaves and the withered grass. We have woolen carpets down, and yesterday, a supply of coal was brought, so that cold weather may be expected soon. I feel quite lonely now, as Nathaniel has gone to Canton, for the first time. . . . Whether he will reside there or here it is as yet uncertain but it seems very probable that he will be able to remain in Macao a considerable part of the year. Should he do so, it would be most happy for me. I have not introduced thee to our friends here, which I wish to do, because I probably shall have frequent occasion to mention them hereafter. Mrs. Ritchie, from Philadelphia, has been here longer than any of the other American ladies. She came out at the same time



that Nathaniel came in the "Zenobia," and her young sister, who is now married to a young Englishman and lives at Hong Kong. Mrs. R. is a very lively, agreeable lady and has been extremely kind to me, in giving the advice and assistance, which a stranger must be supposed to need, on coming to a place where all is so strange and new. She has 6 lovely children—the youngest being twin infants, and the oldest girl of ten, who has just gone home for her education. We have passed a day with her and exchanged social calls often—Mrs. Sword, from Philadelphia, too, has been here two years—She has a beautiful little girl, one year older than Rebecca, and a little boy, younger, to whom Sissy has taken a great fancy. She is a great favorite here and is spoken of as a lady of refined and pleasing manners. With Mrs. S. I am not yet much acquainted, having only seen her once (she had an accouchment just before we arrived). Mrs. Tiers, a near neighbor of ours, came out in the "Childe Harolde" about two months before us, with her husband, and a little adopted daughter, a pretty girl of ten years old, named Fanny. They are likewise from Philadelphia—she is an extremely pretty woman, looks very much like Martha Peabody of Salem, and seems quite disposed to be neighborly and social. Mrs. Ken I believe is the only other American lady here, and she has an English husband. Mrs. Stuart, the only English lady I have seen, is a particular friend of Mr. Lejée. She is a great invalid so that she never goes out, except for an occasional airing in her chair, but everyone goes to see her—and her husband, Sir Patrick, returns the calls—a fine elderly looking man with a *white head*, tho he is not very old. Mrs. S. is an extremely well educated and intelligent woman—and possesses uncommon powers of conversation. She is *English* and *loyal*, to the last degree, and is not a general favorite as she is rather disposed to be satirical and is said to make ill-natured remarks at other people's expense.

But Mr. Lejée says she has a very quick perception of character and power of insight into people, and that when people pretend to be what they are not, or attempt to imitate others, without succeeding, she sees through it

at once. He admires her very much, and thinks I shall do so too—Time will prove. Her parlor was a magnificent one, carpeted with very fine Brussels and *full* though immensely large, of cabinets, tables etc., covered with books, and curiosities, etc., etc., a *Gem* of a place if the expression is allowable. Beyond were other rooms opening one into the other as far as one could see, all apparently splendidly furnished. In course of conversation, Mrs. Stuart mentioned Elizabeth Frye's being in France with her brother, etc. She asked me if I knew Mrs. Frye? I said no, but her brother has been in America. She immediately said she wished she could introduce me to Capt. Bruce of H. M. Ship "Agincourt," who is a connection of Mrs. Frye's and has on board ship a grandson of hers. We had the pleasure of a call from the worthy captain. Friend Gurney he does not know. But Elizabeth Frye he seemed well acquainted with. I was mistaken in supposing Mrs. Ken an American woman. She is an English lady of very pleasing appearance and manners—She has two little children whom we have seen in our walks. Of the gentlemen, William Pierce is one of our most frequent and welcomed visitors—he takes tea and passes the evening with us once or twice a week. A young man named Williams, who is attached to the Missionary Establishment here made us a pleasant call the other evening, taking tea with us, and Mr. Lowry, a young clergyman, paid his devoirs in a morning call—I spoke of an article I had been reading in the Chinese Repository (a work to which Nathaniel intends subscribing to send to you, in which I think father will be interested, and which is edited by Mr. Williams of whom I spoke before) describing a visit to one of the Northern Cities never before visited by foreigners, and I found to my surprise that Mr. Lowry was one of the individuals who made the visit—He gave us a most interesting account of that, and some other of his Chinese experiences. Sissy is sufficiently petted, and I hope will not be spoiled by the notice taken of her—but on the whole they behave very well. In a previous letter, I sent a list of wants, which I perhaps better repeat, as it may never have reached you—and

would be very much obliged by thy attention to these things—sister Anne, I do not doubt, will assist thee in the shopping, or if she cannot, I think Mary Anne Pope will, and I know from experience, that she is a most excellent person to make purchases.

12 lbs. starch put up in a tin box—

Half barrel of young pork—

A yard of crimpoline fine—

6 Crimpoline ruffles—

6 scalloped bands or strips of crimpoline—

12 Pieces lisle thread edging—

6 " " " wider lace about 1 inch wide—

20 or 30 yds. " still wider about 2 inches wide—

A few strips perforated paper—

A dozen woven night caps, good size—

Muslin checked and narrow striped—3 or 4 yds each, thin for collars—

Tapes—a good supply—various widths, both cotton and linen—

1 Dozen white cotton gloves—good size and quality—some of them, say half, may be rather smaller for Mary Ann—

1 Quire note paper, some pretty note wafers—

1 Doz. wooden Busks.  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Isinglass—

1 piece Gauze flannel—

2 Doz. pieces bobbin, linen and cotton, wide and narrow—

Hooks & eyes, all sizes—

2 Boxes best German cologne—

2 Pairs slippers—one pair ties—black kid for myself—size  $4\frac{1}{2}$ —Same for Mary Ann size  $3\frac{1}{2}$ —

3 or 4 large pieces sponge—

1 pair cork soled boots for Nathaniel at Southard's, made of soft French leather not heavy and loose about the toes—

1 pair Brogans—

1 Doz. teeth brushes—

Plain wide lace, different kinds of mesh—a few yards—

1 Pack blank visiting cards—

Most important of all—Willy's picture—

I shall want 2 col'd lawns and 1 M. de laine—and



Mary Ann will want the same—my M. de laine I should like to be quite light—something like those Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Peabody wore last spring—white ground and striped, or anything thee thinks pretty—and not very expensive—Let the lawns be such as will wash—and simply made, as they iron waists with little capes, etc., badly—Mary Ann's may be a little gayer and more youthful looking than mine perhaps, though it is not of much consequence. Let Priscilla Goodhue make them, as she has her measure, only charging her to make them large, as Mary Ann has grown so much that she has been obliged to enlarge all her gowns. . . . I should like a pretty French collar or handkerchief—or whatever is worn now, for each of us, not to cost much, and if there is any new kind of collar please send a pattern of one. . . . The pork father will speak to Sawyer to put up—He will know what kind Nathaniel usually has—*middling* young pig. The starch should be of the best kind. Thee will wonder at my wanting such quantities of lace, and will perhaps think I have grown gay and fond of trimming—but it is not so—I do not intend to alter my manner of dressing in the least. By way of explanation, I may say that Mary Ann's dresses were all edged with lace, that will not wash—this must all be replaced . . . The Washmen tear the clothes too badly, to be trusted with anything very delicate. . . . It is the greatest place here for wearing out shoes, that I ever knew—We get very good satin shoes made here for 75 cents a pair which answer to wear in the house—but their leather is very bad. Give Southard particular charge about Nathaniel's boots, please dear—And ask Osgood to pack Willy's picture himself, or see to it, so that it may be sure to come safely—Oh, what an inexpressible comfort this will be to us. I hope he will be able to get a good likeness . . . Now, my dearest sis, I know all these things will give thee a great deal of trouble to collect, and I am sorry to require it of thee, but cannot well avoid it, and do not doubt thee will do it willingly. This list I fear will somewhat try thy patience—but I beg thee will try and gather up a good store of this virtue, as we shall be obliged very often to put thee to the same trial—I find

the ladies here are in the habit of sending home for almost everything they need. Mary Ann desires her love to thee and will be much obliged if thee will send her some working canvass, pretty fine, perhaps a yard—and of crewels 5 shades of greens and 3 of purples—one skein each—and a few yards of that pretty narrow ribbon to make book marks—Eliza will know—narrow neck ribbon. I have regretted to fill up my paper in such a way, but find I must envelope my sheet, so it is not so much matter. Nathaniel has written to Michael Shepard requesting him to furnish father with what money may be necessary. Will thee please keep an account of what is expended.

Macao 5th day morning 11th Mo. 30th 1843

I went to meeting last first day for the first time—there is an episcopal Chapel here, where service is performed every first day, and there being no chaplain here, clergymen of all denominations preach in it—The minister last first day, was Dr. Bridgman, an Andover Graduate and a truly good man, who has been out here since 1829. Whether from having been so long debarred the privilege of joining in social worship or from some other cause I know not, but I was most solemnly impressed, not merely by the services, but by the place and the occasion, and I felt that it was good for me to be there. Thee knows, dear sister, I always admired the Church service, and can join in it with entire freedom.

But I hope you will not conclude from this that there is any fear of my losing my attachment to our own simple forms; no, indeed, they were never dearer to me than now—and rather, far rather, would I sit down in silence in our own dear little Pine St. Meeting House, and there endeavor to wait upon the Lord, than to worship in any other way or place. . . . There are some good people here, tho religion, I suspect, is not much thought of by most—however, I have no right to judge, as the outward appearance is not always a sure test, as to what exists within.

Macao 6th day 12th mo. 1st 1843.

My dear parents and sister:

Nathaniel is now in Canton—I received a letter from him this morning, saying he intends returning to Macao

in a few days. . . . I believe I have not mentioned the visit we made the other evening to the house of a Chinese Linguist. Our truly kind friend, Mr. Lejée, sent word to this man, that he wished to bring some ladies to see his house, (he has lately been building a new one, in a Chinese village, a little out of the City) and wished him to inform him when it would be convenient to receive us—The answer was, that he was always at home, and we could come at any time. We received this answer, at the dinner table, and immediately set off on our proposed visit—after leaving the city gates, we walked through some secluded and pleasant paths through a wood, where the graceful bamboos meet over one's head. On reaching the village, the house was pointed out to us, and on entering, we were politely received by "Awun," its owner, who talks English very well—He is an *opium smoker*, thin and pale—His wife was really very pretty, with *very small feet*; her first inquiry was if we were *English*, on being told by her husband "No"—she was very polite to us, tea was served in exquisite porcelain cups, and we were shown over the house and garden. They have no idea of comfort in their houses, according to our notions of it; the houses are built of brick, and plastered, and washed a pretty stone colour, and some of them are prettily ornamented with carvings over the door—they have no windows, but are lighted by openings in the roof—which seemed to be open to, or very imperfectly protected from, the weather. The flower garden seemed to be in the centre of the house—and contained chrysanthemums, marigolds, asters and a few other flowers but nothing rare or beautiful. It is not the season of flowers to be sure but so far, I am much disappointed, in the beauty and splendor of those we have seen—and we are told they will not compare with ours albeit the climate is a tropical one. I have two beautiful camelias, a white and a variegated one, and two rose bushes on the veranda, before my room window. . . . We have had an *old* gentleman from Baltimore staying with us lately by the name of Codman. He was formerly from Portland super cargo of the ship "Cincinnati" I think. He is about 50 years old but in







MACAO FROM PENHA HILL  
Printed by W. Heine, about 1854



THE GROTTTO OF CAMOENS, MACAO  
From a print by T. Allom, about 1840

Camoens, the Portuguese poet, author of "The Lusiad," banished to Macao in 1556

a community where almost all are in the prime of life, persons of 40 or more are called *old*. . . . You will have heard of the destructive fires they have had at Canton—Nathaniel writes me that some of the *incendiaries*, who have been taken, are exposed in a public place, where he sees them every day, with a wooden collar or yoke around their necks, *starving to death*, and this too within *smelling* distance of several cooking establishments. Is not this a refinement upon cruelty? Their number diminishes each day as death relieves the sufferers one by one. We have not yet been at Canton—perhaps we may go for a few days, in the course of the winter, but I do not feel at all anxious to go—we are so comfortably and pleasantly situated here—Nathaniel says, some of the *Hong* Merchants are very anxious to see his children, particularly “*the boy*,” girls are comparatively insignificant in their estimation—but they say—“More better the ladies stop Macao side.” I am reading Victor Hugo’s “Excursions on the Rhine,” a most interesting book—We are well supplied with reading, and in the attractive form of English editions—large print and clear paper—but I must defer all further remarks, as I have just received a “chit”—or note from Mr. Lejée, saying the “Louvre” goes at 4 o’clock. . . . John wishes to be remembered to you all as does Mary Ann likewise. . . .

Macao 12th mo. 3rd, 1843.

First day after meeting.

John D. Rogers arrived here on 6th day last, the first of 12th month last, from Manila, he has been from home ten months—He seems very pleasant and amiable, and I think would be good looking but for an enormous pair of whiskers, moustaches, and *imperial*, which nearly conceal his visage. These I hope he will soon remove. . . . While I write a person makes his appearance in my room, who proves to be Mr. Lejée’s own boy, who is the prince of servants, accompanied by an *Upholsterer*, to put up some woollen curtains at my northern windows—It would surprise you perhaps, as it does many people, to hear of such cool weather here. . . . It is true some persons, even Americans, do not have fires, but I am sure it is not be-



cause it is not sufficiently cold—and I am told the Portuguese have no chimneys in their houses, as they think it unhealthy to warm themselves by fires, but wrap themselves up in cloaks and shawls and shiver through the winter. Our parlor, in an evening, now presents a most cheerful and homelike appearance—You may imagine a large centre table covered with books, a centre lamp suspended over it, with 6 or 8 burners—illuminating the apartment with a cheerful light and, if we are at work, a study lamp is at our service—a bright coal fire in the grate, and various *agreeable* people seated around it, intelligent and instructive conversation on various topics being carried on, and you see us as we really are situated. . . . We have all the English Reviews, etc.,—and are well supplied with reading in most departments of literature. Every arrival from England brings a fresh supply of new publications—There are two book societies here, of which Mr. Lejée is a member. There are 8 or 10 subscribers—books are passed from one to the other in rotation, and now and then, they have an auction, when each one buys the books he wishes to own. . . . Time here, seems to fly if possible, faster than at home. We have been here seven weeks—though it seems scarcely possible—I find it is quite a mistake to suppose that ladies here have nothing to do—Mrs. Ritchie, who has been here four years, says she was never so busy in her life, as since she has been in China, though the duties devolving on a housekeeper, are of a different nature from those at home. One thing you will like to hear, that there is no going up and down stairs—all the rooms being on one floor, and this is an inexpressible relief to me—We never need go downstairs, except when we go to walk. I have now a *Tailor* at work for me—He is like a seamstress with us, except that he accomplishes much less in the same time—but he sews very nicely—and I am told that he can cut and make dresses by a pattern furnished him—but I have not yet tried him at this—We were very fortunate in getting him, as he is said to be decidedly the best tailor in Macao. He is now making Sissy a little tunic of black silk—The children have worn their Merino Wrappers for several

days. . . . I wrote dear Willy by the "Louvre," enclosed in one to father—Give my best love to the dear boy, and tell him I think of him very often, and love him tenderly, and am longing to hear from him—Please give my love to all my dear friends, and believe me your most affectionate and attached

Daughter and Sister  
Rebecca C. K.

Macao 12th mo. 7th 1843.

What do you think I have been doing this morning? Why nothing less than making a *bread pudding* for the children's dinner, but unfortunately it was not very nice, as it did not get well baked. The children have been out in the chair this morning and enjoyed their ride highly. . . . The other evening when walking with John and Natty, Ecce met a little Portuguese Midshipman, a beautiful boy of about 12 or 14 years old—She immediately went up to him, took his arm, and insisted on his walking home with her . . . I reproved Rebecca severely for her forwardness, telling her how very improper it was, and her answer was, "Why, mother, he looked so much like Willy I could not help it." Shall I give you some specimens of "China English," a language in which I have not yet made much proficiency—I write a note, for instance, & call the boy and say, "Boy, Sendy go Missy Lichy house, wait answer"—(send this note to Mrs. Richie and wait for answer") The boys do not go on errands themselves, but send coolies—they are very particular as to their own duties, and will only do certain things. If, while they are waiting at table, a door or window is to be shut or opened, they will probably go downstairs and call a Coolie to do it, though they themselves are on the spot. The boy has just come in, and I said to him, "Speaky that cook, make custard pudding children's dinner, all same gentleman's dinner—Savy?" to which he answers affirmatively, "Savy"—(I understand). They wait on table admirable well—never require to be told, instantly perceiving when anything is wanted, and they move about with great quietness, never hurrying themselves. The Chinese are the most good natured set of people I ever

saw, generally speaking—All the people, with whom we have anything to do, seem good tempered and that is said to be a National Characteristic. Dr. Bridgman and Mr. Lowry (both missionaries) spent an evening with us lately, and the conversation turned upon the Chinese—their Character, Customs, etc. both these gentlemen are good Chinese scholars, and they remarked that the more they became acquainted with the language and through it with the people, the more their respect for the people and their institutions increased, and that this was invariably the case. Ecce went yestreday to a little party at our neighbors, Mrs. Tier's, it was Fanny's birthday and the party was given on that account. Some 6 or 8 little boys and girls and they had a grand time.—We have had a silk merchant here this morning, with some pieces of pretty checked silk, of which Mary Ann is going to have a dress. When we want any article, we send for the Merchant, and he brings the article to us—The tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, etc., come in the same way. A visit tomorrow morning from the bonnet tailor.—It is a great place for note writing here, all messages are of course communicated in writing, this is very convenient on some accounts, but it consumes a great deal of time. Please tell cousin Lydia her tea-poys and waiters are likewise bespoken, and will be ready in a month or six weeks. Much to Ecce's disappointment there are no such things as dolls to be had here, (is it not strange?) I wish you would send in the box with the other articles three or four dolls for her.

Macao 12th mo. 16th 1843.

My dearest parents and sisters:

Natty is quite recovered from his attack of indisposition and my husband too is much better. . . . It is a great comfort that we have so good and so agreeable a physician here, and that we may call upon him whenever we please—As he is paid by the year, we feel at liberty to call upon him oftener probably than we should, were we obliged to pay *five dollars* each time, that being the price of a single call. Wetmore & Co. pay him \$200. per year, and the same sum to the physician in Canton—These two, with Dr. Anderson at Hong Kong, are in partnership, and are

all three Scotchmen. . . . We have had for the last three days a N. Easterly rainstorm and it still continues, and we are told it will very likely last a week. It is the first time we have had a really rainy day since we arrived; and the weather without is gloomy enough. It entirely prevents our going out, but we communicate with our friends by notes and I exchanged messages yesterday two or three times with my neighbors. Within doors, however, it is very cheerful—We have a very nice little stove in my room, in which we burn English Coal, and the Coolie makes a fire before we are up in the morning. There are fires, too, in the parlor, office, and dining room, so you see we have *winter* even in China. The season of Camellias has now come and I observed a splendid white one in the bouquet on the centre table this morning. Roses too, are just beginning to bloom. This seems very strange to me, but not more so, than that new vegetables are now just coming in—We have had green peas two or three times, and new potatoes are just getting ripe. It is nearly time to expect grapes from the North. Thanksgiving day with you has probably passed and our places were vacant at the hospitable board—I trust dear Willy was with you and that you were all well and happy and I know that the dear absent ones were not forgotten. Christmas too is approaching, another happy season at home. We are anticipating a little dinner party here on that day. Mr. Lejée proposes inviting the three American ladies with their husbands, and one or two gentlemen (not to make the party too large). Our friend William Peirce is to be of the number, and we hope Mr. Lawrence may prolong his stay in Macao until after that day. This person is one of the most agreeable persons we have met in China. He is well educated and of agreeable manners and possesses remarkable conversational powers—He is from New York, and is a brother of Willard Peele's partner, who went home from Manila a few months since. . . . What do you think I did yesterday? Nothing less than *assist* in making some *Minced Pies*. Our cook made some the other day, by way of experiment, with reference to the approach of Christmas. Mr. Lejée is very fond of them, and as



these did not taste just right, I offered to furnish a receipt, and assist in the seasoning, etc. Accordingly, one of the boys wrote the receipt in *Chinese*, and the Cook prepared the ingredients all very nicely, and brought them into the dining room, and I went in and superintended the mixing—or rather we all went, for I found Mr. L. there, ready to translate any instructions I might wish to give, and my husband and Mary Ann soon came too, and we had quite a merry time, seasoning and tasting, and fortunately the pies proved very nice. A Japanese Ship, or rather I should say, a Dutch ship from Japan, having met with some accident, has put in at Hong Kong (which is about 40 miles from Macao) and the captain has a supply of those beautiful Japan articles so much prized everywhere (thee will recollect the top of Lucy Robinson's centre table, dear sister). Dutch ships only, are allowed to trade, at Japan, and consequently these articles can usually only be obtained at Dutch ports, where they command enormous prices; this is therefore a rare chance, and we hope to obtain some articles. We have already some beautiful straw baskets, which were a part of the articles, and Nathaniel and Mr. Lejée have sent an order to Hong Kong, for some Japanned articles. We hear to-day that Mr. Morse has just returned from there, with some beautiful specimens which we intend going to see.

We are longing for dear Willy's picture, but I suppose it will be long before we shall receive it—Give the darling boy a great deal of love from his mother and his father too, and tell him we think and talk of him many times a day. I suppose, thee, dear sister, is longing for Sissy's picture too—and now I must tell thee, what at my husband's request, I have been keeping a secret, but on representing to him, that thee does not like surprises, he consents that I should tell you. We have had Rebecca's portrait painted, which we intend sending to her dear auntie, and I do not doubt it will be the most acceptable present we could offer thee. Father and mother too will not be less pleased. I am delighted with the artist's success myself, and think the likeness admirable; most people here think so too, but as is always the case, there is a dif-

ference of opinion, and Nathaniel does not feel quite satisfied with it. It has not the bright expression which is the charm of Sissy's face, but that could not be expected, the child being obliged to sit still, and be looked at, which for her was a difficult task, . . . as the sittings were sometimes two hours long. . . . Would that I could give you an idea of the artist "Lamqua"—A more perfect contrast to our Osgood can hardly be imagined. He is very *fat* and no one could imagine on looking at him, that he possessed a spark of genius, though he has in reality a great deal, and is considered a great portrait painter among the Chinese. He has painted Sir Henry Pottinger, Admiral Parker, and various other distinguished men. As a very *great favor* and it certainly was one, *he came here* to paint Ecce, as it would have been very inconvenient for so *many of us*, to have gone to his room, and Ecce beside would not have felt so much at home or looked so naturally. I am afraid thee will think the picture too large—I suggested its being a smaller one, but "Lampqua," the artist, preferred painting it this size, and we thought it best to leave it to his choice, that he might not have that an excuse for not getting a good likeness. 7th day morning 23rd. Just after the children were in bed my husband came into my room laden with letters, which proved to be the remainder of those sent by the "F. Warren" and thee may imagine better than I can express my pleasure. Thy account of yearly meeting was very interesting to me. That sweet looking R. Howland, how I should have liked to have heard her voice in supplication—that poem of Whittier's, that thee transcribed—how beautiful—I am rejoiced that dear father was there and enjoyed himself so much, and hope that next year mother will be induced to go too. We are very glad to get the newspapers, the sight of a Salem paper was really refreshing. The accounts of Willie were very satisfactory. His handwriting is not nearly as good as it was a year ago, but I suppose it will improve. Thee may be sure, I will do all I can in dear Edward's behalf. At present, there is no vacancy, and no employment for the *two last clerks* Wm. Wetmore sent out, but it is expected that another year



may make great changes on account of the trade up the coast, at the newly opened *ports*. We went off in the roads yesterday, to visit the "Natchez," a fine ship that has just arrived from South America—Capt. Waterman. She has a cabin like a packet ship, delightful—large and convenient. We were by Capt. W's invitation & Russell Sturgis accompanied us and we went in his schooner; took Tiffin on board, and returned to dinner at 5 o'clock. Had a very pleasant excursion.

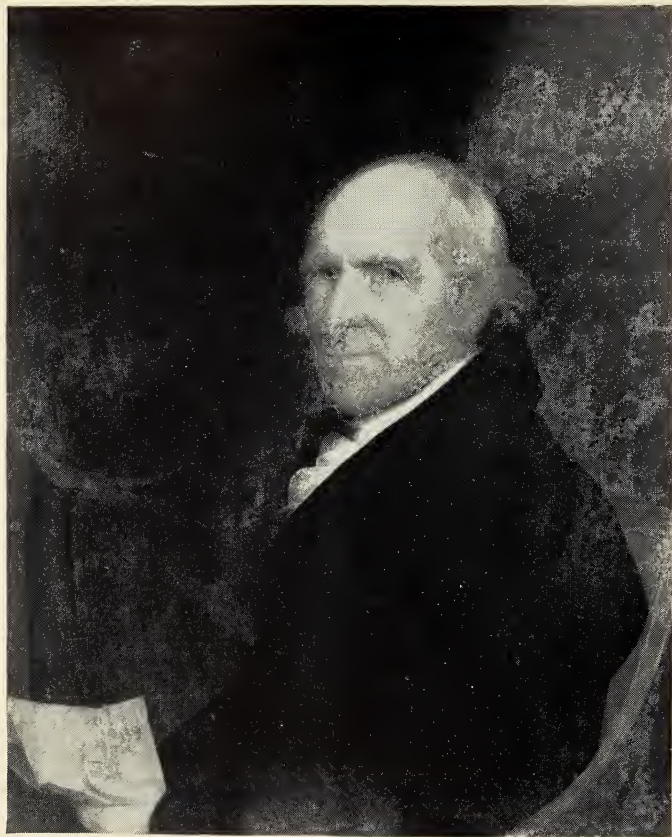
3rd day 12th Mo. (Quotations from her Diary)

Capt. Starbuck dined with us, and Mr. Lawrence passed a part of the evening. He was as usual very agreeable, described a Chinese dinner, at which he was an invited guest. The dinner consisted of a great variety of dishes, mostly stews or hashes, birds' nest soup being one of the dishes, and was served on splendid porcelain, such as we never see offered for sale. The wines, which are very good, are drunk *warm*, from small silver cups holding not more than half a gill, and having two handles—After drinking, the guest turns the inside of his cup towards his host, that he may see that he has done justice to the goodness of his wine—At the close, various vases of flowers which decorated the table during the repast, (shallow like saucers) are handed to the host, who takes the flowers and scatters them over the table—On leaving, each guest is presented with a wire basket of flowers. One singular fact he mentioned, that the Chinese have lost the art of making the exquisite porcelain which they once did.

4th day 13th. Mr. Lawrence dined with us, and I had the pleasure of his company in a walk around the Gap, after dinner, when he talked most agreeably. We walked out to the "Barrier" a distance of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, making our walk out and back 5 miles, and part of the distance very rough walking, I was not at all tired. This "Barrier" was formerly the limit beyond which no foreigners, even Portuguese, were allowed to pass, but this restriction is now removed, and people walk and ride on horse back through the Arch in the "Barrier" wall and so out upon the Island.

(To be continued.)





HON. TIMOTHY PICKERING  
No. 91

ADDITIONS TO THE  
CATALOGUE OF PORTRAITS  
IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

(Continued from Volume LXXXV, Page 334)

COMPILED BY RUSSELL LEIGH JACKSON

In 1864, Gov. Andrew appointed Mr. Gray an associate justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and in 1873 he became chief justice. In 1881, President Garfield appointed him an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he occupied until his death September 15, 1902. He was married in 1889, to Jane Morrison Matthews, daughter of the Hon. Stanley Matthews, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. [See *Dict. of Amer. Biog.* vol. VII, p. 518; *Upham Genealogy*, p. 197.]

- 48a. ELIZABETH BAYLEY (CHENEY) HALE, 1823-before 1891. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 12 in. x 9½ in. Half length facing front. Black dress, white collar, brooch, white cap.

*Gift of Howard Corning, 1935.*

Elizabeth Bayley (Cheney) Hale was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, December 10, 1823, a daughter of James and Elizabeth (Bayley) Cheney. She was a granddaughter of Nathaniel Bayley and a great-granddaughter of Daniel Bayley, both well known organists at Saint Paul's Episcopal Church in Newburyport. She was married on February 7, 1850 to Captain George William Hale, son of Captain Moses and Anstiss (Jaques) Hale of Newburyport, and died before 1891. [See *Cheney Genealogy*, p. 351; *Newburyport Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 74; vol. II, p. 88.]

49. REV. JACOB HERRICK, 1754-1832. Pastel by unknown artist. Canvas, 18 in. x 14 in. Head and shoulders facing right. Brown hair, blue eyes. Blue coat with white collar, white waistcoat and stock.

*Gift of Miss Harriet H. McLellan, 1942.*

Rev. Jacob Herrick was born in Reading, Massachusetts, June 12, 1754, a son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Jones) Herrick. He graduated from Harvard in 1776, and received his A.M. degree in 1778. He was in Capt. John Bachelor's Company, Col. Ebenezer Bridge's regiment, September 25, 1775 and was commissioned adjutant to reinforce the Continental army October 28, 1779, and served in Col. Jacob Gerrish's Essex and Suffolk regiment. He was commissioned adjutant of the Middlesex county regiment July 4, 1780. It has also been said that he was a lieutenant of marines on a vessel and that he was taken prisoner and carried to Halifax. He married July 10, 1780, Sarah Webster, daughter of Deacon Thomas and Sarah (Kimball) Webster of Bradford, Mass., and in 1795 preached his first sermon in Durham, Maine, whither he removed the following year, purchasing of Capt. William Gray, twenty-six acres of land. The old Herrick parsonage was burned in the late 1890s. He is described as slow and somewhat tedious in his delivery, but of good ability and a very excellent pastor. He was the first ordained minister of the Congregational church in Durham. He is said to have ardently opposed the election of "that infidel Tom Jefferson," asserting that he would destroy both churches and school houses. He died in Durham, December 18, 1832. [See *Reading Vit. Rec.*, p. 367; *Beverly Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 283; *Bradford Vit. Rec.*, p. 225; *Hist. of Durham, Me.* (Stackpole), p. 50; *Mass. Soldiers & Sailors in the Revolution*, vol. VII, p. 761.]

50. SAMUEL HERRICK, 1713-1792. Pastel by unknown artist. Canvas, 18 in. x 14 in. Head and shoulders facing right. Brown coat and waistcoat, white stock. Brown hair, blue background.

*Gift of Miss Harriet H. McLellan, 1942.*

Samuel Herrick was born in Lynnfield, Mass., in 1713, a son of Martin and Ruth (Endicott) Herrick. His mother was a daughter of Samuel Endicott of Orchard Farm, and a granddaughter of Dr. Zerubbabel Endicott, son of the governor, John Endecott. He married first,



August 8, 1742, Elizabeth Jones of Wilmington, who died sometime before October 13, 1761, for on the latter date he married Mrs. Sarah (Putnam) Whipple, widow of Matthew Whipple of Salem and daughter of Deacon Israel and Sarah (Bacon) Putnam of Danvers and Bedford, Mass. He was the father of the Rev. Jacob Herrick of Durham, Me. [See *Herrick Genealogy*, p. 245; *Lynn Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 181; *Hist. of Durham, Me.* (Stackpole), p. 200; *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.* vol. I, pp. 335-6; *Putnam Genealogy*, p. 135; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. IV, p. 459.]

51. SARAH (WEBSTER) HERRICK, 1751-1829. Pastel by unknown artist. Canvas, 18 in. x 14 in. Head and shoulders facing left. Brown hair on top of head with hair ornament. Pink dress, black ribbon around neck.

*Gift of Miss Harriet H. McLellan, 1942.*

Sarah (Webster) Herrick was born in Bradford, Mass., September 21, 1751, daughter of Deacon Thomas and Sarah (Kimball) Webster. She married the Rev. Jacob Herrick, July 10, 1780, and died October 18, 1829, in Durham, Maine. She has been described as "a woman of fine presence, a beauty in her youth and gifted with rare intellectual powers." It was said of her that she could hold her own in conversation with any and all of the ministers she entertained. "Of generous nature she gave freely from her not too lavish store." [See *Bradford Vit. Rec.*, p. 166; *Beverly Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 330; *Kimball Genealogy* vol. I, p. 157; *Hist. of Durham, Me.* (Stackpole) p. 51.]

52. AMOS HILTON, 1786-1850. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 10½ in. x 9 in. Head and shoulders facing right. Black coat, white collar and stock. Brown hair.

*Estate of Miss Eleanor Hassam, 1941.*

Capt. Amos Hilton was born in Manchester, Mass., March 26, 1786, a son of Capt. Amos and Nabby (Ober) Hilton of Manchester. He was a master mariner, and married in Manchester, July 3, 1808, Hannah Leach,

daughter of Capt. Ezekiel and Susanna (Hilton) Leach of Manchester. He died in Boston, November 24, 1850. His daughter Abigail Ober Hilton married John Hassam of Boston, and was the grandmother of Miss Eleanor Hassam, the donor of the portrait. [See *New Eng. Hist. & Gen. Reg.* vol. XXXI, p. 193; *Manchester (Mass.) Vit. Rec.*, pp. 61, 74, 175, 186; *Leach Genealogy*, pp. 9, 60; *Hilton Genealogy*, p. 17.]

53. JOHN HOLMAN, 1769-1858. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 2 in. Half length, seated figure, facing right with arm on table. Black coat, white waistcoat, white collar and stock, light brown hair.

*Estate of Miss Bessie Holman Curwen, 1938.*

John Holman, shipmaster, was born in Salem, July 11, 1769, a son of Gabriel and Sarah (Goodhue) Holman. His early years were spent upon the sea and he joined the East India Marine Society in 1803. Among the vessels under his command, all of which sailed to foreign ports, were the brigs "Chance," "Cora" and "Laura," the brigantine "Plymouth," and the bark "Two Brothers." Captain Holman lived in Ithaca after 1826, and died there March 18, 1858. He married, first, August 20, 1806, Lois, daughter of the Rev. Ebenezer Nelson of Reading and Malden; secondly, August 24, 1827, Olivia Newell of Beverly; and thirdly, November, 1835, Hannah H. Orne. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, pp. 443, 444; vol. III, p. 510; vol. V, p. 338; *Reading Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 369; *Essex Inst. Hist. Colls.* vol. LXXIII, pp. 375-6.]

54. JONATHAN HOLMAN, 1785-1855. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 2½ in. x 2 in. oval. Head and shoulders facing right. Black coat, yellow waistcoat, white collar and stock, brown hair.

*Estate of Miss Bessie Holman Curwen, 1938.*

Jonathan Holman was born in Salem, February 9, 1785, a son of Gabriel and Lydia (Mansfield) Holman. He married, first, November 9, 1815, Betsy Barr, daughter of James, Jr. and Eunice (Carlton) Barr of Salem,

and secondly, October 25, 1832, her cousin, Sarah Barr, daughter of John and Sarah (Peirce) Barr, also of Salem. His daughter Mary Smith Holman became the wife of Capt. Samuel Ropes Curwen, one of the well known shipping masters of Salem. Mr. Holman died in Salem, September 3, 1855. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. III, pp. 81, 511; *Salem Gazette*, Sept. 4, 1855; *Curwen Genealogy*, p. 195.]

55. ELIZABETH (COOK) HUNT, 1809-1899. Oil by Charles Osgood, 1855. Canvas, 36 in. x 30 in. Three quarters length seated figure facing right, left arm resting on arm of chair. Black dress with full sleeves, white lace trimming and collar and shawl over right arm.

*Gift of Mrs. William Sutton, 1939.*

Elizabeth (Cook) Hunt was born in Salem, May 17, 1809, a daughter of John and Elizabeth (Patfield) Cook, and sister of Captain James P. Cook. She married in Salem, October 16, 1834, Captain Thomas Hunt of Salem, head of the mercantile house of Thomas Hunt & Co., at Whampoa, China. She died in Salem, February 7, 1899. Her son was Thomas Franklin Hunt of Salem. [See *Vit. Rec. of Salem*, vol. I, p. 202; vol. III, p. 529; Memorandum of information given the Essex Institute by Dudley Pickman Rogers, June 2, 1949.]

56. CAPT. THOMAS HUNT, 1805-1870. Oil by Charles Osgood, 1855. Canvas, 38 in. x 30 in. Three quarters length seated figure facing left, arms resting on arms of chair. Black coat, white collar, black tie.

*Gift of Mrs. William Sutton, 1939.*

Captain Thomas Hunt was born in Salem, August 5, 1805, a son of Thomas and Sarah (Chapman) Hunt. In his early days he went to China and became a reputable and substantial merchant, establishing his business at Whampoa on the Pearl river, twelve miles below Canton. He engaged principally in furnishing supplies to American vessels. Thomas Hunt & Co., built the first docks at Whampoa and afterwards at Hong Kong, and he also

established the first bakery for supplying the mercantile fleet with bread at Whampoa. He returned to Salem after the Civil War and lived on Bridge street where he died May 21, 1870. He married October 16, 1834, Elizabeth Cook, sister of James P. Cook, who with James Endicott, made up the partnership at Whampoa. He was prominent in Freemasonry and was a member of Starr King Lodge, Winslow Lewis Commandery and a Companion of Washington Royal Arch Masons. He was the father of Thomas Franklin Hunt. His widow died in Salem, February 7, 1899. [See *Essex Inst. Hist. Colls.* vol. XXXIV, pp. 1-8; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 458; vol. III, p. 529; *Hunt Family Genealogy*, p. 250; *Salem Gazette*, May 24, 1870; Feb. 7, 1899.]

57. ELLEN (DAVIS) WILLIAMS HUTCHINGS, 1834- .  
Oil by unknown artist. Canvas 29 in x 23 in.  
Half length facing right. Black dress with white  
lace collar, brooch, earrings and necklace, dark  
hair.

*Estate of Isaac Bradford, 1949.*

Ellen (Davis) Williams-Hutchings was born in Boston, February 8, 1834, a daughter of William and Jane Ann (Hutchings) Davis. She married, first, George Henry Williams, and secondly, her first cousin, Colonel William Vincent Hutchings. [See *Davis Genealogy*, p. 119.]

58. WILLIAM VINCENT HUTCHINGS, 1824-1888. Oil by  
unknown artist. Canvas 29 in. x 23 in. Half  
length facing nearly front. Uniform with brass  
buttons and insignia, gray hair, dark moustache.

*Estate of Isaac Bradford, 1949.*

Colonel William Vincent Hutchings was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, December 3, 1824, a son of Captain William and Hannah Gage (Trask) Hutchings, and a grandson of the Hon. Israel Trask of Gloucester, a veteran of the American Revolution. Young Hutchings was educated in the public schools of Beverly and completed his scholastic preparation for active life at the Boston Latin school. In 1840 he went to New York

where he became a clerk in a dry-goods store but after two years accepted a clerkship in the office of the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company of New York. In this he rose to the office of secretary and then of second vice president, which position he retained until 1857, when he returned to Boston and established an agency for Marine and Fire Insurance. He also represented the Delaware Mutual Safety Insurance Company of Philadelphia and the Mercantile Fire Insurance Company of New York.

He also took a great interest in military matters and in April, 1861, being quartermaster of the Fourth Battalion of Massachusetts Volunteers he was selected by Governor Andrew and charged with the duty of feeding Massachusetts soldiers on their transit through Boston to the seat of war. He later became quartermaster of the 24th Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. The regiment left Massachusetts in December, 1861 and at Annapolis joined the expedition of General Burnside and took part in the capture of Newburn and Washington in North Carolina. Hutchings then became captain and assistant quartermaster of the United States army and was next promoted to Provost-Marshall of Washington, N. C. When the army of the James was reorganized under General Butler, Captain Hutchings became lieutenant colonel. In January, 1876, he was appointed aide de camp to Governor Alexander H. Rice of Massachusetts. He was married on October 18, 1865 to his first cousin, Ellen (Davis) Williams, widow of George H. Williams of Boston and daughter of William and Jane Ann (Hutchings) Davis of Boston. He died in Boston, July 26, 1888. [See *Davis Genealogy*, p. 119; *Gloucester Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 377; vol. II, p. 301; Letter from Mrs. I. C. Lasier on file at the Essex Institute.]

59. JOHN H. JACKSON, 1822-1896. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 29 in. x 24 in., oval. Waist length facing right. Military coat trimmed with gold braid and buttons.

*Bequest of Mrs. Isabel Newcomb, 1942,*

John H. Jackson was born in England, May 6, 1822 and died in Salem, December 16, 1896. He married



Hannah Dowst, daughter of Richard and Hannah (Somerby) Dowst. Mr. Jackson served as an alderman of Salem in 1875 and 1876 and was also a member of the legislature in 1881. He was for several years a shoe manufacturer in Lynn and was prominent in the order of Odd Fellows. [See *Salem News*, December 16, 1896.]

60. JOEL KNIGHT, abt. 1820- Oil by J. Harvey Young. Canvas 20 in. x  $16\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head and shoulders facing right. Black coat, white collar, black stock. Brown curly hair.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

Joel Knight was apparently a resident of Calais, Maine and was born about 1820. He married Susan Cunningham, probably a granddaughter of Capt. Samuel Cunningham of Belfast, Maine. They were the parents of Mrs. J. Harvey Young (Louisa C. Knight) wife of the artist. [See *Salem News*, January 5, 1925.]

61. ANNA (YOUNG) LEACH, 1838-1916. Oil by J. Harvey Young. Canvas,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  in. x 17 in. Head and shoulders facing left. Black dress with white yoke and collar, gray hair.

*Gift of Miss Christine E. Burnham, 1946.*

Anna (Young) Leach was born October 20, 1838 a daughter of William and Hannah C. (Adams) Young of Salem and later Boston and married May 29, 1861, Frederick William Leach of Beverly, son of William Seward and Mary Ann (Adams) Leach of Beverly and Boston. He was a great-grandson of Capt. Nathan Leach of the Beverly Committee of Correspondence during the Revolution. She died in 1916. [See *Batchelder Genealogy*, p. 386; *Beverly Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 31; *Leach Genealogy*, vol. III, pp. 97-121.]

62. ANNA (YOUNG) LEACH, 1838-1916. Oil by J. Harvey Young, painted before her marriage. Canvas,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $14\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head and shoulders facing right looking up. Brown hair, pink drapery.

*Gift of Miss Christine E. Burnham, 1946.*



SAMUEL McINTIRE  
No. 68



63. GEORGIANNA LEACH, 1833-1933. Oil by Linsey Hunt. Canvas, 23½ in. x 20 in. Waist length facing right. Black dress with lace edging over white yoke. Brown hair parted in middle and waved.

*Gift of Miss Christine E. Burnham, 1946.*

Georgianna Leach was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, October 9, 1833, a daughter of Captain William Seward and Mary Ann (Adams) Leach of Beverly. Miss Leach lived in Philadelphia for twenty-seven years and during that period was employed as proof-reader by the Sunday School Times. She died in Somerville, Massachusetts September 16, 1933. [See *Beverly Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 201; vol. II, p. 191; *Leach Genealogy* vol. III, p. 97; Letter from Librarian of Public Library of the City of Somerville, on file at the Essex Institute.]

64. SARAH HASTY (NEEDHAM) LEACH, 1786-1865. Oil by Frederick Fink, 1845. Canvas 25 in. x 30 in. Three quarters length facing left, black dress, white lace cap with ties, dark hair, seated in red chair.

*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

Sarah Hasty (Needham) Leach was born in Salem, March 25, 1786, a daughter of Isaac and Elizabeth (Archer) Needham and married Captain Samuel Leach, son of Robert and Abigail (Larcom) Leach of Salem on September 19, 1807. She died in Salem in July, 1865. She was the mother of Mrs. John H. Nichols, Mrs. John P. Copeland and Mrs. Washington Very, all of Salem. Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, who gave this portrait to the Essex Institute, was her granddaughter. [See *Leach Genealogy* vol. II, p. 48; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 99; vol. III, p. 596.]

65. HARRIET AUGUSTA (CHURCH) LEIGH, 1845-1887. Oil by Moses White, 1872. Canvas 54 in. x 43 in. Three quarters length standing figure facing right. Pink taffeta dress with black lace shawl, gold neck-lace. Holding pink and white fan in left hand.

*Loaned by Mrs. George H. Stevens, 1945.*



Harriet Augusta (Church) Leigh was born in Spencerport, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1845 and died in Boston, July 24, 1887. Her father was Henry Cook Church and her mother Harriet Lavinia Corsair. She married August 9, 1866 at Lowell, Massachusetts, Frederick Allen Leigh, son of Evan and Anne (Allen) Leigh of Manchester, England, who had come to this country a short time before. Mrs. Leigh was a descendant of Benjamin Church of the Plymouth family. [See letters from Mrs. George H. Stevens of Medfield, Mass., in possession of the Essex Institute. Mrs. Stevens is a daughter of Mrs. Leigh.]

66. WILLIAM LEMON, 1763-1827. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas 29 in. x 23 in. Waist length, facing right. Black coat, white waistcoat, collar and stock.

*Gift of Mrs. Miles P. Barrows, 1936.*

William Lemon was born in Ballyhalbert, County Down, Ireland, April 27, 1763, a son of William and Jane (McKelvy) Lemon and came to Salem in the brig "Eliza," Capt. William Fairfield, arriving August 8, 1795. He was an upholsterer and was admitted to membership in Essex lodge of Free-masons March 6, 1798. His wife was Mary (Gardner) Hersey, widow of Abel Hersey and daughter of Captain John and Mary (Peele) Gardner of Salem. He is described as "of Boston" in the will of his mother-in-law in 1824. He died in Salem May 10, 1827. [See *Gardner Genealogy*, pp. 167-8; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. V, p. 401; *Essex Inst. Hist. Colls.* vol. III, p. 176.]

67. JUDITH WALKER (BROWNE) LEWIS, b. abt. 1765. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas 5½ in. x 4 in. Head and shoulders, head facing left. Blue satin dress with low neck, lace trimming. In frame with shell background.

*Gift of the Misses Virginia Lewis Mitchell,  
Laura Landon Mitchell and Mrs. Stephen  
Fahr Smith (Neville Mitchell), 1938.*

Judith Walker (Browne) Lewis was born probably in Virginia, about 1765, a daughter of William Burnet and Judith Walker (Carter) Browne and granddaughter of



the Hon. William Browne of Salem whose wife was Mary, daughter of the Hon. William Burnet, governor of New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Judith Walker Browne married Robert Lewis fourth child of Col. Fielding Lewis and his wife Betty Washington, sister of Gen. George Washington. The donors of the portrait are her grandchildren. [See *Essex Inst. Hist. Colls.* vol. XXXII, p. 221.]

68. SAMUEL MCINTIRE, 1757-1811. Pastel probably by Benjamin Blythe. Canvas 14 in. x 9¾ in. Head and shoulders facing right. Blue coat and waistcoat, white stock, black bow on hair.

*Estate of George W. Low, 1938.*

Samuel McIntire was baptized in Salem, Mass., January 16, 1757, a son of Joseph and Sarah (Ruck) McIntire. His mother was a daughter of Samuel Ruck of Marblehead and his wife Sarah Cheever, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Cheever and granddaughter of the celebrated Ezekiel Cheever, for many years master of the famous Boston Latin school. Samuel McIntire learned the family trade of house-building in his father's shop and early displayed ability not only as an architect but as a wood-carver. His first great work was the house of Jerathmiel Peirce on Federal street in his native town, later known as the Peirce-Nichols house. The success of this house brought him his patronage. He also showed great skill in his public buildings, the earliest being the Assembly House or "Concert Hall," about 1782, followed by Washington Hall and Hamilton Hall in Salem. He also did work for several churches and his eagles have become renowned. Among his houses are the Pingree, Cook, Derby, Pickman, Woodbridge and Tucker examples, all of which have given him a well-earned reputation as "The architect of Salem." At his death February 6, 1811, the Rev. William Bentley wrote in his diary, "This day Salem was deprived of one of the most ingenious men it had in it. . . . By attention he soon gained a superiority to all of his occupation . . . indeed all of the improvements of Salem for nearly thirty years past have been done under his

eye . . . In sculpture he has no rival in New England." His carving was lavished not only on interior woodwork but on furniture. Some scores of pieces showing his handiwork survive—sofas, chairs, tables of various sorts, beds and their canopies, mirror frames and chests of drawers—preserved by Salem families and by certain museums, show all his characteristic motives of ornament; eagles, baskets of fruit, urns, rosettes, festoons of drapery and husks, horns of plenty, sprays of grape and of laurel, executed with a brilliance which has never been surpassed in America. He married in Salem October 31 1778, Elizabeth Field, daughter of Samuel, Jr. and Priscilla (Ingalls) Field of Salem, and they had one son, Samuel Field McIntire (1780-1819) who carried on the work in carving until his own death. [See *Fiske Kimball in Antiques*, November, 1930-March, 1931; February, 1933; *Bentley's Diary*, vol. IV, p. 6; *Dict. of Amer. Biog.* vol. XII, p. 65; *Ingalls Genealogy*, p. 41; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 390; vol. III, p. 358.]

69. LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872. Oil by unknown artist about 1860. Canvas, 29 in. x 25 in. Waist length facing left, light hair and beard. Black coat, high white collar and black bow tie.

*Gift of Henry Lowell Mason, 1948.*

Lowell Mason, one of the better known of American composers, was born in Medfield, Mass. January 8, 1792, a son of Johnson and Catharine (Hartshorn) Mason, and a descendant of Robert Mason, who came to Salem in 1630. He became interested in music at an early age and compiled a collection of church music which was brought out in 1822 under the title of "Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Collection of Church Music." He was later president of the society and in 1833 organized the Boston Academy of Music. He is credited with introducing the study of music in the Boston public schools and taught from 1838 to 1841. In 1851 he removed to New York City and three years later to Orange, N. J. His musical library was extensive, containing over eight thousand printed works and several hundred manuscripts.

Among his better known hymns are "Missionary Hymn," (From Greenland's Icy Mountains); "Olivet" (My Faith Looks Up to Thee); and "Bethany" (Nearer My God to Thee). He married in 1817, Abigail Gregory of Westboro, Mass. [See *Dict. of Amer. Biog.* vol. XII, pp. 371-2.]

70. ANNA DEI MEDICI, . Oil by unknown artist. Canvas,  $35\frac{1}{2}$  in. x 28 in. Three quarters length, head facing left. Fan in right hand, portrait in left hand. Feathered headdress, pink dress with white lace and ruff, holding shawl. Chair and table in background.

*Estate of Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge, 1947.*

Anna dei Medici was a daughter of Averado dei Medici and granddaughter of Pietro Paolo dei Medici, who was designated by the Princess Anna Ludovica dei Medici, daughter of Cosimo III to be her heir and who succeeded to the Medici fortunes in Florence and Rome. She married Count Bindo Peruzzi, who assumed the surname of Medici under the terms of the will of Princess Anna, and whose descendants since have used the surname Peruzzi dei Medici. Her grandson the Marchese Simone Peruzzi dei Medici married Edith Marion Story, daughter of William Wetmore Story of Florence and their daughter Mira Cressida Peruzzi dei Medici (Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge) of Boston gave the portrait. [See *Eldredge, Story and Allied Families*, p. 90.]

71. GEORGIANA STORER (DODGE) MELLEN, 1841-1865. Miniature by Alexander. Measurements,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in. x  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. oval. Head and shoulders facing left. Brown hair, pale blue dress with low neck, bead necklace. Blue and white background.

*Purchase, 1948.*

Georgiana Storer (Dodge) Mellen was born in Salem, November 23, 1841, a daughter of Pickering, Jr. and Anna Storer (Colman) Dodge and granddaughter of the Rev. Henry Colman, well known Unitarian minister of Salem and Boston. She married Edward Mellen, Jr., son of Edward Mellen, Chief Justice of the Court of Common

Pleas of Massachusetts and his wife Sophia (Whitney) Mellen. The Mellens lived at Wayland, Mass., and she died in Framingham, March 31, 1865, at the age of twenty-four years. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 253; *Dodge Genealogy*, p. 210; *Pickering Genealogy*, vol. II, p. 742.]

72. SARAH ANN (WHITE) MERRILL, 1833-1908. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 24 in. x 28 in. Three-quarter length facing left. Light blue dress with narrow muslin collar. Brown hair, holding book.

*Gift of Miss Annie G. Merrill and Mrs. Arthur Pingree, 1949.*

Sarah Ann (White) Merrill was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, February 18, 1833, a daughter of Trueworthy and Sarah Ann (Mansur) White of Methuen. She married November 26, 1857, Moses Merrill, son of Washington and Abiah G. (Kelly) Merrill of Methuen. Mr. Merrill studied at Amherst and Dartmouth and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1856. He began his teaching career in the Shepard school in Cambridge and in 1857 became an usher in the Boston Public Latin school, where he remained for almost forty-five years, the last twenty-five as its head master. He died on April 26, 1902 and his wife survived until March 24, 1908. [See *Methuen Vit. Rec.*, pp. 129, 287; letter from Miss Annie G. Merrill on file at the Essex Institute, dated October 13, 1949.]

73. — NICHOLS (Baby and child). Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 17 in. x 14 in. Child at right facing baby, red dress with white collar. Baby at left painted after death lying on brown shawl.

*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

74. BETSEY (PEIRCE) NICHOLS, 1787-1864. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 25 in. x 30 in. Half length facing right, blue dress with white collar, lace cap with lavender ribbon.

*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

Betsey (Peirce) Nichols was born in Salem March 23, 1787, a daughter of Jerathmiel Peirce, a Salem merchant, and his wife Sarah (Ropes) Peirce, daughter of

Benjamin Ropes, also a merchant and shipbuilder. She married September 29, 1836, her first cousin, George Nichols a Salem merchant, and died in Salem July 19, 1864. Her father was the builder of the Peirce-Nichols house on Federal street, for many years the home of the Peirce and Nichols families and now owned by the Essex Institute. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 152; vol. IV, p. 123; *Peirce Genealogy*, p. 52; *Salem Register*, July 21, 1864.]

75. CHARLES GRAY NICHOLS, 1849-1856. Oil by Charles Osgood, painted with his sister, Charlotte Sanders Nichols. Canvas, 40 in. x 48 in. Full length facing front, one knee on floor, brown coat, white collar and sleeves, blue tie, brown hair and eyes. Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1854-1935. Seated on floor with blocks, white dress with pink bows.  
*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

76. CHARLES GRAY NICHOLS, 1849-1856. Oil by Charles Osgood, painted with his brother, John Willard Nichols. Canvas, 25 in. x 30 in. Three quarters length, child aged three years on left, green dress, brown hair. John Willard Nichols, 1851-1852, baby seated holding flowers.  
*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

77. CHARLOTTE SANDERS NICHOLS, 1854-1935. Oil by Florence A. Hosmer. Canvas, 20½ in. x 25 in. Full length seated figure. Purple dress with white lace collar and lace cap. Taken in front of fireplace in parlor of Peirce-Nichols house.  
*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

Charlotte Sanders Nichols was born in Salem June 3, 1854, a daughter of John H. and Sarah Augusta (Leach) Nichols and died in the Peirce-Nichols house, July 12, 1935. Miss Nichols in her younger days lived in New York City where her father was in business but for many years previous to her death made her home in the beautiful house built by her great-grandfather Jerathmiel Peirce, known as the Peirce-Nichols House at 80 Federal



street, Salem. This house was purchased in 1917 by the Essex Institute. Miss Nichols was an attendant at the First Church in Salem.

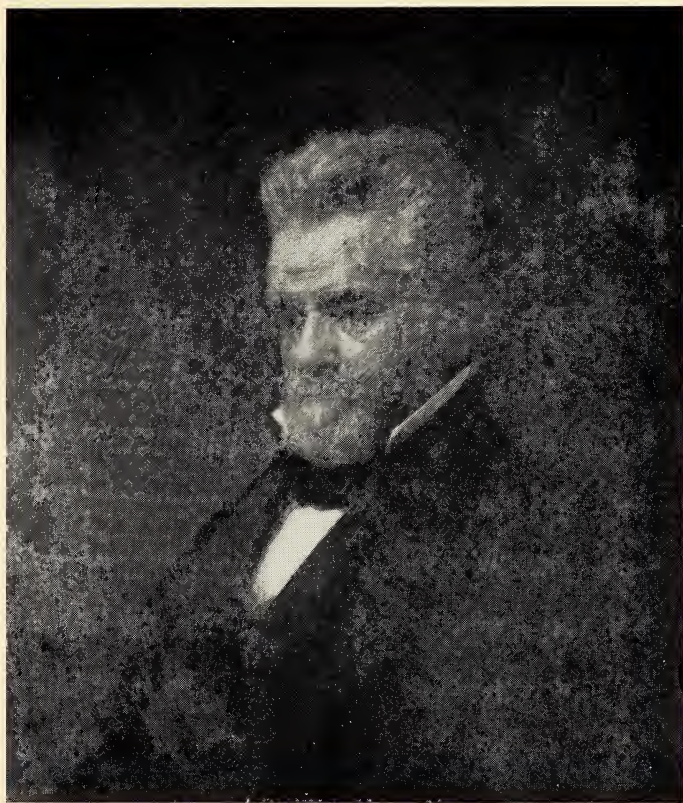
78. GEORGE NICHOLS, 1778-1865. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 25 in. x 30 in. Half length facing left, face nearly front, black coat, white stock, white hair.

*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

George Nichols was born in the Richard Derby house in Salem July 4, 1778, a son of Captain Ichabod and Lydia (Ropes) Nichols. When he was less than a year old his father removed to Portsmouth, N. H., where he stayed until December, 1793. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy and then entered the counting house of his father's firm, Nichols & Hodges who were engaged in the West Indian trade. After two years there he made his first voyage to Copenhagen in the brig "Essex." Later he was supercargo in the brig "Eunice" and the bark "Vigilant" and also master of the ship "Active." Following his seafaring career he became a merchant forming a partnership with his brother-in-law, Benjamin Peirce. He was a member of the corporation which built Hamilton Hall in 1805 and also of the East India Marine Society. He married, first, November 22, 1801, his first cousin Sally Peirce, daughter of Jerathmiel and Sarah (Ropes) Peirce. She died June 22, 1835 and on September 29, 1836, he married her sister Elizabeth Peirce. She died July 19, 1864. His death occurred October 19, 1865. His home for many years was in the Peirce-Nichols house at 80 Federal street, Salem, built in 1782 by his father-in-law, Jerathmiel Peirce. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. IV, pp. 121, 123; *George Nichols, Salem Shipmaster* (Nichols).]

79. GEORGE NICHOLS, 1778-1865. Oil by Frederick Fink, 1845. Canvas, 25 in. x 30 in. Half length facing left seated in red chair. Black coat, white stock, right hand in coat.

*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*



LOWELL MASON  
No. 69



80. JOHN HENRY NICHOLS, 1811-1898. Oil by Frederick Fink, 1848. Canvas, 25 in. x 30 in. Half length facing right, black coat, white shirt, black stock, holding glasses. Red curtain in background. *Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

John Henry Nichols was born in Salem, June 12, 1811, a son of George and Sally (Peirce) Nichols and grandson of Jerathmiel Peirce who built the Peirce-Nichols house at 80 Federal street, Salem. Mr. Nichols attended the Salem Latin Grammar school and began his business career in the office of his father who was engaged in real estate, insurance and brokerage. In 1866 he went to New York and later spent two years in Europe. In 1876 he removed to Connecticut, remaining there until 1888 when he came back to his native place. He was a member of the old North church and was the last survivor of the original subscribers to the present church edifice. He was the first president of the Salem Mutual Fire Insurance Company in 1838. His death occurred November 16, 1898. His wife, Sarah Augusta (Leach) Nichols whom he married May 27, 1835, died in South Wilton, Connecticut, February 16, 1885. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 106; *Salem Evening News*, Nov. 16, 1898.]

81. SARAH AUGUSTA (LEACH) NICHOLS, 1812-1885. Oil by Frederick Fink, 1848, painted with her son George Ropes Nichols. Canvas, 25 in. x 30 in. Half length facing left, seated in red chair, black dress with white ruffle. GEORGE ROPES NICHOLS, 1842-1856. Seated in mother's lap, holding white pigeon.

*Estate of Miss Charlotte Sanders Nichols, 1939.*

Sarah Augusta (Leach) Nichols was born in Salem, May 9, 1812, a daughter of Captain Samuel and Sarah Hasty (Needham) Leach and a granddaughter of Robert Leach, a Salem merchant. She married May 27, 1835, John Henry Nichols, son of George and Sally (Peirce) Nichols of Salem and died in South Wilton, Connecticut, February 16, 1885. George Ropes Nichols, the son, was born in Salem, February 15, 1842 and died there Feb-

ruary 13, 1856. [See *Leach Genealogy*, vol. II, p. 48; vol. III, p. 2.]

82. BENJAMIN LYNDE OLIVER, 1760-1835. Oil by James Frothingham. Canvas, 27½ in. x 22 in. Head and shoulders facing left, gray hair, partly bald. White stock, black coat.

*Gift of Stephen W. Phillips, 1948.*

[See "Portraits in the Essex Institute" (1936) No. 200, p. 134.]

83. LOVE PICKMAN (FRYE) OLIVER-KNIGHT, 1754-1839. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 29 in. x 25 in. Three quarters length facing left, face nearly front, dark brown hair, white dress with long sleeves and high waist, gold chain necklace.

*Gift of Hon. Robert Walcott, 1941.*

Love Pickman Frye (Lady Knight) was born in Salem, July 28, 1754, a daughter of the Hon. Peter Frye, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and his wife Love (Pickman) Frye, and a granddaughter of Col. Benjamin Pickman of Salem. She married, first, in Salem, November 19, 1774, Dr. Peter Oliver, the Royalist, of Salem, son of Lieut. Gov. Andrew Oliver, and addresser of Gen. Gage, who was banished in 1778 and sought refuge in London where he was appointed a surgeon in the Royal Army and where he died in April, 1795. She married for her second husband, Admiral Sir John Knight, K.C.B. (1748-1831) who entered the Royal Navy in 1758, became vice admiral in 1805, admiral in 1813 and received the honor of knighthood in 1815 when he was created Knight Commander of the Bath. Lady Knight died at the family place near London in 1839. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 329; vol. III, p. 389; vol. IV, p. 139; *Sabine's Loyalists*, Vol. I, pp. 137, 149; *Diary and Letters of Benjamin Pickman*, p. 18; *Dictionary of National Biography*, (Index and Epitome), p. 733.]

- 83a. LOIS (PICKERING) ORNE, 1684- . Oil by John Greenwood. Canvas, 31½ in. x 41 in. Three



quarters length seated figure. Red backed chair, white ruffled cap and hood. Broad white collar, white ruffles at wrists. Dark brown dress. Left hand holds open book, right arm rests upon table. Brown background.

*Gift of Mrs. Robert Saltonstall, 1946.*

[See *Portraits in The Essex Institute*, Salem (1936) No. 206.]

84. CAROLINE ELIZA (PUTNAM) OSBORNE, 1833-1861.  
Oil by Charles Osgood. Canvas, 23½ in. x 19½ in. oval. Head and shoulders facing right. Light brown hair parted in middle with braid over head. Bare shoulders.

*Gift of Miss Sarah W. Shepard, 1937.*

Caroline Eliza (Putnam) Osborne was born in Danvers, December 15, 1833 and died in Salem April 18, 1861, a daughter of Jacob and Susanna (Silver) Putnam of Danvers. She married October 4, 1860, Thomas Whittredge Osborne son of Dr. George and Sarah Waters (Whittredge) Osborne of Salem. [See *History of the Putnam Family*, vol. I, p. 361; *Salem Gazette* April 21, 1861; *The Physicians of Essex County*, (Jackson), p. 85.]

85. ELIZABETH (DALAND) OSBORNE-KNEELAND, 1776-  
. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 29 in. x 24 in. Waist length, facing right. Black dress, white collar, red shawl. White hat, earrings.

*Gift of Miss Sarah W. Shepard, 1937.*

Elizabeth (Daland) Osborne-Kneeland was born in Salem, September 23, 1776, a daughter of Benjamin and Hannah (Cook) Daland of Salem. She married, first, December 5, 1796, Captain George Osborne, son of Captain George and Deborah (Stone) Osborne. He was washed overboard on a voyage from Havana to Boston October 18, 1800 and she married secondly August 1, 1813, the Rev. Abner Kneeland, the celebrated Pantheist and one-time Universalist leader who was well known as the editor of the "Investigator," and other religious peri-

odicals. He was a son of Timothy and Martha (Stone) Kneeland of Charlestown. Elizabeth (Daland) Osborne-Kneeland was the mother of Dr. George Osborne who married Sarah Waters Whittredge and their daughter was the wife of Michael Webb Shepard, whose daughter Miss Sarah W. Shepard was the donor of the portrait. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 228; vol. II, p. 128; vol. III, pp. 272, 576; vol. VI, p. 105; *The Physicians of Essex County* (Jackson), pp. 33, 85; *Kneeland Genealogy*, p. 215; *The Shepard Family*, p. 54.]

86. MRS. CHARLES PALMER, . Oil by J. Harvey Young, 1908. Canvas, 29 in. x 24 in. Half length facing left. Black long sleeved dress, white lace high collar and scarf. Holding flowers in left hand. Trees in background.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

Mrs. Palmer is supposed to have been Susan Cunningham Knight, before marriage, a daughter of Joel and Susan (Cunningham) Knight, and sister of Mrs. J. Harvey Young. It has been impossible to obtain any information.

87. ANNA PERKINS (PINGREE) PEABODY, 1839-1911. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 30 in. x 22 in. oval. Three quarters length, head facing right. Black dress trimmed with white ruching and red rose.

*Estate of David Pingree, 1933.*

Anna Perkins (Pingree) Peabody was born October 10, 1839, a daughter of the Hon. David and Anna Maria (Kimball) Pingree of Salem. She married October 23, 1866, Joseph Peabody, son of Francis and Martha (Endicott) Peabody of Salem and died in Boston March 6, 1911. Mr. Peabody died April 6, 1905. [See *Pingree Genealogy*, p. 112; *Peabody Genealogy*, pp. 155, 292.]

88. HORATIO PERRY PEIRSON, 1865-1917. Oil by Frank W. Benson, 1889. Canvas, 20 in. x 16 in. Half



LOIS (PICKERING) ORNE  
No. 83A



length facing right. Black hair and beard. Black coat, red tie, white collar, black background.

*Gift of Mrs. Horatio Perry Peirson, 1939.*

Horatio Perry Peirson was born in Salem April 13, 1865, a son of Dr. Edward Brooks and Ellen Elizabeth (Perry) Peirson of Salem and grandson of General Justus Perry of Keene, N. H. He married Sarah A. (Green) Safford, widow of James O. Safford and daughter of James S. and Harriett (Pinkham) Green and died in Salem, August 3, 1917. Mrs. Peirson died October 27, 1939. He graduated from Harvard in 1885 and was engaged in the wool business. He was elected to the Salem school committee in 1901 and was president from 1904 to 1912 and vice chairman from 1912 until his death. [See *Salem News*, August 3, 1917; *Saltonstall Genealogy*, p. 30; *Hist. of Keene, N. H.*, p. 634.]

89. REBECCA (WHITE) PERKINS, 1804-1878. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 24 in. x 28 in. Half length facing right. Black dress with white muslin collar, black hair parted in middle.

*Gift of Miss Annie G. Merrill and Mrs. Arthur Pingree, 1949.*

Rebecca (White) Perkins was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, November 14, 1804, a daughter of Trueworthy and Fanny (Bodwell) White of Methuen. She married, December 1, 1831, Captain George Perkins of Newburyport and died in Newburyport May 28, 1878. "She was a beautiful woman of strong character and commanding presence" says her grandniece, Miss Annie G. Merrill. She and Captain Perkins had a large family, one of whom was the Rev. Charles Bodwell Perkins a Baptist minister in New York State. [See *Methuen Vit. Rec.*, p. 129; *Newburyport Vit. Rec.*, vol. II, p. 507; *White Genealogy*, p. 77, also letter from Miss Merrill dated October 13, 1949 in possession of the Essex Institute.]

90. BINDO PERUZZI, 1729- . Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 34 in. x 27 in. Three quarters length standing figure, face nearly front, left hand in waistcoat. Gray wig, black coat with red lining,



white waistcoat, badges and tassel over right shoulder. Letter on table in foreground.

*Estate of Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge, 1947.*

Count Bindo Peruzzi of Florence, Italy, was born in 1729, a son of Cavaliere Bindo Simone Peruzzi and his wife, Celelie Lotterato Peruzzi and married in September, 1783, Anna dei Medici, born in 1761, a daughter of Averado dei Medici and granddaughter of Pietro Paolo dei Medici. He assumed the surname of Medici upon his marriage, according to the terms of the will of the Princess Anna Ludovica, daughter of Cosimo III. Just previous to the death of the princess, she caused a search to be made for heirs of the name of Medici and one was found, a descendant of the grandfather of Giovanni de Bicci, the reputed founder of the family. The portrait of Count Bindo Peruzzi was presented to the Essex Institute by his great-granddaughter, the Marchese Mira Cressida Peruzzi dei Medici (Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge of Boston.) [See *Eldredge, Story and Allied Families*, p. 90.]

91. TIMOTHY PICKERING, 1745-1829. Oil by James Frothingham, 1820. Canvas, 31 in. x 25 in. Half length, face nearly front. Elderly man in seated position holding paper in left hand. Gray hair, black coat, dark background.

*Estate of John Silsbee Curtis, 1947.*

[See "Portraits in the Essex Institute" (1936) No. 224, p. 156.]

92. MARY ANN (CODMAN) ROPES, 1802-1873. Group, oil portrait, with her four children. Painted in St. Petersburg, Russia, 1844. Canvas, 48 in. x 59 in. Seated figure, head facing left. Black dress with white embroidered yoke. Hair parted in middle with curls at side; MARIANNE, 1842-1878. Girl seated, facing right, arm resting on arm of chair, white dress; HENRY, 1839-1863. Boy facing right, face nearly front, right hand resting on shoulder of seated figure. Brown outfit with low neck, white ruffle; FRANCIS C., 1837-

1869. Boy facing left, black coat, white collar, black tie; JOHN C., 1836-1899. Boy seated with book in hands. Black coat, white collar, black tie. Red sofa, red taffeta drapery and landscape in background.

*Gift of Miss Mary G. Trask, 1937.*

Mary Ann (Codman) Ropes was born probably in Boston, July, 1802, a daughter of John and Catherine (Amory) Codman and half sister of the Rev. John Codman of Boston. She married in April, 1832, William Ropes, a merchant, of Salem and Boston, son of Samuel Ropes, of the Salem shipchandlery firm of Page & Ropes on Derby wharf in that town, and his wife Sarah (Cheever) Ropes. On April 18th, 1832, William Ropes and his bride sailed for Russia where he carried on his mercantile career in St. Petersburg.

He contributed to Scribner's and other magazines. As an historian he was important, the Civil War and the Napoleonic epoch being his forte and he was the author of *The Army Under Pope* (Campaigns of the Civil War); *The First Napoleon*; *The Campaign of Waterloo*; *Atlas of Waterloo* and *The Story of the Civil War*. He was an overseer of Harvard and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and served as a vestryman at Trinity church. He was also president of the Bristow Club in 1876. His death occurred Oct. 28, 1899.

Henry Ropes, was born in Islington, near London, May 16, 1839 and served in the Civil War as First lieutenant of the 20th Mass. Inf. He was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. He graduated at Harvard in 1862.

Francis Codman Ropes was born in London Oct. 7, 1837 and graduated at Harvard in 1857. (M.D. 1860). He entered the Mass. General Hospital as house surgeon May 1, 1859, and remained one year following which he visited Europe studying in Germany, England and Scotland. He was for a short time Resident Physician at the Royal Infirmary under Prof. Laycock. He served as acting assistant surgeon at the U. S. Army General Hospital, Readville, Mass., from Nov. 1, 1864 until July 23, 1865.

In that year he began practice in Boston and remained there until his death Sept. 15, 1869. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, a Fellow of the Mass. Medical Society; Boston Society for Mental Observation, Boston Society of Natural History.

Maryanne Ropes was born in Roxbury, July 14, 1842. She lived in Louisburg Square in Boston and died unmarried in 1878. [See *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.* vol. VIII, p. 55; *Memorial of John Codman Ropes* (1901); Harvard College, class of 1857, p. 107; class of 1862, 1st report, p. 45; 2nd report, p. 42; letters of Mrs. Ropes Cabot on file at the Essex Institute.]

93. SAINT FRANCIS, 1181-1226. Oil by Zurbaran. Canvas, 29 in. x 23½ in. Figure facing left, showing only head and fingers. Gray hair and beard. Black background.

*Gift of Heirs of Dr. George H. Monks, 1944.*

St. Francis d'Assisi founder of the Franciscan order of the Roman Catholic church was born at Assisi in 1181, a son of Pietro Bernardone, a merchant. After an early life given up to pleasures, he repented and devoted his entire time and energy to the service of the mendicant and particularly of the lepers. He is one of the most beloved of the saints and his life approximated as nearly as possible that of Our Lord. He was canonized by Pope Gregory IX in 1228. Francisco Zurbaran, the Spanish painter who depicted St. Francis in ecstasy was a follower of Michaelangelo and was official painter to King Philip IV of Spain. He lived from 1596 to 1662. [*Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. IX, 1947 edition.]

94. MARY (WEBB) SANDERS, 1871-1945. Oil by Gustave Courtois. Canvas, 77 in. x 42 in. Full length portrait, seated figure with two children. Brown dress with high neck, white lace collar, large hat. Boy standing dressed in black suit, white ruffled shirt and cuffs. Child dressed in white dress holding pink flowers. Panelled wall in background.

*Loaned by Mrs. Nathaniel S. H. Sanders, 1944.*

(To be continued.)

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR DIARY  
OF BENJAMIN GLASIER OF IPSWICH, 1758-1760

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From the Original in possession of the Essex Institute

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Benjamin Glasier was a native of Ipswich, the son of Benjamin and Abigail (Smith) Glasier, and was baptized on October 27, 1734. He was a ship carpenter and joined with others of Ipswich and Newburyport in an expedition against the French and Indians at Oswego and Fort Edward in New York state. They were under Capt. Gerrish in the attack against Fort Ticonderoga. They built many battoes and houses for the military officers and put in several months of hard service in that locality. He refers to the horrible barbarity of the Indians whom the French found it impossible to control, especially when the savages succeeded in getting firewater. The Journal contains a daily entry extending from February 28, 1758 to November 20, 1758, and covers his entire trip from home until his return. It also covers part of a second expedition to Lake George and Fort Edward from April 21, to June 13, 1760. An interesting note is that the soldiers sometimes played "bat and ball" for recreation. The writer returned to Ipswich at the conclusion of hostilities and engaged in the repair of vessels in that town. He and his wife Mary had several children. Benjamin died at the age of forty on February 12, 1774. The spelling in this diary is phonetic, but it will be readily understood.

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feberey the 28 Day march from whom [home] and got as far as Norads [Norwoods in Saugus] and Lodged there.

march. The first Day Sot out from Noarods and Eat Diner at mistick and went from their to browns and got Super and Lodged there—

the 2 Day Sot out from Browns and went to Moldons and Dinde there which is 8 miles Sot out from there and went Six miles and went to Super and Lodged there at house [How's]

the 3 Day went from house to Woster 15 miles and Lodged at Browns the goil Cepers. [Keepers]

the 4 Day Sot out from Woster went through Lister and Spencer to Brookfield and Loged at Buckmisters which is 20 miles

the 5 Day Sote out from Buckmisters went through westown and kingstown and Loged at Scoots and sung psalms with the minister and heard him pray.

the 6 Day Sot out from Scots to Springfield and went over the river on the Eyce and it was very Roten. So that one of our Company fell in and the Capt. hoss But we got them out again and went about one mile from there and Loged at Days which is 18 miles.

the 7 Day Sote out from Days and went to glascho [Glasgow, now Blandford] and it was very plesent weather. 17 miles and Loged at Nocks.

the 8 Day Sot out from Nocks and went through the green wods to Number one [Tyringham] and Lodged at Shaddocks which was 20 miles.

the 9 Day Sot out from Shaddocks and went to Sheffield 15 miles and Lodged at Robards.

the 10 Day Staid there all Day and helpsted him Cute out a manger and Set it up and heard a Serment Preacht in the afternoon.

the 11 Day Sot out from Robards in the after noon and went about Seven miles and Loged there.

the 12 Day Sot out from there and went through Canterhook [Kinderhook] to a house Down By the Side of hustons [Hudson] River and Lodged there.

Benja Glasier

Nathan Joseph

Benja Glasier

Silas Burbank

John Glasier

Michal

Newman

Nathaniel

fuller

march the 13 Day - 1758

this Day went 16 miles on the River and got to Albany



abought twelve a Cloke and Dind at the English taven it Bing Clear weather.

the 14 Day we went and put helves in our axes and Begun to Build Batoes and we found one hundred yorkers to work. they had Built one hundred Before we got there.

the 15 Day was very Cold weather the wind at Norwest and Snowe the hamsher [Hampshire] Carpentors are Coming in Every Day But we are at present Bilited out at houses for 12 pur week.

the 16 Day this Day fair and Clear and all went to work. and I was still at the English taven.

the 17 Day this Day is very fair and plesent Paul Cammet is very Sick. and the Small pox is in Several places in the Sety. [City]

the 18 Day this Day pleasnt wether. Daniel Poor Cut his Leg and Capt. Garrish arived from Porthmouth the over Seer of the hampshier Carpentors.

the 19 Day on the Lords Day it Snode all Day and we were abliged to go to work which was very much against our wills. But we must obey orders Cornal miservery Sent for five of his men for to go to halifax.

the 20 Day Pleasent wether—we Lanchd four Batoes.

the 21 Day fair and plesent wether and all in good helth. But only Poor, and he is very Lame with his Leg and in much Pain.

the 22 Day very Cold with the wind at Norwest. Olover moody and I was Building Botems for Batoes this Day Daniel tilton and Joseph Brown Left Boarding at Mr. Wilerds.

the 23 Day fair and plesent and work a nuf and Benja Cooper and Olover moody Left Wileards.

the 24 Day fair weather and plesent.

the 25 Day Some of Capt. Storders men Came in hear it Being fair weather.

the 26 Day the Lords Day we did not work. that Day it was fair weather.

the 27 Day this Day went to mr. Harmack nickerbackers to Board it Being fair weather.

the 28 Day Snow and it was Cold for the Season.

the 29 Day fair and plesent weather.

the 30 Day fair weather and all well By the Blesing of god.

the 31 Day was very warm and pleasant weather.

Apriel the first Day was very pleasent weather and all in good helth.

the 2 Day on the Lords Day worked all Day and one Company of helanders marcht for forte Edward the corkers Begun to Cork the Batoes.

the third Day four Companies of helanders marched for forte Edward we Lanced five Batoes and they went Down the River for timber.

the 4 Day it Snode and was Cold for the Season. one of our Company was taken with the plurey feavear.

the 5 Day we all went Before my Lord how to See if he would Come to our agrement that we made with Cornal Miservey but he would not Com Ply So we Returned again.

the 6 Day there was three of our Company taken with the Small Pox and it Snood and was very Cold for the Season.

the 7 Day was fair and Clear weather.

the 8 Day fair weather and mical Shute is very Bad.

the 9 Day the Lords Day the pigins flew as thick as Ever I Saw them in my Life for they Seemd like Clouds.

the 10 Day it was very warm and plesent weather.

the 11 Day there was a Ingein Brought in By four Regelours he was taken at Stillwaters we Suposed him to Be a Spy and we had a nother man Brook out with the Small pox.

the 12 Day fair and pleasent.

The 13 Day there was nothing that was Remarkeble But very warm and Plesent weather.

the 14 Day this Day was the warmest that we have had and we Plade Bat and Ball.

the 15 Day was warm and plesent

the 16 Day the Lords Day warm showers and the freshet was very very high and a Company of Soldiers Came from forte Edward.

the 17 Day was very Stormey and the freshit Ris So much that the Batoes Came up to our Shed Doar Loaded with timber and Boards.

the 18 Day was Cold for the Season with the wind at Norwest.

the 19 Day Cloudey and Cold for the Season.

the 20 Day was very Clear and Plesent.

the 21 Day there was a number of Corkers Came from Spencenery to Cork the Batoes.

the 22 Day Springe Like weather there was a man Bured that Belonges to Capt. Stoder that Died with the Small Pox.

the 23 Day the Lords Day warm and pleasent. we heard that our fleet had arrived at halefax.

the 24 Day was Shoury But nothing Remarkebul.

the 25 Day very warm thunder and Lighting Cleared up Plesent.

the 26 Day was very windy and haild.

the 27 Day warm and plesent and all of us in good helth and Blesed Be god for it.

the 28 Day was very Rainy Day and warm.

the 29 Day fair and pleasent.

the 30 was the Same Likewise.

the first Day of may flying Clouds and high winds and a post from forte Edward Came Down and Brought nuse that their was an army of french and Ingens a Comin to the fort.

the 2 Day flying Clouds and Rain and Daniel Tilton Sick with the Small Pox.

the 3 Day our Company was ordered to Leave off Building Batoes and Daniel tilton was Carried to the ospilill with the Small Pox and the Compiny went to Corking.

the 4 Day fair and Clear weather and we ware in good helth.

the 5 Day Pinder was taken not well and their was 9 Sloops Came from york with Solgers and provision.

the 6 Day was very warm and Pinder was very Bad with a pain in his Back and head.

the 7 Day the Lords Day fair and pleasent and Pinder Broke out with the Small pox and was Caried to the ospitell.

the 8 Day there was four Coumpanyes of Helanders march for forte Edward.

the 9 Day five Companies of Reaglor's march for forte Edward and there was three of our Company Carried to the ospitill with the Small Pox.

the 10 Day there was twenty men of our Company and Capt. Garrish men march for Stillwaters and two of them Came Back again.

the 11 Day was Brought into albany Six frenchmen that ware taken by the Rengers.

the 12 Day there was three french men Brought in and two hundred of the Roil Amercines march for fort Edward.

the 13 Day four Sloops Came in with Solders and Purvision.

the 14 Day the yorkers ware Sent a Batoing and three Companies of the Helanders march for forte Edward.

the 15 Day there was Brought in By the Indians Seven french Sculps and one Rigement Came Down from Senatty for Batomen and there was two hundred Batoes went up the River with purvison.

the 16 Day the Remainder of the Royel amarricens march for forte Edward and it Rained that Day.

the 17 Day the york horses Came in the weather being very warm.

the 18 Day very Rainy wether and we ware forst to Leave off Corking on the Same a Count.

the 19 Day Capt. Tilton was taken with the Small Pox.

the 20 Day it Rained all Day and By the Reason we Could not Cork.

the 21 Day this night there was a man Came By the Senterly and the Senterly Chaling him and he Did not give a proper ancer and he Shot him through the Body.

the 22 Day this Day Capt. Tilton Broke out with the Small Pox and was moved from the house where he was to another.

the 23 Day I heard that there was three men kild and sculpt on this Side fort Edward and another of our Company is Broke out with the Small Pox.

the 24 Day was very warm and three slopes Came up the River with the yorkers.

the 25 Day there was fourteen sloops Came up the River from york.

the 26 Day it was very Rany and Stephen Hodgkins was taken with the Small Pox.

the 27 Day he was Carried to the ospitel.

the 28 Day was Brought in to albony two Sculps By the mohokes and four of the Carpentors from york march up the mohook River and four Companies of the york forses march the Same way and I and Sevel more went in to see Capting Tilton when the Pox was upon the turn.

the 29 Day was very pleasent and we had the nuse that two of our Company Died in the ospitiel.

the 30 Day we finished Corking the Batoes that we Built and Begun to Cork the york batoes.

the 31 Day Raind all Day and we Could not Cork that Day.

June the 1 Day it Raind all Day and there was fifteen Sloops Came in from the Jarseys with their forces.

the 2 Day this is the third Day that the Rain hes hindered us from Corking.

the third Day the Jarsey Blus went up the River in the Batoes and it Raind all Day.

the forth Day pleasent weather But the Batoes were weat So we made a number of thoughts and went to Corking in the after noon.

the 5 Day the Lords Day very plesent and Clear weather.

the 6 Day heard that Stephen Hodgkins was Dead and Pinder Came out of he ospitle this Day and two more of the Company.

the 7 Day it was pleasent weather we finished all the Batoes this Day and we made a grate fire with the Pitch Bariels and Drinkt one Barrill of Bear and four galings of Rum that Cornl Brodstreet gave us to Drink his helth.

the 8 Day I received teen Dolors of Capt. Garrish and had orders to git Ready to go up the River two thousand of our men got in to green Bush Last night.



the 9 Day we ware giting Ready to go up the Reaver as fast as we Could By water.

Benja Glasier His  
Hand Righting at the Lake

the twentyfifth Day of July—a man for theft was Judged to Dye and when he Died on the Lader hold he Cried Lord have mercy on my Soul. he Spoke to the Solders grate and Small to mind in time on god to Call and not goo on as he had Dune Least to the galows all Should Come

(3)

and mind onesty more than their purse Not Steall nor Ley Sware Nor Curse Least to the galous them Selues they Brang and with a holter their to Swing

(4)

his Body hangs above the Ground from Nine a Clock till the Sun goes Down for all Specttaters for to See that theft Brings Shame and misere

(5)

and when his Body is Cut Down it is Coverd over with the ground his Soul Before away Did fly to Eternal Welth or misery

(6)

I hope this will a warning be to all of high and low Degree that Steling is a Dreadfull thing and will them to the galows Brieng. god help us from all such guilt and Shame for which he to the galows Came—that we triumphently may Sing to god and Christ our glours king.

September the 26—1758

Thomas Lony Dr. to me in New York money Now at Lake Gorge to one pint of Rum £0-2-0

Mr. Hodgkins is	445-1-2
and ourn is	504-18-3

---

and the Balanc 51-17-1

I Benjn Glasier from the midle of febery to the first of Augst Did as much work with my hands as Came to  
£250-0-0

September the 25 1758

Credet for things of the Setlor

	to one pint of Spirets	£0-2 3
26	to one pint of Rum	0-2-0
27	to one Pint of Rum	0-2-0

October the 1 1758 Credet

1	to one pint of Rum	0-2-0
	to one pint of Rum	0-2-0
2	to a quorter of tea	0-4-0
3	to half a pound of Cholate	0-3-0
	to two Boles of Punch	0-4-0
6	to one quort of Rum	0-4-0
7	to one quort of Rum	0-4-0
	to one Pound of Shuger	0-2-0

for goods 7-7-0

for Corn 16-17-6

4-4-0

to one

green 1-1-0

1-1-0

1-1-0

Co. for things had of the Capt

29 September the 29 1758

to one quort of Rum £0-3-0

Benja Glasier

Nathan Chapman

Nathaniel Grant

John Glasier Ruben Chapman

John Glasier William Foster

Coten sock 6 pr.

10

to Roos 3" Shuger 16-6

William Sloan

D willims 1-0-0

John Cordle 1-9-0

June the 10 1758 this Day sot out from Allbony for forte Edward and got as far up as the flats and there Lodged with the Ipswich Boys that night.

the 11 Day Sot out from the flats and got as far as the uper part of the half moon and Lodge there that night.

the 12 Day Sot out from the half moon and got as far as Still waters and there Received Louance [allowance] and Lodged there that night.

the 13 Day Sot out from Still waters and got as far as Saleytoge [Saratoga] and Loged there that night.

the 14 Day Sot out from Saletoge and got as far as forte Edward and Loged in a Barake

the 15 Day went out in to the wodes to Cut timber.

the 16 Day went to fixing the wagens to Cary the Batoes to the Lake.

the 17 Day Sot out from forte Edward for the Lake with abought four thousand men and a vast number of wagens with a vast number of ox teemes—with purvision and got as far as the half way Brook and Lodged there.

the 18th Day mager Rogers got hear. Came in from a Scout from Tianteroge a vast Quntity of Boats which was Brought from forte Edward with a grate many ox teams Loaded with purvisions and considerable of artillery and Benja Copper Cute his Leag the Same Day.

the 19 Day this Day Sot out for the Lake a Bought five thousand men with artillery and a number of teemes with purvision and Boates and considerable of war Like Stores there a Rived hear from forte Edward, a Bought four thousand men and camped with us at the half way Brook.

the 20 Day this Day went from hear abought one hundred and fifty Boats and near a bought two hundred ox teemes Loaded with purvisions and Con Siderable of artillery with war Like Stores and a bought Six Wagens with Spades and pick axceses with shvels and near abought a Leaven hundred men this night one of the Rangers was Shot at from the Bloke house By a Reagelor and kild and a nother wounded which ware going from the half way Brook to foart Edward.

the 21 Day this Day Sot out from the half way Brook two hundred and Seventy five ox teemes Loaded with purvision and Con Siderable of artillery and a number of Boats and near abought five hundred men.

the 22 Day Sot out from the half way Brook near abought one hundred and fifty Carpentores for the Lake

and there Begun to work to picket in a fort where the old won stood.

the 23 Day this Day went to work to fix the Batoes Sum of us to the Batoes and Sum to the forte at this time there was a bought Seven thousand men hear.

the 24 Day. this Day Came from forte Edward four twenty four pounders with Sum Batoes and Sum whail Boats and we keep Still to work on the Batoes.

the 25 Day. this Day one of the New yorke men Cute his Leag and Benja Cooper went from hear to forte Edward and there Came up from there Severel Batoes and near abought two hundred ox teames and one Rege-ment of the Roile americkens and abought four hundred of Cor pribles Rigement and Begun to picket in a forte on the hill.

the 26 Day. this Day Came in hear a vast many wagens with Batoes and whail Boats and americion for the army and abought five hundred Batto men got in hear and it was Rainey wather.

the 27 Day. this Day got in hear abought five hundred men with Sum which Boats and some Batoes and Some ox teames with Purvision and it Rainy wather that Day.

the 28 Day. This Day got in hear from forte Edward abought three thousand men and some Batoes and some whaile Boats and the men Begun to Load the Batoes for to go forward.

this Day 29. this Day got in hear abought three thousand men and Some whaile Boats and Batoes.

the 30 Day. this Day they Loaded Some batoes with four eighteen pounders and some morters and boates and some Cowhornes.

July the 1 Day. this Day Came in hear two thousand men with Some Batoes and Some whaile Boats and Som Batto men.

the 2 Day. this Day they Loaded four hundred Batoes for to go fowrad and it Raind very hard in the Evening.

the 3 Day. this Day Came in hear abought Sixteen hundred men and Some whail Boats and batoes fair and Clear weather.

the forth Day I was Bluded [blooded] and the army

was ordered to march for the narows and the Carpentors with them all But twenty which ware left to Build the ospitel for the Sick & wounded.

the fifth Day. This Day I with the Rest ot the armyey took to the Batoes and I went Down the Lake for the narows with abought two or three and twenty thousand men and Road all that Day and night with my Lord How in the frunt and the Ginrels in the Rear in hopes that God would Grant us Success and victory.

the sixth Day. this Day in the moning the armyey Landed with out the Lost of one man at the advanst gard and Drove the french off in suchey hurry that they Stowl their Cash and Destroid all they Could and we kild one french man and Sculp him and the Rest made their a Scape But they Left ConSiderable of plunder fouls turkeys and geese and sheep and we got Sum of their Bear and Sum Eags and made Sum Eag flip and then went to Building a Brige and then to heaving up a Breast worke and my Lord How with a party of men Come a thought a party of french and ingauged them and was kild in the fight. But our party took and kild the most of them they took one hundred and Eight prisnours.

the Seventh Day they went forrod to the mils and Drove them off from their and took twenty one more prisnours and sent for us to Come up their to Build Brige and we went of and took nothing with us Save our guns and axes and went up and Built the Brige and Got Dun just as it was Dark and then we ware ordered Back to get our things and to goo Back that night. But it was so Dark when we got Down that we Could not find our things So we Did not goo till the next moning.

the Eight Day went up again and went to work to Build two floting Batersys for to Cary the Canning [cannon] on and the armyey marched forad and Begun to ingague them abought Eleving a Clock, and they got four Canning on the Batersys and went Down the Lake So nigh the forte that they firde the Canning on them. So that they Could not go any further and ware abliged to Return Back So we went to heaving up a Brest work there and the armyey fought them till dark to Beat them



ought off their trenches But Could not So they took Severell prisnours and Come off with the Lose of 4842 men kild dead and abought five or six hundred wounded and we ware orderd to march Back to the place where we Landed that Night.

the ninth Day all of us ware orderd to take to our Boats and Return Back and get Back abought Sun Down and Brought in our wounded.

the 10 Day our people ware orderd to go to Saying all that Could But I did nothing that Day and they Begun to Cary the wounded to forte Edward in wagens.

the 11 Day I helpt to Build a whome [home] for the head Ingenear that was wounded and I had a Leatur from John that was Dated July the 2.

the 12 Day warm and Showrs and I did not work and a grate number of the wounded men ware carred to forte Edward in wagens.

the 13 Day I went to work on the ospitel it Being warm and plesent weather.

the 14 Day went off a Leaven of Capt. Stoders men, to go to the Jarman flats. and it was warm and a Small Shower in the after noon.

the 15 Day warm and plesent weather and I staid at whom to Cook—and one of our Engenears Diede with his wounds. this Day Came in hear three french Desirters.

the 16 Day the Lords Day it was warm and plesent.

the 17 Day the armey Begun to Build the Breswork and to in trench and the ginerel mooved his tent over on the other Side of the Swamp.

the 18 Day all the Carpentors ware ordered to move their tents over and pitch them under the Side of Rogeres hill and it Raind all the after noon.

the 19 Day I Stade at whom to Cook and it was fair and plesent weather.

the 20 Day fair and plesent and we Begun to Cut timber for to Build a Sloop.

the 21 Day warm and plesent weather and I Did not work for I was very much out of order and the Same Day we had Nuse that Cornal Nickols Reg. had a Scrimage with the Ingens and drove them of with the Loos of a

Bought twenty or thirty men among which we heard that Calob Kimbal was missing this fight was on the 20 Day and we heard that they had found Eighteen Dead and all of them Sculpt But one and ware Cut to Bits.

the 22 Day I went to work a making Cabens for the wounded men in the ospitill and in the after noon there was a flag of truce went from hear to go to the forte at the Narrows.

the 23 Day I Stade at whom to Cook and it was Showery all Day.

the 24 Day I went to work at the ospitell again and Seven of our Compeny went down to fort Edward Sick.

the 25 Day there was a man hanged at nine of the Clok in the foor noon. he was Condemd to Be hanged for Stailing he Belong to the 44 Rigement.

the flag of truce Came Back from the Narows and Cornal Nickels Rigement Came from the half way Brook to the Lake.

the 26 Day it was Cloudy and Raney in the morning and Cleard away in the after noon and we heard that Cornal misserng was Dead and his Son and a good many of the Carpentors at halefax.

the 27 Day there was marched of all the hamshermen But two hundred of them and it was Cloudey and Raind and the armey ware all Droad up and the general Road Round the whole Camps to See them.

the 28 Day I stade to Cook and it was fair weather and one of our Company Died with Sm pox.

the 29 Day I went to work on the Sloop and their Came up from fort Edward and Brought Nuse that the Ingens had taken the wagens and carts and kild part of the gard and took all the purvision.

and mager Rogers went out abought two a Clock at Night to the South Bay to waylay them as they Came Back with 700 men.

the 30 Day Last Night their Came nuse that the french and Ingens had taken the Batoes that Rogers went in and we Sent out 15 hundred men for to See if it was true and we went to fixing one hundred more Batoes to Be in Readness if wanted and in the after Noon there went out a

Nother Scout of aboutt one hundred and fifty men with twenty two Batoes a whail boat.

the 31 Day it Raind all the fore noon and then Cleard off very warm their was one of my Lords Hows Rigement that DisSarted from the half way Brook Before the armye went to Lake Gorge and he was taken up by the Rangers up at the South Bay and Sent in hear to Day.

the 1 Day of August 1758 their Came in Last Night a party of our Scoughts for to Receive orders and had them and this morning went out again and their was a party went from hear of five hundred men to the half way Brook and their Came in hear three men from Canarday two of them was taken at Oswago and one in the fight that Rogers had in the winter.

the 2 Day fair weather and warm and a post arived hear from Boston and in the after noon there Came in hear part of our Scoughts and Left Rogers with 700 men with 10 Days allownce to goo to the South Bay and from there to forte Edward.

the 3 Day aboutt 9 a Clock there was a gard went from hear to forte Edward with the Carts and a nother gard went to the half way Brook with Carts Loaded with Small arms.

the 4 Day fair and pleasent and in the after noon there was a partey of our Carpentors Received orders to git Ready to march whomward the next morning Earley and at night I had a joy with the ComeDore for not going to Corking and he threating to Send a pile of men and Cary me to the gard which made me very mad for I new that he Could not Due it.

the 5 Day the Carpentors went off and their went four out of our mes they went of By Sun Rise and got my Brakfast and then went to Corking

the 6 Day high winds and flying Clouds and Still Cept Corking.

the 7 Day fair and plesent weather and in the after noon aboutt 2 a Clock there was a man of my Lords Hows Rigement went in a Swiming and was Drowned.

the 8 Day fair and pleasent and in the foore noon we heard that Rogers had a fight and Lost a number of his

men and in the afternoon we Begun to Grave the Sloop and finished one Side and the Botme of the other Side that Night.

the 9 Day finished Graving and Laid the turpentine and fiting whailboats in the fore noon and in the afternoon Begun to Lay the ways and tried to Lanch and Started hir 10 feet and Could git hir no firther and Blockt hir up and Left hir.

the 10 Day got up as soon as it was Day and took out the Bulways and Raised the fore Eand of the Long ways and got the Bilsways in again and Lancht about Eight a Clock in the morning.

the 11 Day fair and pleasant weather and went to Corking the Decks and heard that Rogers had got in to forte Edward and had Lost Sum of his men and got a grate Number of Sculps But we Shall hear the truth of it Soon.

the 12 Day in the morning went of a Number of Carts and a gard to forte Edward and Last Night their was a flag of truce Came in hear for a Dockter that was taken as Sweago.

the 13 Day this morning went of that flag of truce and one of ourn with them But what they went for I cant teel and about won a Clock David Wells Departed this Life he Died in a fit. flying Clouds and high winds and Cold for the Season. this after noon Came in hear mager Rogers with 54 Sculps and Lost 56 men.

The 14 Day this morning Rogers went out again with a Scought of one 1000 men and this fore noon there was a man Drowned and a Nother Shot and this after noon there came in another french flag of truce of forty men.

the 15 Day they went off in the morning and about twelve a Clock it Begun to Rain and Raind all Day and Night.

the 16 Day Raind while about three a Clock in the after Noon.

the 17 Day fair and plasent and in the morning we Sot the mast in the Sloop.

the 18 Day fair and pleasant and I Staid at whome to Cook that Day.

the 19 Day fair and plesent But very warm.

the 20 Day went to worke in the fore noon and in the after noon it Raind.

the 21 Day. fair and plesent and in the morning we heard that we ware all to march for whom and got all our things Ready for to march and orders Came from the General for us to Stope and in the after Noon we Corked the Generals house.

the 22 Day we went to fiting our house and Sot our tent up above two foot from the ground with timber and got it Done and Laid that Night Like Kings to what we Did.

the 23 Day Fair and Plesent and we Begun to Cut timber for to Build a Row galey.

the 24 Day fair and pleasent and in the after Noon their Came in hear 150 ox temes.

the 25 Day fair and pleasent and we to fixing the Batoes and the Sloope Saild Down the Lake to the first Narows.

the 26 Day fair and pleasent and at Nine a Clock in the moring their was four men to Be hanged for DisSarting and they were taken from the gard house and Cared to the galows and the preast went to prayer with them and they ware a going to Be triste up and they ware pardend and Sot at Liberty and in the after Noon it Raind.

the 27 Day fair and plesent and we Begun to Bild a Sort of a whury for mager Rogers for to Cary into the South Bay when he went a Scoutain.

the 28 Day Clouday and fogey and mist and Some Rain and this Day we had the Nuse that Capertoon was taken and in the after Noon the Rigements ware all Drawd up in order to fire and the preasts went to prayer and after that the Sloop fired and then they fird twenty one Canon at the Shore and then a voley of Small arms all Round the whole in Campment and then twenty one more Canon at the Shore and then a Nother voley of Small arms and So the third and then gave three Cheers and so Concluded.

the 29 Day flying Clouds and high winds and Cold for the Season.



the 30 Day fair and pleasent and a Diserter from the French came to us.

the 31 day. one of our Carpetores that went whom from Allbony Came in hear with a Number of Leatures But None for me.

September the 1 Day—1758 and a Nother Disater Came in hear which gave a necount of a Number more that ware in the woods and that they ware Disarting Every Day But Sum of them were Cetchd and hanged for he Said that they hanged Sume times five or Six in a weak for Disarting.

the 2 Day fair and pleasent and a Scout of Six hundred men went out this mornin to the South Bay and about two a Clock in hear two Brass Cannin that were 24 pounders and the Sloope Saild Down the Lake.

the 3 Day Last Night there was a french flag of truce Came in and orderd us off from the ground and gave us But twenty ours to go of and if we Did Not go of in that time they would Come and take us and put us all to the Sword and he went of this morning at four a Clock and this Day the men went to work on the Brest work and in the after Noon the Sloope Came Back and mager Rogers went out with a Small Scoute in a whale Boat and Capt. Jacobs with a Nother upon Discovery.

the 4 Day fair and pleasent and Nothing Remarkable But Camp Nuse a Nuf of it.

the 5 Day we Raised our house abought 7 feet and a half Square and four feet and a half high and a Board Ruf.

the 6 Day I went to Corking a Store house for to put the Slupes Rigen in and Jorn and other things for to Leave all winter for to Be Ready for Next Spring.

the 7 Day fair weather But Sumthing Cold for the Season.

the 8 Day fair and plesent weather and at Night mager Rogers went out with a Scout of about one hundred men.

the 9 Day flying Clouds and a gard went from hear of a Bout three hundred men for to meet the teems that ware Coming up hear and when they had got within about three miles of the half way Brook they Sent forod a

Sargent and four men to tell the teems to Drive along for the gard was a Coming and the men had not got But half a mile from the gard Before the Ingens fird on them and kild one Dead and wounded a nother But they all got Clear But he that was kild and him they Sculpt and then took off with all Speed.

the 10 Day fair and pleasent and Nothing Remarkable hapned that Day.

the 11 Day fair and pleasent and we had the Nuse that our forces had taken Conter Rockeway that Lies thirty miles to the Easturd of Sweago and the Shipping that they took from us at Sweago and a hundred and oad peaces of Cannin and at four of the Clock the whole armyey was under armes and the Slupe fired three Rounds of twenty one Carnin Each time and they fired three Rounds from the Shore with the Carnin twenty one each time and Likewise three Rounds with the Small armes and gave three Cheers and So ConCluded with a house warming and that was a mery wone.

the 12 Day fair in the morning and I went to Corking Capt mackCleans house and at Noon their was a Showr But it Soon Cleard off and I went to Corking the Same house a gain and at Night they told me when I Came home that the Comedor had Sent for me But I Did Not go to him that Night.

the 13 Day I got up in the morning and went and finished the house in the fore Noon and Did not See Nor hear no more from the Comedor for that Day.

the 14 Day fair and pleasent and I Did Not go to Work By Reason of a Bile on my Right Rist which made my hand Swell very much and at Night we had a Setdown at Lonys tent.

the 15 Day flying Clouds and Some Rain and in the after Noon Cleard of very pleasent and warm.

the 16 Day fair and plesent and my hand very Lane and much Swaold By Reason of the Bile on my Rist.

the 17 Day fair and pleasent and their was Several poasts Came in hear from Newengland that Brought Leatures But None for me as I could find out.

the 18 Day fair and pleasent and we had a fine Quarter

of Rost Lam for Diner and at Night one of our mess had a fit.

the 19 Day flying Clouds and Cleard of about Noon and we had a fine peace of Beef Rosted for Diner and purtaters for Sup and So Con Clued the Day.

the 20 Day fair and pleasant and Nothing Remarkable.

the 21 Day fair and pleasant and we Built a Chimbely to our house.

the 22 Day flying Clouds and high winds and Cold for the Season.

the 23 Day fair and pleasant and in the after Noon I Received a Lecture that was Dated the third Day of Augst and it gave me Anaccount of my grandmothers Death and at Night Came in here a Number of teams.

the 24 Day fair and pleasant and this morning I heard that Richard Brown was Dead he Died Last Night about a Leaven of the Clock and in the after Noon their was a Scout went out from here of about 200 men upon Discovery to See what the french ware about.

the 25 Day flying Clouds and high winds and at Night their was a grate Number of teams Came in Loaded with purvision.

the 26 Day flying Clouds and high winds and the teams went Down again in the morning to fort Edward.

the 27 Day flying Clouds and high winds and very Cold for the Season and at Night their Came in Sum wagens and Sum teams Loaded with purvision.

the 28 Day fair and pleasant and I Stayed at whom to Cook and the teams went Down again in the morning.

the 29 Day fair and pleasant and Nothing Remarkable happed that Day that I heard of.

the 30 Day flying Clouds and Last Night the Scought Came in and Brough in two Burch Canues.

the first Day of October fair and pleasant and at Night their was a flag of truce went to the fore at the Narrows.

the 2 Day flying Clouds and Som Rain in the morning and at Noon Sot in for Rain and So Continued till the Next morning.

the 3 Day we went Down the Lake for to Cut timber

and got our Load and got whom By two a Clock and Bought a Sheep.

the 4 Day we went Down the Lake again after the Same Sort of timber and got Back about four of the Clock in the after Noon.

the 5 Day fair and pleasant and Several of us went to Corking the house that was Bult for genreal Lambash and at Nine of the Clock in the Evening he Came up here.

the 6 Day and I went to Corking the Bay Boats and at Night we Lunched one of them.

the 7 Day fair and pleasant and genreal Lambash went Down again, and we finished Corking the Bay Boats that Night.

the 8 Day fair and pleasant and Nothing Straing hapned.

the 9 Day fair and pleasant and at Night we had orders to march the Next Day to forte Edward to work.

the 10 Day Cloudey and Some Rain and about Eight of the Clock we marched from the Lake and got to forte Edward about four in the after Noon and went in to the Baroks on the Eyland and it Rained all Day and Night very hard.

the 11 Day very Rainey in the morning and I took five Dolers and it was Showery all Day and We Staid their.

the 12 Day fair and pleasant and we ware ordered to march Down a Long tordse Allbany and Sot out about Nine of the Clock and Got to forte miler and Dind their and marched from their and went about three miles Below Saletoge and Campd their that Night.

the 13 D. fair and pleasant and marched from hear and got to Still waters about twelve of the Clock and Dind their and then Sot out and got to the half moon that Night and Loged with Cuzen James Smith that Night.

the 14 Day high winds and Rain and Rained all Day and we Stade at the half moon that Day.

the 15 Day fair and pleasant and Sot out from the half moon and got to the English taven at allbany about four of the Clock and found good Entertainment their for our money and thought we ware well treated.

the 16 Day fair and pleasant and we Returnd our arms in to the Stors and in the after Noon took four Days

alounce and went mother mecleans to Board and at Night the sheads Cetched on fire that we worked in when we went up in the Spring they ware one hundred and Ninty feet Long and they ware all Burnt flat to the ground in a few minites.

the 17 Day Sumthing Showrey and we went to Bilding Cabens in the Barocks.

the 18 Day fair and pleasent and we ware Still Bildin the Cabens in the Baroks.

the 19 Day fair and pleasent and Nothing Remarkable.

the 20 Day Cloudy and at Night very high wind and Cold for the Season.

the 21 Day fair and pleasent But Something Cold for the Season of the year.

the 22 Day fair weather But high winds and Cold.

the 23 fair and pleasent and Nothing Remarkable.

the 24 Day Clouday and Lookt like Rain or Snow and at Night Begun to Snow and Snowed all Night and was very Cold.

the 25 Day Snowed in the morning and we had not much to Due and in the after Noon Capt Garish Came hear from the Lake.

the 26 in the morning there Came to our Lodgen all most all the Ipswich Solders Came hear.

the 27 Day fair and pleasent and No work in the fore Noon for want of Stuf.

the 28 Day fair and please and we Did Nothing that Day for want of Stuf.

the 29 Day fair and pleasen on Sunday and Did Nothing.

the 30 Day fair and pleasent and Nothing Strange.

the 31 Day fair and at Night their was Eight of us Basted for the Itch.

the 1 Day of November Cloudey in the morning and Cleard of in the after Noon fair and pleasent.

the 2 Day fair and pleasent and Nothing Strange for the Season of the weather.

the 3 fair and pleasent and Nothing Strange hapned.

the 4 Day fair and pleasent and we went to hauling Batoes out of the River and fastened them with Stakes.



the 5 fowl and Raind in the morning and So Continued all Day.

the 6 Day fair and pleasent and we went over to green Bush to haul up Batoes.

the 7 Day Cloudey and Cold and I Not well and Did Nothing.

the 8 Day fair and pleasent and Nothing Strange that Day.

the 9 Day Cloudey and Cold.

the 10 Day it Snode most all Day and it was Cold.

the 11 Day fair But very Cold for the Season.

the 12 Day fair and Something moderat to what it was.

the 13 Day fair But very Cold and the Eyce was So Strong as to Bear.

the 14 Day fair and the Boston Carpentors marched for whome.

the 15 Day fair and pleasent in the fore Noon and Raind in the after Noon.

the 16 Day fair and pleasent and we Sot out for whom and got to the half way house aboute teen miles from Albany that night.

the 17 Day Sot out from the half way house at three a Clock at Night and went to Brack fast at Gordenears and Sot out from thear and went to Bobards and Lodged thear.

the 18 Day Sot out at Day and got to Shefeld and went to Brackfast 5 m and Dind at Bruers at Number one and Sot out from thear to go through the greane woods and got with in 2 1/2 through and Stade thear that Night which is 31 miles.

the 19 Day Sot out from thear and went to Brackfas at west field which is 14 miles and Lodged 5 from Springfield that Night.

the 20 Day from thear went to

Benja Glasier

N

Nathan

John Hobson

Nathan Chapman

John Leatherland for Cash Lent in old tener

at one time £0-14-0

at another time 0-12-0

at another time 6-6

m

To Rum 23 D fuller g 2

to pitchers of tody 15

to mugs Dito 6

1-15-0

3-10-0

5-5-0

4-0-0

3-10-0

2-12-6 12-6

John account By Left BradStreat is as he Ses in Lawfull  
money  
£1-1-7

1760 April ye 21 Sot out from whome and Dind at  
Bacheldors at Beverly and Lodged at Lin at Nords [Nor-  
wood's] 20 miles from whome.

the 22 Day Sot out from their and Brackfaste at molden  
at Newhalls and Dind at mistacke and Lodged at wodmons  
at Waltham 16 miles.

the 23 Day Staid their all Day and at Night the Left  
Came up and told us that we was to Stay their-till Sunday.

the 24 Day Stayed their and was Sory that we Sot out  
from whome when we Did.

the 25 Day Continued their and at Night their was two  
men Came their and when they ware going away they Be-  
gun to Rangle and Borth of them Struck the Left and one  
of them Struck John and So Road of for Woster But I  
hope in a Short time we Shall meat them and have Re-  
compence of them Borth.

the 26 Day Still at Mr wodmans and a Bought two of  
the Clock Samuel Stacey Came By and told me that  
father was Burid a thursday night and at Night Capt  
Hart and Capt Baley marched By us for Woster.

the 27 Day Still Continued their it Being the Lords  
Day and Some of our people went to meaten But I Did  
Not.

the 28 Day Still Continued their wating for Capt Webb and he Did Not Come.

the 29 Day abought four of the Clock in the afte Noon Capt webb Came up and his men and he went to Boston.

the 30 Day Sot out from wodmans and Came through westtown and Sudbary and westbary and Lodged at hows.

the 1 Day of may Sot out from their and went through molbery and Shusbary and Lodged at Capt Curtes at woster. our Lodgen was on the flour and very Cold.

the 2 Day in the for Noon three of us went into woster and Joseph Denis gave John a Leter and in the after Noon we went about a mile and a half Back in the wods to a house whare about Seven of us Lodged that Night in Beds.

the 3 Day we heard that Capt Webb was Not to go and Brown might go with Severl and Capt Webb went of for Boston in the after Noon and we Came about four miles Back to find alogen and Lodged at one Stones But found it very hard to git any for the Night.

the 4 Day the Lords Day. Stade their that Day and Rote a Leater and Dated it the fifth Day.

the 5 Day Still Continued their and washed our Shurts and Stoknes and madee Staves.

the 6 Day took our Departar from their and went to Curteses and Staid till the after Noon and then was forst to go to mr Stones againe and Stay their till firther orders.

the 7 Day. Ebenezer Smith Came up and I Received alleter By him Dated Aprel the 23—and Still Continued at Stones.

the 8 Day I Rote a Leater and Dated it the 8 Day and John and Curtes Diferd and John Swore and Curtes was a going to Cary him Before a Justes But we perswaded him not.

the 9 Day Cloudy and Looks like Rain and Received a Leter Dated the fifth of may By John Rogers from Ipswich.

the 10 Day we heard that we was to go under antony Stickny of Newbary and to pas muster the Next Day morning.

the 11 Day we went to pase muster and Did not for

their was a Company that past muster Before us and So we was put off.

the 12 Day we past muster in the fore Noon and then went to our Lodgen.

the 13 Day Cloudey and Some Rain and the wind at Noth and Be East.

the 14 Day Clouday and Sumthing Cold and Some Rain in the after Noon.

the 15 Day Cloudy and Cleard up in the after Noon and So forth.

the 16 Day Clouded up and Raind in the after Noon.

the 17 Day Cloudey and Cold for the Sason.

the 18 Day flying Clouds and high winds and so forth.

the 19 Day we took our Bileton and it Raind in the after Noon.

the 20 Day Showery all Day and we Sot out in the after Noon and went abought three miles out of worster town and Lodged at hubards.

the 21 Day Sot out from their and went through Lister and Spencer and Lodged at witents in Brookfield and their Ceep Gard.

the 22 Day fair and plesent and Sot ought from thear and went through Brookfield and weston and Lodged at Shows at Kings town.

the 23 Day went to Spring field and Lodged at Decon Bakers at Springe field.

the 24 Day we past muster and went over the fery and Lodged abought two miles from the fery.

the 25 Day Sot out from their and went to westfield and Dind at Decon tailers and Lodged at the foot of glasco mountain.

the 26 Day Rainey weather and in the after Noon went as far as Noxses at Glascko and Lodged their and Raind all Night.

the 27 Day fogey and Small Rain in the fore Noon and we marcht through the green wods and their was severl Shouris in the way and we Lodged in Number wone that Night and it was Shoury in ye Night.

the 28 Day Sot out from their But Capt martain Lost his hat and it Could not Be found and when we Came to

Sheffield their was Sarch made through out the whole Company But it Could not Be found at all.

the 29 Day fair and plesent and we Staid their all Day awaighting for a Cart and their was None Come and part of the Company went five miles futher and the Rest Staid to go with the Cart the Next morning.

the 30 Day fair and pleasent and Stade their till Sundown and no wagen Came and we had no aloune and then we Sot out and went to Robards five miles and Lodged their that Night.

the Next Day the 31 went through Nobles town and got to Canterhook and when we Came their we Could Not git any aloune and william foster Sould his Shirt for half a Doler and Bought Sum Backen Bones for us to eat and we Lodged their that Night.

June the 1 Day. Sot out for green Bush and got their aboutht the midel of the after Noon and Brown went over to Albany to Draw Lounce and got it aboutht Nine a Clock.

the 2 Day in the after Noon we ware orderd over to Albany and Campt on the hill Be hind the forte that Night.

the 3 Day we ware orderd to march in the after Noon at three a Clock and we went to Capt Bernnams and their I keep gard that Night.

the 4 Day very Rainey and we marcht to the uper part of the half moon and Lodged their that Night among Stros.

the 5 Day it Raind all Day and we marcht five miles above Stillwater and we went into the wods and mad a fire and pitcht our tent and Lodged their that Night.

the 6 Day it Raind all Day and we went to Saletoge and Built a fire in the wods and Drid our Selves and Lodged their.

the 7 Day Rainey weather and marcht to fort Edward and the Batose Could not git up to us and we ware as weat as we Could Be and we ware foret to Ly on the ground under a Beto and ware most froust.

the next Day 8 we Drowd pervision in the morning and it Raind and we marcht for the Lake and got their that Night and Sot our tents and found a fine forte their.



the 9 Day fair and pleasent weather and we heard that we ware to Stay Some time and So forth.

the 10 Day we went to work on the forte and we hard that mager Rogers had Drove many ingans in to the forte at Sant Sous and Capt Jonson was Kild.

the 11 Day fair and pleasent and Still to work on the forte.

the 12 Day we went to worke and Some of the people went in the wods and John Cute two of his finguers prety Bad.

the 13 Day we went into the wods and the flyes ware Ready to Eat us up that Day.

the 14 Day I was orderd to go with a Party of men in to the wods to Cut hanbarow Stufe.

## BOOK REVIEWS

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**THE HOUSE OF BARING IN AMERICAN TRADE AND FINANCE.**  
English Merchant Bankers at Work, 1763-1861. By  
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Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press.  
Price, \$7.50.

This is an outstanding production of the Harvard Studies in Business History which has sponsored the publication of Dr. Hidy's thorough research in London and Canada. It is the first history of an Anglo-American merchant banker to be written from the records of the firm. Houses like Baring Brothers helped to develop and maintain London's leadership as the financial center of the world—a position which it held until surpassed by New York during the second World War. Dr. Hidy's book goes a long way towards explaining the power of London in terms of the men, the policies and the services of one remarkably successful international banking house. It has value for anyone interested in the history of the United States and Great Britain; for students of business history, banking finance, and economics and for business men generally. The editors' introduction is by Prof. Gras and Miss Larson.

It is well known that the House of Baring was of major importance to America's economic development from 1825 to 1861. This firm led all other firms in the world in financing American trade and marketing American bonds. It furthered the creation of canals, banks and a railroad network in the United States. Two distinguished merchants from this country joined the firm, Joshua Bates of Boston, a partner from 1828 to 1864, and Russell Sturgis, of Boston, from 1851 to 1882, while the able Samuel Ward was the American agent for the House. George Peabody & Co., of Danvers and London, Goodhue & Co., originally of Salem and the House of Morgan in New York were among the many American firms who also had business dealings with the Barings. Dr. Hidy and his wife, Dr. Muriel E. Hidy, formerly of the faculty of Wheaton College, are now associated with the Business History Foundation, Inc., under the direction of Prof. Gras. Dr. Hidy, is now working on a history of the Standard Oil Company and Mrs. Hidy's biography of George Peabody, the London banker, is now in press. There are 150 pages of notes and a full index. This book is authoritative and should be in every business man's library.

THE PEABODY SISTERS OF SALEM. By Louise Hall Tharp. 1950. 372 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Price, \$4.00.

This is a delightful story of the three famous Peabody sisters, Mrs. Hawthorne, Mrs. Mann and Elizabeth, the originator of the kindergarten in this country. It is told with a fascinating brilliance, and contains much new material never before published—a biography with three heroines. Elizabeth, Mary and Sophie Peabody lived in a splendid period of notable personalities. Horace Mann, Emerson, Channing, Hawthorne, Melville and others of that galaxy were familiar figures in the time of the Peabodys. The author tells of the background of the family, both Peabodys and Palmers and of their years spent in Salem, where Dr. Peabody practiced medicine, but was chiefly a dentist. The author follows the family fortunes, until they settled in Boston. Mary went West with Horace Mann to found Antioch College. Sophia went to England with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Elizabeth went to Europe to inspect schools. Yet always they were themselves, Peabody's from Salem whose natural element was the cultural life of Boston, Salem, and Concord. Their correspondence, their diaries and their journals formed a life-long record in which Mrs. Tharp has drawn wisely. The book is decidedly readable and absorbing and adds one more to the Salem saga. Recommended to all libraries and individuals interested in nineteenth century life in New England.

PEPPER AND PIRATES. Adventures in the Sumatra Pepper Trade of Salem. By James Duncan Phillips. 1949, 141 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$2.50.

There is no one better equipped to write the history of commercial Salem than Mr. Phillips. With his background of grandfathers who were a very important part of the successful merchant group during Salem's prosperity, he has delved for years into the old records, log books, newspapers and other sources both in the Essex Institute and Peabody Museum and his meticulous work is shown in his three previous books as well as this new one. In his Introduction, he writes: "No one in America has ever dominated the trade of a single foreign commodity, or in a single part of the world, so thoroughly as Salem did in pepper from Sumatra in the first fifty years of the Republic. . . . Salem discovered the

possibilities of the pepper trade with the kingdom of Acheen on the northwest coast of Sumatra and for some years her ships were almost the only vessels on the coast. Her vessels encouraged the culture of pepper by supplying a ready market. Her demand at first fixed the price both in Sumatra where it was raised and in Europe where it was sold. Her sea captains surveyed the coast and drew the charts of its dangerous coral reefs and narrow channels which made the coast safe to navigate then and can hardly be improved today. This book is the story of that great adventure." It tells of the vicious attacks by pirates and the thrilling defense of the doughty sailors of old Salem, as well as the immense profit derived by the merchants in this trade. This should be a must on your list of book gifts of the season. Recommended to all libraries and all interested in sea stories.

STRANGE TALES FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO CAPE HATTERAS. By Edward Rowe Snow. 1949. 322 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Price, \$4.00.

Mr. Snow, who has gathered much material along the coast for his sea stories, has come forth with a new book fully as exciting as his previous ones. This time his tales cover half of the Atlantic seaboard. One about the Newburyport ghost and another relating to the Indians at Saugus are included in his stories of Essex County. This yankee author is recommended to all lovers of modern thrillers.

A TOPSFIELD QUIZ. Compiled by Alice G. Dow. 1949. Price, 75 cents.

This little book of twenty-one pages is a model for other towns to copy. The questions and answers concerning the town of Topsfield from its beginning to the present time is a bit of local history which will be valuable for schools. It is compiled from the "History of Topsfield" by George Francis Dow and may be purchased at the Topsfield Historical Society. This Quiz was published in connection with the celebration of the tercentenary of the town in 1950.





THE  
ESSEX INSTITUTE  
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

VOL. LXXXVI—APRIL 1950

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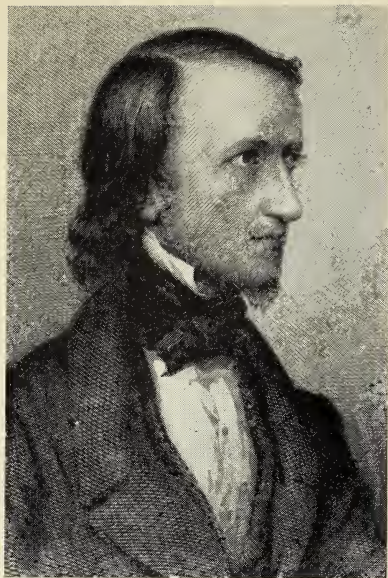
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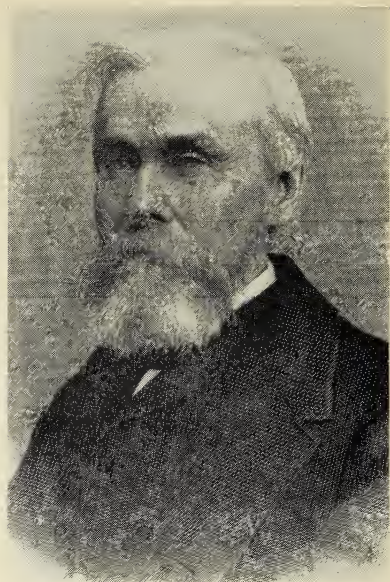
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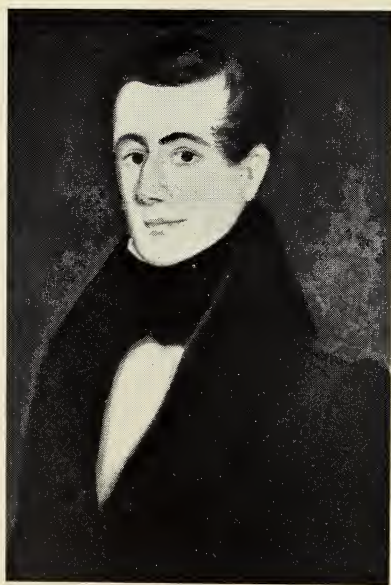




GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK



EVERT AUGUSTUS DUYCKINCK



JAMES WILLIAM BEEKMAN

# ESSEX INSTITUTE

## HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

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VOL. LXXXVI

APRIL, 1950

No. 2

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### A BOY'S JOURNAL OF A TRIP INTO NEW ENGLAND IN 1838

BY LELAND SCHUBERT

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In June 1838, George Long Duyckinck (1823-1863), his older brother Evert Augustus Duyckinck (1816-1878), and their friend James William Beekman (1815-1877) made a journey into New England from New York City. The fourteen-year-old George recorded some of their experiences in a brief journal.<sup>1</sup> This journal is of interest both because it tells something of New England travel in 1838 and also because it reflects the tastes and interests of a young boy—at a time when children's thoughts were not considered particularly important and were seldom recorded.

The Duyckincks, New Yorkers from first to last, were active in the literary and artistic life of the mid-nineteenth century. Together they edited *The Literary World* (1848-1853) and the extensive *Cyclopaedia of American Literature* (1856), for which, doubtless, they are best known. George later wrote biographies of Bishop Thomas Ken, Bishop Hugh Latimer, George Herbert, and Jeremy Taylor. Evert edited Thackeray, Sidney Smith, Irving, and wrote countless notes and reviews for the various American literary papers.

Beekman, who is not mentioned in George's New England journal, was a member of the distinguished New York family.

1 The journal is among the Duyckinck papers in the Manuscript Division of the New York Public Library. It is unsigned but was identified a few years ago by Mr. Luther Mansfield of Williams College.



List of  
Villages, Cities etc  
passed through in a tour in  
New England

---

New York City, Sept.<sup>2</sup> 1838

[George's entries for the first nine days consist largely of a list of the places visited or passed through. The party left New York on Saturday, June 9, and went through Harlaem, West Farms, Pelham, New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, and spent Saturday night and Sunday at Rye. On Monday, June 11, they went through Sawpitts (now Port Chester), Greenwich, Stamford, Darien, Norwalk, Milton and arrived at Ridgefield where they spent Tuesday and Wednesday. From Ridgefield Evert A. Duyckinck wrote a letter to his friend William A. Jones and mentioned George: "The General, your Protege, is sitting in the room laughing every now and then at the broad jokes in Dr Dodimus Duckworth. He was quite offen [ded] the other evening at the intrusion of several large winged bugs in the room and was thrown completely out of temper or rather in temper by the appearance of a bat who knocked his wings about the ceiling. He wondered how anyone could take an interest in 'The Natural History of Insects'! I found him sitting in a chair alone quite red in the face, slapping a fly with one hand off the cheek and an impertinent gnat with the other." (Letter dated Ridgefield, June 13, 1838, in Manuscript Division, New York Public Library.) On Thursday, June 14, the travellers moved on to Danbury, Bethel, and Reading (now Redding). The next day they went through Greensfarms, Fairfield, Bridgeport, Milford, and arrived at New Haven where they spent the night. On the sixteenth, they toured New Haven and visited "the Cabinet of Minerals etc., Yale College, & Trumbull Picture Gallery." (George's journal) That same day they went on to Fair Haven, Northford, Durham, and Middletown. Still in

<sup>2</sup> Apparently George did not write the journal, at least in its present form, until after the travelers had returned to New York.

Middletown on Sunday the seventeenth, they heard a sermon by Dr. Samuel Farmer Jarvis (1786-1851), the rector of Christ Church, and they "saw some curious old tombs in the Grave Yard." The journal continues as follows.]

— Monday 18th —

Rocky Hill  
Wethersfield

Saw the church (a very old one) & saw some curious old tombs in the Grave Yard, one dated 1645—after breakfast visited the prison and went on

Hartford  
Windsor  
Enfield

Visited the Shaker Village back of Enfield. Saw their gardens, dairies, and meeting house. All very neat

Longmeadow  
Springfield

— Tuesday 19th —

Springfield

Went to Cabotsville to see the cotton factories—went also to Ames bell foundry—saw the workmen busy in finishing the moulds for the City Hall bellfry—now completed & hung up—also saw two Spanish bells—and returning to Springfield visited the U.S. Armory<sup>3</sup>—& left Springfield in the afternoon

West Springfield

Northampton

— Wednesday 20th —

Northampton

Ascended Mt. Holyoke<sup>4</sup>

3 [George's note.] Had forgot to mention the Paddy machine on the railroad for scooping out dirt. It is likely now removed.

[A "paddy machine" was a kind of steam shovel.]

4 Though George tells nothing of his mountain climbing experience, his older brother mentions it in a letter to Jones: "The General ascended the Mountain valiantly. His prototype Hannibal or Buonaparte made out no better on the Alps. He only met with a slight accident from an envious rock in the seat of his pantaloons. This being an attack on the phrenological bump of honor somewhat affected his equanimity. He is otherwise in great spirits and jumps and tosses about in the fields like a young heifer." (Letter dated Northampton, Mass., Thursday June 21, 1838, in Manuscript Division, NYPL.)

Visited a Silk Factory. Saw an ingenious little machine for weaving *silk braid* also one for *winding spools*

— Thursday 21st —

Northhampton

Hadley

Belchertown

Ware

— Friday 22d —

Brookfield

Spencer

Leicester

Worcester

Through to Boston by the Boston and Worcester Rail Road

— Saturday 23d —

Boston

— Sunday 24th —

Boston

In the morning went to Kings Chapel now a Unitarian Church

in the afternoon to the "Old South"

— Monday 25th —

Boston

In the morning went over to Cambridge to deliver a letter to Professor Felton.<sup>5</sup> He walked around the colleges with us, into the library etc. Made an appointment to go with him to Mt. Auburn & Fresh Pond on Wednesday & returned home. In the afternoon went to the Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown—went up to the top but as it rained did not remain long. The monument is about half completed.

— Tuesday 26th —

Boston

In the morning went to the Athanaeum.

— Wednesday 27th —

Boston

Went over to Cambridge to Prof Felton's, who took us with him to Prof Longfellow (author of *Outre Mer*) who lives in General Washingtons head quarters. After hav-

<sup>5</sup> Cornelius Conway Felton (1807-1862), Eliot Professor of Greek, and later President, at Harvard.

ing remained there some little time went on to Mount Auburn which we walked through and saw several very handsome monuments and entrances to vaults—also Consecration Dell—so called from the Address and other ceremonies having taken place there.

Returning to the colleges stopped at Fresh Pond where there was a large party from Boston who had come out to spend the day. There was a parson of the company who, much to the astonishment of a man who setting the table for dinner under the trees, was enjoying him more than any of the rest. Went down to the Pond and saw some immense Ice houses for the ice from the Pond. Returned to Cambridge, stopped at the law library and went to the college where we heard Prof. Longfellow deliver a lecture on Jean Paul<sup>6</sup> & then returned to Boston. In the afternoon went to Faneuil Hall which was dressed<sup>7</sup> up with flags, stripes, stars, etc. for a dinner on the approaching 4th of July

Boston

— Thursday 28th —

In the morning visited with Mr Hillard<sup>8</sup> the New England institution for the Blind. We went through the sleeping apartments, school rooms, (where the scholars were principally engaged in singing & playing on different instruments) garden (which is fitted up for gymnastic exercises) and work shops. Saw the printing presses & got a volume as big as a quarto Bible, containing the 1st part of the Pilgrims Progress & a list of books published for the Blind—in raised letters, read by passing the fingers over them

returning saw the old Province House.

In the afternoon went in the steamboat John Jay to Nahant which “ain’t vot its cracked up to be” Returned by land through Lynn; which is a pleasant village full of shoemakers and leather dressers; to Boston

<sup>6</sup> Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), German novelist. Cf. Samuel Longfellow, *The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* (Boston, 1886), I, 273.

<sup>7</sup> “Dressed” badly confused by alteration; may be “decked.”

<sup>8</sup> George Stillman Hillard (1808-1879), writer and statesman.

## —Friday 29th—

Boston

In the morning went to Lexington 8 or 9 miles from Boston. Saw the Battle Ground and a granite monument upon it "erected by the inhabitants of Lexington, under the patronage and at the expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" with an epitaph full of dashes and exclamation marks. Lexington is a quiet, retired very pleasant little village

In the afternoon, when we returned from Lexington, visited the Dry Dock which is a very fine work, built of granite. There is a fine Rope Wharf worked by machinery, on a new plan—also made of granite and very long. Returned to Boston

## —Saturday 30th—

Boston

Left at 4 in the afternoon

Lynn

Salem.

In the evening went to an exhibition of wax work—regular laffer [?] show—of pirates hanging (a piece of the *identical gallows!*) "Ellen Jewett and R. P. Robinson of New York Tragedy" & somebody else of Albany Tragedy. The Rev Mr Avery with specs pushed up, hand on a chair and "customary suit of solemn black" looking as edifying as if about to preach a sermon—the Siamese Twins & a little man on a barrel covered with oilcloth about 2 ft high (the man) who the showman told us afterwards "never grew any bigger till he was twenty & then died." The Showman wanted us to stay longer as he was going to make a speech about the different figures. When we came down he asked us "Could you have told them pirates from skin". At the inn we found Mr Hawthorne, the Author of Twice Told Tales to whom EAD<sup>9</sup> had sent a letter. Had a conversation with him and went to bed

Salem

## —Sunday July 1st—

Went to the Episcopal Church in the morning and towards evening Mr Hawthorne came in and we had a long walk

9 Evert Augustus Duyckinck.



about the town, most part of which is rather ruinous. Saw *the Town Pump*—the house in which the Witches were confined—and Gallows Hill (I believe it is so called) where they were hung

— Monday July 2nd —

In the morning went with Mr Hawthorne to the East India Museum. This museum has been formed by a company of East India Captains etc. No one is allowed to join the association unless he has been around the Cape of Good Hope. The museum consists chiefly of Chinese & East Indian curiosities. A number of wooden images are placed around the room, dressed in the Hindoo Costume

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George's journal ends with the comments on the East India Museum, but according to a letter from Evert A. Duyckinck to Jones, the party was to go on to Lowell on Monday and return to New York the first week in August. (Letter dated Boston, June 30, 1838, in the Manuscript Division, New York Public Library.)

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Of these three young men who visited Salem and were shown about town by Nathaniel Hawthorne, George was the youngest. He was educated at Geneva College, New York, and at the University of the City of New York, from which latter college he was graduated in 1843. He studied law but his inclination toward literary work resulted, after a tour of Europe in 1847 and 1848. He entered an association with his brother Evert in the writing and publishing of biographies, especially of the clergy of the Episcopal Church and many prominent American personalities. George died in 1863, in his fortieth year. The name of this family is still well-known and honored for its contribution to literary and cultural life of New York in the nineteenth century.<sup>10</sup>

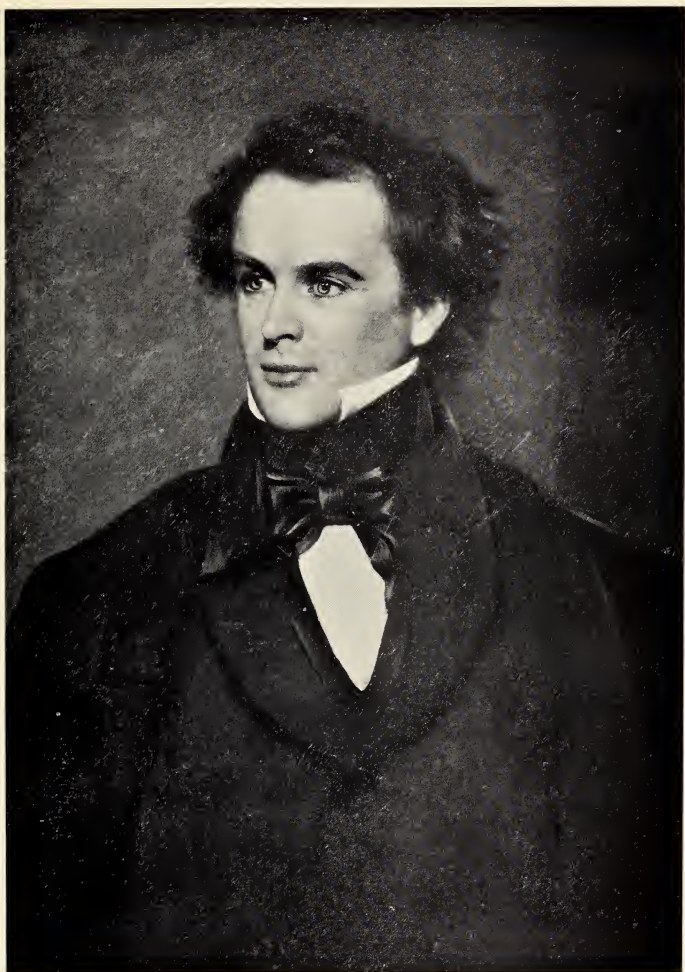
Evert, his older brother was twenty-two when he visited Salem. He had been educated at Columbia College and graduated in 1835. The son of one of the most successful

<sup>10</sup> Cyclopaedia of American Literature, vol. II, p. 837.

book publishers in New York, he was admitted to the bar the year before he made this trip and was practicing in New York. After an extended tour of Europe he returned in 1840. He was a well-known nineteenth century writer of encyclopaedias and biographies. The *Cyclopaedia of American Literature*, one of their monumental works and the best offered by Americans up to that time was published in 1856, by Charles Scribner. Evert's house was always the resort of the most eminent literary men. He had one of the choicest libraries in the state. "Those who knew him intimately, speak of him as a genial and interesting companion . . ." His library was deposited in the Lenox Library among like works of literature and art.

James W. Beekman, friend of the Duyckinck's, who accompanied them on this New England journey was twenty-three years old. A close friendship continued throughout their lives, and when he died in 1877, Evert paid a tribute to his memory before the New York Historical Society. James Beekman was a young man with much wealth at his command and was a contributor to the cultural life of his native city. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1834. He, likewise, was a descendant of the old Hollanders and Huguenots who founded New Amsterdam. Their ancestral mansion was the scene of many historical events during the Revolution and it was in this mansion that he was born and died. As the head of this ancient family, he was prominent in promoting the welfare of New York, in civil, commercial, social, religious and charitable affairs, and he was a liberal contributor. He was a trustee of Columbia College; in politics a strong Whig; and was the first president of the St. Nicholas Society. As an official of the New York Historical Society he presented a copy of the first Dutch Bible ever printed in Holland, a rare item which was purchased by him at a considerable cost. A memoir to him reflects, "A truer New Yorker we shall never see; a nobler Hollander we shall never know."

Such were the three young men who came to Salem in 1838 and were guided about the city by Mr. Hawthorne. Whether this visit was their first introduction to Na-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From a portrait by Charles Osgood in 1840

This is as Mr. Hawthorne appeared when visited by the Duyckinck brothers in 1838

He was thirty-four years of age



thaniel Hawthorne, we do not know. In Hawthorne's "American Notebooks" edited by Randall Stewart in 1932, no mention is made of this event, but in subsequent notes, there are several references to these New York friends. On July 25, 1850, when he was in the Berkshires, he writes, "Rode with Fields and wife to Stockbridge . . . Found at Mr. Field's, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Duyckinck of New York, also Messrs. Cornelius Mathews and Herman Melville," etc. On August 2, "Herman Melville invited me to bring Julian and spend several days at his home, next week, when E. A. Duyckinck and his brother are to be there." On August 7, "Messrs. Duyckinck, Mathews, Melville, Melville, Jr., called in the forenoon. Gave them a couple of bottles of Mr. Mansfield's champagne and walked down to the lake with them." On August 8, "Between eleven and twelve, came Herman Melville and the two Duyckincks in a barouche and pair." He writes that Melville had promised to bring these guests to see him, but when they arrived there was little to eat in the house, consequently a picnic was proposed with sandwiches and gingerbread. There is an amusing account of Julian who was taken along, and later a visit to the Shaker Colony at Hancock. "Julian looked around at me from the front seat (where he sat between Herman Melville and Evert Duyckinck) and smiled" . . . .

In a letter to E. A. Duyckinck, dated November 26, 1843, Hawthorne wrote, "I am very sorry that your monster of a city has swallowed up Mr. Beekman's residence. He told me that there was peril of it, and it has often occurred to me since. Methinks it is a fit subject for a tale." (In New York Public Library) Writing to E. A. D. from Salem on October 10, 1845, Hawthorne said, "Your letter has reached me here for our landlord has driven us out of our Paradise at Concord, and means to establish himself there." (New York Public Library)

Hawthorne apparently kept in touch with the Duyckincks, and they in turn wrote many complimentary reviews of the Salem author's books. [H.S.T.]



## LIFE IN MACAO IN THE 1840's

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### LETTERS OF REBECCA CHASE KINSMAN TO HER FAMILY IN SALEM

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From the Collection of Mrs. Rebecca Kinsman Munroe.

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(Continued from Volume *LXXXVI*, page 40.)

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5th day 12th Mo. 21st Met some Malays, men and women this evening,—one of the women apparently very young carrying an infant on her hip. I think the Chinese custom a better one, of carrying them on the back. A cloudy day unfavourable for seeing the *eclipse*, which took place as predicted, not total here,—however, occasionally, as the clouds passed away, we caught a glimpse of the sun. The Chinese have an idea that in case of an eclipse, a huge dragon is attempting to eat the sun or moon as the case may be—and they beat Gongs and chin chin Jos in every way, to avert the calamity. Their astronomers, however, calculate eclipses, and this one was foretold in their books.

First day, 12th Mo. 31st. 1843. The last day of the year. Some solemn reflections have been induced this morning and earnest desires raised, that whatever may be, in infinite wisdom, in store for me, the coming year, whether life or death, sickness or health, affliction or consolation—I may be found *endeavoring* to make some progress in the Christian faith.—On Christmas day we had a small dinner party here. Twelve of us sat down at table at about half past five o'clock. The dinner was very handsome, and things went on finely, leaving nothing to regret. Friends at home were not forgotten. A blessing was asked by Mr. Lowry. In the evening before (it being Christmas Eve) we went to the Church of San? to hear the music—it was not very good. We went at about ten o'clock and there were about twenty or more priests, praying with might and main, and making a prodigious noise.

The Church is a handsome one. The most imposing services were to take place at twelve o'clock. We heard next day, there was very good music and a great crowd of people at the Cathedral. Russell Sturgis confirmed a report we had heard that he intends moving his establishment to Canton in a very short time, thinking it quite safe now to do so. I am extremely sorry to hear this, as the other American houses will probably follow his example, and the English are gradually removing to Hong Kong, which will leave Macao quite deserted by gentlemen. A different state of things has existed for the last four years; during that period, every commercial house has had a branch here, and it seems particularly hard that a removal should have been thought advisable just now. We have been so pleasantly situated since our arrival, surrounded by so many agreeable people, that it will be the more trying to be left alone. However it is impossible to tell what course things will take and should Nathaniel find it necessary to remain at Canton most of the time, I shall undoubtedly spend a part of the year with him there. It seems to be the general opinion that most of the ladies will pass the winters in Canton with their husbands in the future.

Second day 1st mos. 1st, 1844. The commencement of a new year. How little we tho't a year ago, that this day would find us in China, yet here we are.

## THE AMERICAN MISSION TO CHINA

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LETTERS AND DIARY OF REBECCA KINSMAN OF SALEM

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### EDITOR'S NOTE

The first treaty between the United States and China was signed in 1844. Caleb Cushing of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was sent by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, to negotiate this difficult diplomatic business. The situation was brought about by the first "Opium War" between England and China, which had resulted in the first treaty between those two countries, so that it seemed wise for the United States to have the relation between itself and China explicit in a treaty of its own, and this same step was taken by the French immediately after. These treaties opened up the problems that have ever since been sources of trouble in our relations with China. As previous intercourse with the Orient had had no diplomatic basis, and as the Chinese Emperor refused to treat with the "Barbarians," as he called all foreigners, there was no precedent to follow, and the delicacy of the situation required expert tact in handling. The social conditions of this period and the "functions" that took place as the negotiations were going on are described in detail in these old letters. Nathaniel Kinsman of Salem was in China as a member of the New York firm of Wetmore & Company, commission merchants, and Mrs. Kinsman, his Quaker wife, who was living in Macao with her children, wrote by every available boat to her family at home, giving minute details of her personal life and of the doings of this first "American Mission" to China.

The following letters supplement the articles on "Nathaniel Kinsman, Merchant of Salem" published in the January and April, 1949 numbers of the Historical Collections.

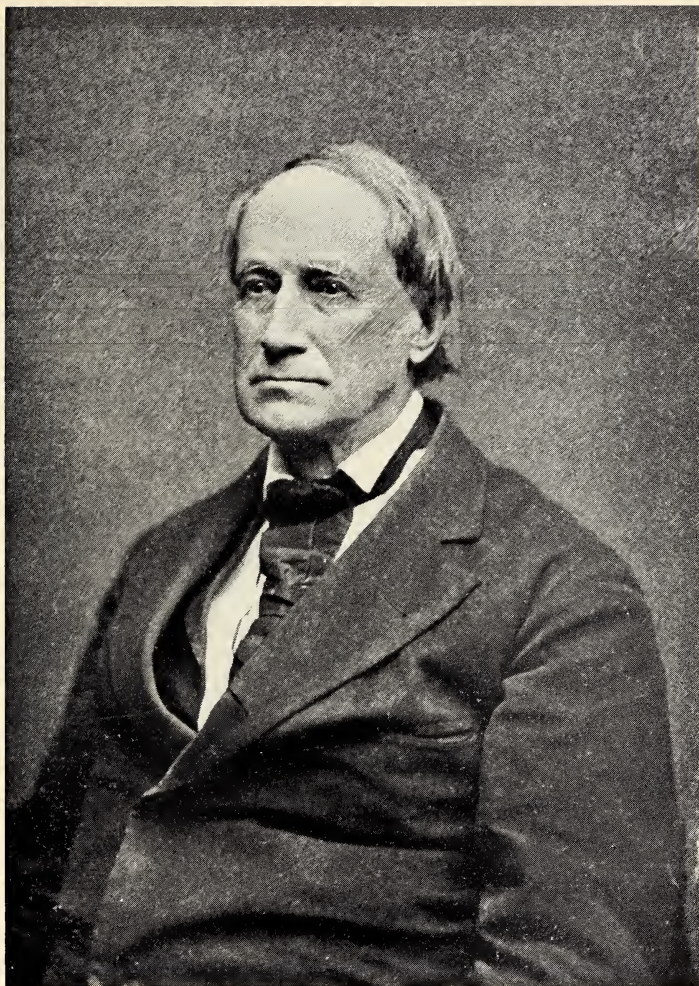
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Macao 2nd day 2nd mo. 26th, 1844

My dearest sister:

My heart dies within me as I write second month and recollect how long a time it must be before thee reads





HON. CALEB CUSHING  
of Newburyport  
1800 - 1879

Appointed by President Tyler in 1843, Commissioner to China for negotiating a Commercial Treaty





the date—sixth month at earliest. I wrote by the “Akbar” about two weeks since and by the Overland mail about the same time, and since then I have written a long letter to my husband at Canton nearly every day, which occupies most of the leisure time I can command, and the dear man is so lonely there, and has been sick withal, that I am duty bound to do all I can to comfort him in the way of letters. Just as I wrote the last word of the former sentence I was interrupted by the *boy*, who brought me another letter from my dear husband. Now is he not kind? He says he has just returned from Hipqua’s Hong, where he saw literally a “heap of treasure.” This is the second instalment of the three millions of indemnity money, extorted from the poor Chinese—to be paid in Lycee silver<sup>1</sup>—He remarks, that he thought while looking upon this vast amount of treasure, “how small a portion of it would suffice for our wants, and enable us to return to our native land, and join the dear ones there”—but alas, he says, “here we must remain sometime, before we can obtain what we came for.”

Since I last wrote, I have made the acquaintance of several people, some of them of sufficient interest to mention—Charles W. King has been in Macao for a few days. He came down to meet his wife, who came out in the “Huntress.” This gentleman has resided in China at intervals, for nearly 20 years, having come out here first when very young, and he has been home several times during this period. He has the credit of being a very pious man, and he is certainly a very gentlemanly and intelligent one. He is a cousin of Mrs. Mann, the wife of the Minister of the Howard Street Church in Salem, and is also a cousin of Julia Ward, the young lady that Dr. Howe married. He married and brought his young wife out here about eight years ago. Capt. Dumaresq in the new brig or barque “Antelope” arrived today from Bombay. He brings us very pleasant accounts of the reception of the “Brandywine” at Bombay, of the gentlemanly

1 This indemnity was demanded by the English at the end of the war for the destruction of the opium, which the Chinese had insisted upon, and for losses in trade, etc.

appearance of the Officers, etc., the ball on board the frigate, and various other interesting items relating to the commencement of Mr. Cushing's undertaking—or rather the first step of his progress.<sup>2</sup>

On 7th day evening the 24th inst. the "Brandywine" anchored in Macao Roads. Yesterday being the Sabbath, all was very properly quiet—but this morning, salutes have been fired—first the Frigate saluted the Portuguese flag, which salute was returned by the Fort on the Point, near us—then the French Frigate la "Cleopatre" now at anchor in the Roads saluted the "Brandywine," this was likewise returned—I believe Mr. Cushing does not come on shore today—Mr. Webster<sup>3</sup> came on shore, the evening they arrived, and called to see Mrs. Parker (the wife of Dr. Parker) the Medical Missionary of whom thee has heard Nathaniel speak, and who with her husband is now on a visit at Macao—This lady's name was Webster, and she is a relative of the *Secretary*. They are staying at Mrs. Sword's. She was of course very much overjoyed at meeting her Cousin, in this far off land. Mary Ann was spending the evening there, and describes the Meeting as a very interesting one—I shall probably have more to tell thee of these Dignitaries, bye and bye, when I shall have seen them. Mr. Cushing has taken Mrs. Tiers' house and furniture (she has been in Canton for six weeks or more). We have enjoyed Mrs. Parker's visit very much—she is a very pretty, lively *young* lady.

6th day 3rd mo. 1844.

I must now tell thee what has been happening—on 3rd day the 27th in the forenoon, Mr. Cushing and his suite came on shore, and took possession of their new house. That evening Mr. Hooper and Mr. Waldron (of Dover memory and who is now American Consul for Hong Kong) came in, and after they had gone, Mr. Lejee and Mary Ann were playing a quiet game of chequers, and I sitting by with a book and work, when some strangers

2 Mr. Cushing went to China via England to Bombay and there joined the "Brandywine" Frigate.

3 Fletcher Webster.

were announced, and after the jingling of *swords* which were being laid aside, had been heard, "the Minister Plenipotentiary" of the United States, his Secretary and Suite were ushered in, and introduced by Dr. Parker—Mr. Cushing and Mr. Webster were seated near me—one of the *Attachés* by Mary Ann and the other on a sofa near. The Minister did not talk much, made some gallant remarks on the pleasure of meeting American ladies here, etc.,—seemed more disposed to listen and obtain information, than to talk himself. Mr. Webster was very sociable and agreeable—They stayed half or three quarters of an hour, and took leave. The next day, we went out to walk as usual after dinner—Near Cassilius Bay which is about two miles from home, we met Mr. Webster and Mrs. Parker, the Doctor at some distance behind them. A little farther on we met Mr. Cushing and Mr. Forbes, the American Consul at Canton. We were then returning; they stopped, Mr. F. whom we had not before seen, was introduced, and then they turned and came back with us, the *Minister* offering his arm to thy humble sister. He commenced the conversation briskly and pleasingly, but it was not easy to keep it up—I don't believe he possesses much conversational power, or else he does not choose to exert it—He left me at the door, but declined coming in, as he had invited some friends to take tea with him—After tea, Commodore Parker of the "Brandywine," called with Wm. Peirce, and we were all very much pleased with him. He is gentlemanly and intelligent, and a fine looking old man—Just as they left, Mr. Forbes came in and passed the rest of the evening.

On 5th day we received an invitation from Mr. Cushing to dine with him the next day, Mr. Lejee, Mary Ann and myself—My invitation I will enclose. We accepted—I sent a note to Mrs. Sword last evening to inquire if she and Mrs. Parker were to dine with the Minister today. She was out, but this morning I received a note from her saying they dined with him last evening, so of course were not again invited. This I suppose is to accommodate his arrangements, to the size of his house, which is small—and his own family large, consisting of seven or eight

gentlemen. Dr. and Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Sword were the only guests yesterday (Mr. S. being in Canton) and I presume we shall be the only ones today. Dr. Bridgeman and Dr. Parker, both American missionaries, are appointed interpreters to the Mission, and I suppose Dr. P. goes up to Canton, to make arrangements about leaving his Hospital. We shall not take our long walk today on account of the visit, but propose going to see Mr. Sturgis's garden, which is near here and which Mr. Lowrie mentioned last evening was full of beautiful flowers just now. Its owner, James Sturgis, is an elderly man who has lived in China 30 years! Only think. I wish I could write about people without putting in so many Mrs., but how can I help it? I feel it will shock some of our good friends if thee reads them all to them.<sup>4</sup>

Seventh day 3rd mo. 2nd.

Well, dear, after premising that two lovely mild days have ushered in the Spring, I will give thee a little account of our visit yesterday, as I know thee will like to hear. After paying our proposed visit to the garden, where we met its owner, who was very polite to us, and where we saw the most beautiful Camelias and Tea Roses, we made the necessary change in our dress and set out just before seven. The house is very near ours, we went in our chairs, and on arriving, were received by Fletcher Webster, who introduced us to the Minister Plenipo, who then offered me his arm, and waited on me to a chair and seated himself beside me. F. Webster seating himself by Mary Ann, and soon after coming toward me, stood by my chair conversing sociably till we were summoned to dinner. There were no other visitors present but ourselves, as we had anticipated, of course only two ladies—ourselves. This was not so agreeable—he seems to be inviting the Americans in detail—Mr. C. of course waited on me to and from table, and played the Host very agreeably,—The dinner was handsome—They have a black servant with them, who was a family servant with Mr.

<sup>4</sup> The use of Mr. and Mrs. was not customary with Quakers who called each other by their given names.





WHAMPOA, FROM DANE'S ISLAND

Engraved by W. A. LePetit



THE HONGS AT CANTON, 1843

1. Danish Hong

2. British Consulate

3. American Consulate

4. The E. I. Company's





Webster, and wears livery—The gentlemen left the table with us, which I liked—We sat down to table just after seven and rose about nine—after dinner, took coffee, chatted with Fletcher Webster about Salem and Salem ladies, with Mr. Cushing on various topics, with the Attachés on matters and things relating to China, the voyage etc.,—walked on the veranda and took our leave before ten. There were present beside the Minister and his secretary, Mr. O'Donnell, an agreeable intelligent young man, Mr. McIntosh, Dr. Kane, and Mr. Hermisz (?) the Pole, who came out as Interpreter, with the intention of acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese language during the voyage. One of his suite was absent, having gone on board the frigate during the day, and it being calm, he was unable to get back. I think they spoke of him as Mr. West. An amusing incident occurred after dinner—one of the servants brought in a little boat, with lighted Jos Stick, (you have seen them at home) to light cigars; there being ladies present, this was of course not needed, and Mr. Cushing quietly told him to take it away—he did not understand, so the Pole spoke to him (or attempted it) in Chinese, this he understood no better, and there seemed no prospect of being able to get it removed, till Mr. Webster shouted from the other side of the room, “take it away” and the *tone* of command in all languages being intelligible, it was carried out. This little incident produced a good deal of merriment.

There seemed to be utmost harmony and good fellowship among the members of the household—nothing like stiffness or restraint. They speak of having enjoyed themselves highly at Bombay and Ceylon, on their way out, where the utmost gaiety prevailed—parties and balls being the constant order of the day.—delightful English Society at both places. Thee may judge how sadly I feel the absence of my husband's society and support just now—Indeed I can scarcely reconcile myself to his absence—I rejoice that this visit is over, and when they have dined with us, I shall feel still *easier in my mind*. (Comment on Cushing Dinner recorded in her Diary). “The visit

was sufficiently stupid though the gentlemen did their best to play the agreeable. Came away early."

(Letter continues) I went to meeting yesterday and we had a good sermon from Wm. Lowrie, on our Adoption as the Sons of God. Caleb Cushing was there and I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him. I doubt whether we go to Canton before Autumn, when I hope we may go for the Winter. It seems to be the general opinion that most of the ladies will pass the Winters in Canton with their husbands in future. I felt a little anxious as to how he (Mr. Wetmore) might feel about our going up to Canton, as we understood before he went home, he entirely disapproved of ladies residing there, but I suspect this arose from his considering it unsafe, as it really was at that time. Now I trust we shall be able to pass the Winter months there, & my husband will be able to be with us a great deal during the Summer, so that the great objection to living in China will be obviated.

I had very nearly forgoten to mention a call from the "Minister" and his Secretary with which we were honored last evening. The Minister looked splendidly, but was rather silent as usual—the Secretary as usual extremely sociable and agreeable—Have I mentioned that Mr. Cushing wears a large Moustache and Imperial? Long *spurs* and a sword? The sword he always lays aside in the entry, when he comes to see us, but the *spurs* annoy me exceedingly, by catching in my dress, whenever I walk with him. I miss my husband particularly just now, that these distinguished Strangers are here, and rejoice at the idea of his soon joining me. The frigate "Brandywine" has gone to Hong Kong, from there she goes to Manila. By the time of her return here, other vessels are expected from home to join the Mission, and they intend proceeding North *toward* Peking. Whether they will be allowed to enter the Imperial City is a matter of some doubt to persons here—Drs. Parker and Bridgman, are engaged as interpreters to the Mission. When the "Brandywine" returns here, we hope to go on board, as Commodore Parker informed us, he hoped then to see all the ladies—With

Commodore Parker everyone here is very much pleased—Such a plain, excellent, gentlemanly old man.

(Extracts from Nathaniel Kinsman's letter from Canton, February and March) Mr. Forbes will leave immediately for Macao. He has been sent for by the Minister. Mr. Sword also told me Mr. Cushing has taken up his quarters at the House of Mr. Tiers, that house is too small for the entire Embassy but I am glad to hear they are so well accommodated. I laughed heartily at the idea of the Doctor's little wife dancing and capering about with delight because Mr. Webster called to see her. If Mr. Cushing and Mr. Webster did expect to find accommodations ready at our house, they were of course much disappointed and must attach all the blame to W. S. Wetmore and not to *us*, don't, I beg of you, give yourself the least "anxiety" or uneasiness about the matter. Mr. W.S.W. has to be sure placed us in an unpleasant and embarrassed position but it is no fault of ours.

I, too, wish that I could have been at Macao when the "Brandywine" arrived, if for no other reason, to comfort and allay the anxiety of my poor wife, who appears to have taken upon her shoulders the whole responsibility of procuring apartments for Mr. Cushing. Your account of the salutes and the ceremonious visits of the different dignitaries, is very interesting, and I will here, tho' not in course, thank you kindly for your very graphic description of the evening call of the Embassy. Yes, dearest, I can see it as you describe the group, and can easily imagine your "*tremor*" on the occasion. I do not doubt however, that you behaved beautifully. What modest, diffident & demure quakeress, could be set upon, in the night, by a host of armed men, though coming as friends, and not feel discomposed, and for the moment embarrassed? I sh'd be among the last, to admire in my wife, traits of character and Amazonian boldness & firmness, which would, thus circumstanced, enable her to appear unmoved and at ease. The characteristic gentleness & becoming modest reserve of your Sex, and I may add *Sect*, would in all cases be more highly admired and appreciated by

myself and by those of my own Sex, who possess the knowledge of, or know rightly how to estimate the character of woman. I was not aware, nor did I ever hear, that Mr. Cushing was so very taciturn. I think I have heard he was a great ladies man, but I know from experience, that whenever he has attempted in public to compliment the sex, it has been a most signal failure. I think you were present on one occasion when this was very apparent, and I have heard that he never succeeded in making a very decided hit in this way. It takes a Clay or an Everett, or a Story, to do the elegant thing. Even Choate is not always happy on such occasions. I think I should enjoy living at Macao at this time exceedingly. You know I am rather fond of pomp and parade, merely as a quiet spectator—it is very like *training*. What does Johnny<sup>5</sup> say, and how does he like it all?

Peirce must indeed have his hands full, but I think of the expense he must necessarily be at in entertaining his guests & I hope the Canton Consulate will foot the bills. The Embassy & all that sort of thing offers a grand topic so that there need be no want of a subject to discourse upon.

My beloved wife: So it seems you have had the honour of the arm of no less a personage than the Plenipo, and during your walk did you once think of him, who would so gladly have taken the place of your distinguished gallant? Spurs are not the most convenient and desirable appendages when a gentleman is either walking or dancing with a lady, and I am exceedingly surprised that Mr. C. is so wanting in correct taste as to appear on all occasions with boots and spurs. In this, he is I suspect an exception to the general rule—his object seems to be to “astonish the natives,” and his own countrymen too, in accomplishing the latter he will be more successful than the former. There seems to be but one opinion expressed with regard to his mode of dress on other than state occasions, and that is, a want of taste becoming the representative of a professedly Democratic people, a nation that has heretofore

<sup>5</sup> John Alley, a Malay servant who had lived in the family for years.



fore boasted of its abhorrence of all court forms. In Mr. C's intercourse with the government officers of China, it would be very proper, and perhaps politic, for him to appear in all the trappings and show of his official station. The Chinese do this themselves, and no doubt expect it from the high officers of other nations. In another particular, it strikes me the Plenipo has departed from usual etiquette (is that right?) and that is in giving dinner parties before he has himself rec<sup>d</sup> the hospitalities of the citizens of the city of which he has lately become a resident. It may be all right and proper, and I hope it is so. I know very little about such matters, but it appears at the first blush a little queer to me. The moustache is altogether a matter of fancy. You know I don't like this kind of ornament to the "human face divine."

Invited to dine with the Plenipo of the U. S., to the Emperor of all China! great honour indeed. Only think, the quaker daughter of Abijah Chase come to this! What will dear Father say? I don't doubt the old gentleman (& mother too dear old lady) will be *inwardly* delighted at all the attentions their dear daughter may receive in China, provided always they can feel assured, as they no doubt will, that her principles remain unchanged, the same darling, affectionate, correct & exemplary Rebecca.

I shall wait anxiously and impatiently to receive from you an account of the dinner party and how you got along. I hope Mary Ann<sup>6</sup> will not go beside herself, it is hard as she is situated, to deny her, but she is entirely too young to mix in company. I fear its affects upon one so youthful & inexperienced, to be at once launched into general society with character & mind unformed.

I do hope you may have an opportunity to visit the frigate, it is a spectacle well worth seeing. Perhaps the officers will give you a *Ball* on board, as they did at Bombay. Should you accept or decline? I wish on more than one account I could be with you dearest, not that I think you really need my "support" but I know that the presence of the man you love will be a great comfort to you.

6 Mary Ann Southwick was the very charming young niece of seventeen.

If possible, I will come down in the "Probus." Dr. and Mrs. Parker arrived here last evening and so did the Flagstaff brought out by the Brandywine, the latter has been landed, and parts of it are now being brought into the square. Mr. Cushing I think has been only twice elected to Congress, in all 4 years, it may be six—and I believe on the whole it is six,—he had previously been a member of the Mass. legislature. I am happy to know that the children are well and wish with all my heart, I could hear their "noise" at this very moment. I will not complain and sh'd be slow to administer "their Father's wholesome discipline."

(Mrs. Kinsman's Letters continued)

Macao 7th March "Thursday" 1844

My best beloved Friend:

Never fear, my dear sister, that we can become weary of seeing the traces of thy pen, (as thee seems to think there is a possibility of this being the case). I think thee is a most admirable correspondent. Thee tells us just the things we most want to know and thee can judge by thy own heart whether I shall ever cease to enjoy thy letters. The Winter bade fair to be a severe one with you from its commencing so early. I must own the Winter has been delightful here. It is now March and we yet have fires. The rainy season is now commencing, and we may expect damp and rainy weather for two or three months. This is said to be the most disagreeable part of the year.

How plainly I can see those dear County Street parlors as thee describes them, and oh! how inexpressible are my longings to look in upon them and their dear inmates, and yet you must not now conclude I am not contented and happy, for I am both, yet the ties that bind us to home, are very strong and not easily severed. The Lyceum lectures I miss beyond measure, I will be on the lookout for that old *Bach*, dear sister, I have one in my mind now, and will not fail to set forth thy virtues and charms after such a fashion, that he cannot choose but cross the Ocean to secure the prize and bring her hither. I like to hear about the new gowns and bonnets, etc. It makes me forget

how far we are separated, so do keep me duly informed on all these subjects. Since my last date, we have been called to sympathise with our friend Mrs. Ritchie, in the loss of a dear little boy of 15 mos. old, one of twin brothers, her youngest children—I have been a good deal with her during his sickness & since his death, for in this small community as you may imagine, the few individuals composing it, feel themselves bound together by stronger ties, than would exist between the same people under other circumstances, and our sympathy in each other's joys & sorrows is proportionally strong.<sup>7</sup>

Macao Third Month 31st. 1844

My Beloved Friends

It is now ten days since we despatched a large number of letters and several packages by the "Probus." . . . Nathaniel sent several boxes of tea, *Ecce's portrait*, and other pictures in Boxes, and Beulah's and Lydia's lacquered ware. I hope these articles all arrived safely. . . . On first day morning last, the 24th, we were both surprised and delighted to hear that the "Paul Jones" had arrived. The arrival so early was entirely unexpected to everyone—She had only 104 days passage, which at that season of the year, was very short. . . . The dates by the "Paul Jones" seemed very late, 4th or 5th of December—Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Delano came out passengers. We have called on the ladies and admire them very much, particularly Mrs. D. who is young, extremely pretty, & entirely unsophisticated. Mr. D. kindly sent us a plate of *apples*, and a large piece of *Ice*, which came out in the "P. J." Think what a luxury—The apples retained their flavor perfectly. They had an Ice-House made which contained 30 Tons of Ice; They used it freely all the passage, and when they arrived here, had nearly a quarter of it left; on & among the Ice, they had mutton, beef, poultry, etc., which kept good 60 days after which it had a *musty* taste. Their fruit (apples, pears, etc.,) were likewise kept in the *Ice-House*, which accounts for their arriving in such good

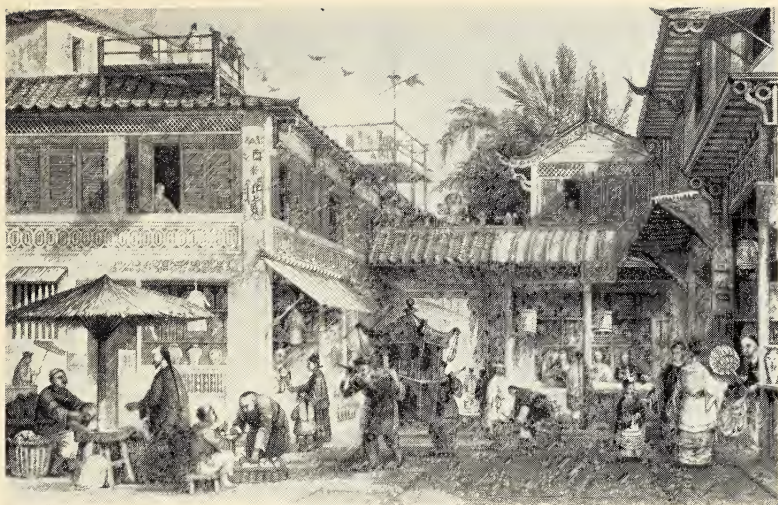
<sup>7</sup> In her diary, Mr. Cushing is mentioned as having been at the funeral.

order. Last evening, we were invited to Mrs. Sword's to eat *Ice-Creams*, and they proved to be delicious. The Delanos, ladies and gentlemen, were there, William Pierce, Russell Sturgis, Mr. Williams and ourselves. The Ice Creams were in abundance, and would have been pronounced very nice even at home, while here, they were an unheard of luxury. I had been thinking of making some myself, but after receiving the invitation, gave it up, and sent what remained of my piece of Ice to Mrs. Sword—I hope, now that the experiment has been so successfully tried, that other ships coming out empty, will bring it—We should undoubtedly have been favored again in the same way, but unfortunately the “Paul Jones” left this morning for Bombay, and as there is no Ice House here, where the treasure could be deposited, she took it along with her. Thee asks if I liked Mrs. Parker any better on further acquaintance? I was very much disposed to like her from the first, and thought her very pleasing, but she is very *variable* I think. The last morning I saw her, she was in fine spirits, probably owing in part to the dinner party at Mr. Cushing's the day before, and more still perhaps to the Doctor's appointment as Interpreter. She told me, that she wrote a note to Mr. Webster to ask if there were to be other ladies present the day they dined there—and that his answer ran thus—“Loveliest of Missionaries—There are to be no other Divinities present, but yourself and Mrs. Sword, so you need not put on your *totherest* gown.”

Macao Third Month 31st 1844

Well, dearest friends, since I wrote last, the *great event*, the dinner to Mr. Cushing, has come off. On fifth day last the *Plenipo*, with several other invited guests dined with us. There were 14 of us sat down at table—at 7 o'clock. Perhaps you would like to hear who we all were. My husband and myself sat at the two ends of a long and handsome table. Mr. Cushing handed me to table, and sat at my right hand. At my left sat Mr. Stewart a fine looking elderly Scotch gentleman—then Mrs. Sword, Mr. Ken, next him Mr. Lejee, Mr. O'Donnell (one of the





A STREET IN CANTON

Engraved by W. H. Capone



HOUSE OF CONSEEQUA, A CHINESE MERCHANT IN THE SUBURBS OF CANTON

Engraved by S. Bradshaw





attachés) then Mrs. Ken at my husband's right hand. At his left Mr. Sword, Mary Ann, Mr. McIntosh (another attaché) Wm. Robinson, Wm. Pierce, and Mr. Cushing again. The dinner was handsome, the Plenipo in an unusually social mood, and everything passed off agreeably. Unfortunately, Fletcher Webster was in Canton, so we had not the pleasure of his company.

Macao 1st day 4th mo. 21st 1844.

My dearly beloved parents, sister & brothers:

It is now more than a fortnight since I wrote you last, per "Huntress." Since that time not much of interest has occurred—Mr. and Mrs. Sword gave a dinner party about ten days since in honor of Mr. Cushing. The dinner hour was fixed at seven o'clock, but owing to the late arrival of some of the guests, we did not sit down until eight. There were sixteen of us, Commodore Parker being one of the guests. I had the honor of the old gentleman's arm to table—The Delanos were there, and the sweet little bride looked if possible more lovely than usual. After dinner we had music, and everyone seemed to enjoy him and herself highly—I talked with Warren Delano about New Bedford, from which place or Fair Haven he originally came. On the whole the party was pronounced an unusually pleasant one. The "Brandywine" has now gone to Whampoa, and we understand some ten or twelve of her officers, are living on board a fast-boat anchored opposite the factories at Canton, it being impossible to find accommodations in the factories, people there being already stowed as closely as possible, or as at all consistent with comfort. The work of clearing away the rubbish produced by the fire of last autumn is going on, though slowly, and they intend very soon to commence building new houses. Mr. Wetmore writes that Mr. Moore (one of the firm of Wetmore & Co.) has gone to Whampoa, to invite Com. Parker to stay at their house, during his stay in Canton, and when he returns to Macao, should Nathaniel still be here, we intend inviting him to take a room with us.

On board the "Brandywine," during the passage out, the

Officers and Men got up some theatricals, in which they became so much interested, that while at Bombay, the men subscribed \$200 to procure new dresses and additional scenery. They perform on the quarter deck in fine weather, and with the fine music of the band, which they have on board, the effect is said to be very fine. While at Manila, the ladies went on board to witness the performance, and we understand, on the return of the ship to Macao, *we* are to be invited likewise. The Commodore has a pretty little son with him, about 14 years old. His name is LeRoy. He came in here one evening with his father and Mr. Cushing, and is a manly though modest little fellow.

*Mr. Cushing's ball* (which I believe I mentioned) is deferred till the Frigate's return, in the hope that there will be more ladies here then, those in Canton being expected down. I believe the Plenipo awaits the arrival of the "Perry" and "St. Louis," to proceed North. They seem to be a long time in getting here.

3rd day 4th mo. 23rd. My birthday.

I wonder if anyone at home will recollect it—mother will, I dare say. I wish thee would ask Cousin Elizabeth if she recollects Gideon Nye of New Bedford. He came to China, soon after she was married. He is on a visit at Macao, for the first time since we have been here, indeed he says for the first time for 19 mos. He remarked that it seemed very pleasant to hear "thee and thy" again. As you like to hear all the little details of our daily life, I will mention that this same G. Nye sent me a dish of delicious curried chicken yesterday. He has a cook, who is very remarkable for his skill in this, as well as other departments of his profession, and the other day, he kindly offered to send me some, and sent to inquire what day I would prefer receiving it. He gives a dinner party in honor of the Plenipotentiary on the Fifth day next at 7 P.M. to which my husband is invited.

There has been a dinner party lately given by the wives No. 1 and No. 3 of some distinguished Chinese, and their 8 cousins, to the American ladies at Canton.—It was at Poontinqua's garden, a delightful spot, two miles above

Canton. They went in a boat, and were politely received by the hostesses, and soon tiffin was served—Then they wandered about the gardens, till they thought it was time to come away and went to take leave supposing the tiffin to have been the dinner, but the ladies said “oh no, you must not go yet, dinner will be served presently”—So presently came the dinner, which was served upon board a large boat moored close to the garden, and was in real Chinese Style, consisting of innumerable soups and stews very unpalatable to European taste. The Chinese Women all drank *hot Samchu* (a strong intoxicating liquor) and out of small two handled cups, which they take up in both hands, and of which they partook so frequently, that they soon became *uproarious* and manifested their delight by throwing their arms around the necks of their visitors, and finally became so disagreeably caressing, that the ladies were obliged to take their leave, before the conclusion of the festival, and they returned home, pretty thoroughly disgusted. Mrs. King’s brother and another young man who went up with them in the boat, were admitted to the feast, on its being represented to the Chinese ladies, that they were quite alone in the boat, and probably felt lonely, and moreover that they were *very young*, in fact *mere boys*—Mrs. King speaks Chinese.

I long to hear from home again, but do not know when we may expect to have that pleasure, unless you write by the Overland Mail, as it would be getting out of season for China bound ships to leave home—we hear however that the “Grand Turk” was to sail very soon after the “Paul Jones” and hope to get some later intelligence by her. I must not forget to tell you of our pleasant little visit on first day evening. About nine o’clock a note came in requesting Nathaniel, Mary Anne and myself, to come to eat Ice-cream with the ladies at Mrs. Delano’s. This was an invitation not to be declined—so we went. There was no other company except Caleb Cushing. The ice-cream was delicious and with the accompaniment of *preserved strawberries* from home, you may imagine it was most refreshing.

(Diary) First day 10th. Went to meeting and heard a sermon from Mr. Lowry as usual. Mr. Bridgeman was present. Mr. Cushing had the Episcopal service performed at his house at three o'clock in the afternoon, which we were invited to attend but did not. The Plenipo joined us in our walk after dinner and accompanied us home.

Macao 5th mo. 12th 1844.

My dearly beloved friends:

I wrote you last by the ship "Clarendon" which sailed on the 25th of last month and by which F. Hooper went passenger, by whom I sent you a box containing fans, and which I hope will reach you in safety. The ship "Grand Turk" which we understood was to leave Boston, soon after the "Paul Jones" left New York, has not yet arrived, though the latter vessel has been here six or seven weeks. . . . The steamer which brought the mail the other day, brought out several distinguished people; among them, the new Governor of Hong Kong—John Francis Davis, author of the work on China. Caleb Cushing received a letter from Edward Everett from London, which he showed Nathaniel, containing a good deal of interesting information, on the political affairs of our country. We are glad to hear that Henry Clay's prospects for the Presidency are good. . . . You will probably have heard before you receive this, of the recent attempt at a riot at Canton. But as you may not, I will give you some account of it.<sup>8</sup> The "Brandywine" brought out a flag staff, which was erected in front of the factories, and the American Ensign, with its stars and stripes waved from its top. Unfortunately this flag staff was surmounted by an Arrow, as a weathercock, which the Chinese consider an omen of war, pestilence and every other misfortune. On learning that this was displeasing to the people, the American Consul, Mr. Forbes, sent to Whampoa, for a boat's crew of men, to come and take it down. But no

<sup>8</sup> A few extracts from these letters were used by Mrs. Cooke in her article on "Nathaniel Kinsman," published in the E. I. Hist. Coll., vol. 85.



sooner had they commenced their labours, than an immense crowd collected, and with stones and brickbats, drove the sailors from the work and took it into their own hands—Letting the top mast down “by the run” as the sailors say, they endeavored to obtain possession of the Arrow, but this was fortunately rescued by an old cooley in Russell & Co.’s service, who conveyed it in safety to their Hong. The Mandarins were informed of the disturbance, and professed a readiness to come immediately to the assistance of the foreigners, and after much delay, came with some hundreds of soldiers, who however, after they had arrived, either from fear of the mob, or from some other motive, declined acting, and the Americans seeing the state of things, and finding that they must act for their own defense, and that decisively, armed themselves with muskets and pistols and whatever other arms they could collect, and going out, fired among the mob, who seeing their determination, soon dispersed, not however until they had broken every flower pot, and broken and trodden down all the young trees and shrubs, with which the square had recently been ornamented, and which were looking beautifully. The Chinese soldiers, *then*, walked in and took possession of the square, for its protection.

The extreme dryness of the season, and consequent scarcity of rice, which will produce great distress among the lower classes, together with a good deal of sickness prevailing among the people in the vicinity of Canton, were all attributed to the evil effects of this arrow—All is now quiet, and no further disturbance is apprehended. A chop has since been published, and pasted up in every direction, and crowds might be seen, so writes Wm. Moore, reading it, with intense interest. This was published by the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of Canton, exonerating the Americans from all blame—A copy was sent down from Canton, which I sent Mr. Williams, a young gentleman whom I have before mentioned, as attached to the Missionary Establishment here, and who has an excellent knowledge of the Chinese language. In his note, acknowledging its receipt, he says, “It is a mani-

festo regarding the arrow on the flagstaff, issued by the gentry of Canton, and declaring that no sooner had the *ruler* of the Americans ascertained that the Natives of the flowery land did not like this arrow, than that he himself took it down. This being removed, everything will go on harmoniously, and those from abroad and the dwellers of the land will be at peace. It seems that this weathercock arrow displeased the people, because it pointed every way, so that no quarter was free from its infelicitous influences, and that the powers of the air and earth, could never harmonise, so long as this baleful omen was suffered to overrule them.”—He remarks in conclusion, “we may smile at this nonsense and wonder at the power of the superstition which came near being attended with such melancholy consequences, but let us remember too, to whom we are indebted that we are better and wiser than they on such points.”

My husband is still in Macao, he has been with me now for nearly two months. He has had a severe attack of illness the last week . . . severe pain in the head, rendering leeching necessary, and this was performed by an old cooley, in Dr. Young's service, and who has been in the service of the different physicians here successively, for the last 20 or 25 years. By his skill and gentleness, and evident interest, he quite won my heart, and I am glad to have made his acquaintance for I like him far better, than any other China Man I have yet seen. He is the first and only China Man I have seen, for whom I have the least fancy. Indeed the more I see of them the less I like them. They are so utterly selfish. However, it must be remembered I have as yet seen only the common people. The Hong merchants at Canton are said to be a very different set of men. . . . The climate here is really delightful—The warm weather has now come though not at all uncomfortable to me. We have put on our thin dresses, and I have two tailors at work, as I found none of our wardrobes were sufficiently ample to supply the great demands upon them. . . . I must not forget to mention the kindness of one of our friends, Miss Delano, who came out you may remember, with her brother & his wife

about two months ago. She supplied Nathaniel with Indian Gruel (during the days that he could eat little else) which she made herself, and it was so very nice that I could almost fancy thee must have made it thyself, dear mother. She is one of the kindest and most warm hearted girls I ever knew, always ready to do one a favor. Mrs. Delano, the bride, is a lovely creature! . . .

The governor of Macao gave a large ball, about a fortnight ago, on the occasion of the birthday of the Queen of Portugal. All the English and Americans were invited and many of them attended. It is a very pleasant occasion, and the arrangements all in good taste. Mary Ann would have liked very much to have gone, and for her gratification, as well as a mark of attention to His Excellency the Governor, I should have liked that my husband should have gone, but he had no wish to go, and was besides prevented by a bad cold. For myself, I have no desire to mingle in so gay a scene so we all passed a quiet evening at home. Several gentlemen from the missionary house came in and took tea with us. One of them, Dr. Bridgman, observed that Mr. Williams thought they would most likely find me preparing for the ball, but that he thought, as I came from the land of steady habits and was moreover a Quakeress, it was more likely I should be found quietly at home. . . . I intend sending a request to dear father to procure us another cask of sugar-house molasses, as we have enjoyed the one we brought out so much. . . . Will thee please, dear father, to get George West to make a nice cask, fully iron bound, to hold about 25 gallons, and have it filled at Sweetzer's (no one else in Salem sells that particular kind that we like so much) and if no vessel is sailing from Boston, send it by packet to New York, to care of William S. Wetmore, addressed to Nath'l Kinsman—Macao, China, legibly on the head.

Macao 6th mo. 14th 1844.

My dearly beloved parents & sister:

My last letter to you was sent by the "Cynthia" Capt. Bryant, who will probably have a long passage home, as he sails at an unfavorable season of the year, and before

that no opportunity had offered for writing for a long time, so that I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of writing by the Steamer which is to convey Sir Henry Pottinger<sup>9</sup> to Bombay, on his way to England, and from there the letters will be forwarded by the Overland mail. Did you recollect on the 5th of this month that just one year had elapsed since we left our dearly beloved home and friends? I daresay you thought of it particularly, dear mother, who always was remarkable for recollecting anniversaries, where her children were concerned. . . . We have had a great deal of rain, within the last three weeks, before that, the draught was very great, and the Chinese were "chin chinning Jos" in every way all over this part of the kingdom for the needed blessing and as if in answer to their prayers it has been bestowed in great abundance and the price of the great staple, rice, which had risen very much, causing great distress among the lower classes, has again fallen. . . . A few days since the "Grand Turk" arrived, after a very long passage of 165 days, so long that we had begun to entertain serious fears for her safety. . . .

The day before yesterday our long anticipated visit was paid to the "Brandywine." My husband did not feel well enough to go, and I hesitated whether I should go without him, but finally concluded to go, thinking I might never have the like opportunity to go again. *Nearly* all the Americans went, including *His Excellency* and several members of the Legation and all the American ladies except two, and two English gents with their ladies. We assembled at William Pierce's house, at half past 11 o'clock (where the Commodore makes his home) and at 12 embarked in his, Com. Parker's barge, which took us to a "fast boat," anchored a little way from the shore; in this we sailed to the "Perry," which had come in as near as was practicable for the purpose. On reaching the "Perry," a salute of seventeen guns was fired, whether in honour of the Commodore or the Plenipo, I don't know; The "Perry" took us as nearly as possible to the "Brandywine," we were however obliged to get into the ship's boats again, to go on board the frigate, into which we were

9 English Plenipotentiary for their treaty.





JESUIT CONVENT IN MACAO



THE PRAIA GRANDÉ, MACAO

Engraved by W. H. Capone





*hoisted* in chairs, or whipped up as it is called, to the tune of the boatswain's shrill whistle. Here again, another salute is fired, and the band played some lively airs—The Commodore accompanied us from the shore, and we were politely received by the officers, and shown all over the ship; at half past four, we sat down to a handsome dinner, and I was honoured with a seat next Mr. Cushing, who did the honours at one end of the table, while the polite old Commodore sat at the other. Toasts were given or rather sentiments, in which Mr. Cushing was happy in his compliments to the ladies, and to the English present. While at dinner, we had music from the band, and after dinner, some of the guests, as well as the gallant officers danced cotillions on the spacious quarter deck—The men all looked contented and happy, and are in perfect health, which is very remarkable, and must be attributed in great measure to the uncommon care taken for their comfort by the Commodore in every way, in procuring good water, not exposing them to the sun, etc. etc. The members on board of officers and men included 500 individuals. Truly it seemed like a little world. I availed myself of the opportunity of coming on shore at an early hour in the evening, with Mr. Cushing, who had an engagement at nine o'clock, and we reached home just at that time after a delightful sail of an hour and a half, in a Chinese fast-boat, a most convenient and pleasant mode of conveyance. The rest of the company staid until 12 or 1 o'clock, to see the *Theatricals*, which the men performed remarkably well, and reached home in safety about 2 or 3 in the morning. I had a peep behind the scenes before I left, and was much amused with the *stout* tho' good looking Dr. Vernon as Helen Mc'Gregor, while Baillie Nicol Jarvie in his tartan and leggins, was really a fine looking person. These amusements are grand things for the sailors, who enjoy them very highly, and serve to make them contented and happy.

The Commodore and His Excellency dined with us lately, on which occasion we had a small dinner party (a very social one) which passed off very agreeable. The "Brandywine," "St. Louis," and "Perry" all left

next morning after our visit, to go up the river, for more secure anchorage. Here they were obliged to lie at anchor seven miles from the shore, and even there found it very rough and uncomfortable, with the wind from certain directions. The Commodore returns himself to Macao, to remain while "Keying," the Chinese Ambassador is here, who is expected today, I believe, to treat with C. Cushing—Mr. Cushing intends giving an entertainment, at which he expects to assemble many of the Dignitaries—Keying, Sir H. Pottinger, the new Governor Davis, the Governor and Ex-Governor of Macao, (Portuguese) etc. etc. I forgot to mention that I took Mary Ann with me on board the Brandywine and she of course enjoyed the trip very highly.

Macao 6th mo. 30th 1844

My beloved sister:

Just one week ago today the 23rd of this month, the "Sappho" arrived bringing us welcome letters from you. Thanks again and again, dearest, for thy kind thoughtfulness. And now for what I have to tell thee. Perhaps I may as well give a few extracts from my journal. On 2nd day, the 17th of this month, the Imperial Commissioner Keying arrived in Macao, to treat with Mr. Cushing. This was considered by many of the Chinese a very undue condescension (and indeed Keying is said to be quite unpopular on account of his friendliness to foreigners) as they said Mr. Cushing should at least have met him at Canton—however to Macao he came, accompanied by several Mandarins of high rank, and a numerous retinue, and took up his quarters in a Jos house or Temple outside the City Walls, which had been handsomely fitted up for his reception. The next day, the 18th, he called on Mr. Cushing and dined with him at an entertainment prepared in the Chinese manner—The place of meeting (the head of the stairs, and not the foot, as some of the Chinese thought it should be) and all other points of etiquette were arranged beforehand through the Interpreters—The next morning, or forenoon, Mr. Cushing and suite accompanied by Com. Parker returned the visit

—& Keying gave them an entertainment, served in both Chinese and European style, the one succeeding the other, though as is usual with the Chinese, the order or succession of the dishes was reversed, fruits being *first* placed on the table, and the heavy joints of meat and soups coming last. The dishes were all or nearly all of massive silver, of great value. At this entertainment a little incident occurred, which interested me, and I think it may you. While at table, Keying presented Mr. Cushing with the ring from his *thumb* (where they always wear it). It was, I believe of Jade stone, which is a green stone much valued by the Chinese. Mr. Cushing accepted it, as he told Keying, as a token of personal friendship & regard, explaining to him, through the Interpreter, Dr. Parker, that his Government did not allow its officers as such, to receive presents from foreign powers, but offering him in return some little ornament, I think a ring, which he told him was in itself valueless, but to him precious as the gift of his Mother, and in the same feeling with which he accepted Keying's gift, he offered him this, with which the Commissioner seemed highly pleased, saying "that he & his 'Excellency' were very good friends."

On the 20th we had a "picnic" at Green Island, a lovely spot, by invitation of Gideon Nye. A large party of us, including most of the American ladies, with Mr. Cushing & Suite and Com. Parker & officers, met at G. Nye's house about noon, where after spending an hour or two in admiring the curiosities, with which his house abounds, and being regaled with cake, wines etc., we proceeded in our *chairs* to the landing place, and embarked in a comfortable fast boat for the island, which we reached after a pleasant sail of half an hour. Here we amused ourselves according to our fancy, sitting under the trees before *the house* (I should have mentioned there is but one on the island, and this belongs to the priests of some church, from whom permission is obtained to make use of it; it is not inhabited and only used for such purposes, consisting mostly of only one large room, with a chamber over it, and a chapel attached) listening to the music of the band from the "Brandywine," which accompanied us &

talking until dinner was announced at 5 o'clock—this consisted of delicious chowder, tasting just like that at Nahant (and Com. Parker said he had not tasted anything so good since he came from home) cold meats, fruits, etc. etc. After dinner, we had a ramble over the island; on our return the younger members of the company had a merry dance upon the green, and then we reembarked and had a pleasant sail home, under the light of a bright moon—There was only one alloy to my enjoyment—that my husband was not with us—thee knows he never had any fancy for these excursions, and on this occasion he felt afraid of the fatigue, as he had lately recovered from a severe attack of illness, which I have mentioned.

I will give thee an account of one more visit & then have done for today. On the 24th all the American ladies were invited to dine at Mr. Cushing's to meet his Excellency Keying. No gentlemen were invited except those who accompanied the ladies, as it would have made the company too large. Nathaniel, Mary Ann and I went, and met there five other ladies, with their husbands (Mrs. King, Mrs. Delano, Mrs. Tiers, Mrs. Sword and Mrs. Parker). The dignitaries were closely engaged in a private conference with each other when we arrived, but soon joined us, and we were much interested and amused. Keying is rather good-looking for a Chinese, but has rather a heavy, sleepy expression, though there is a keenness about his small eyes betokening shrewdness, for which, as well as extraordinary diplomatic skill, he is said to be remarkable. The two Commissioners are said to be well matched. There were four other Chinese present who were associated with Keying, I presume as Counselors. "Wong," a fine looking intelligent man, Chaow, Tung and Poontinqua (Pwan Ting Kwa) the latter a wealthy & distinguished Hong Merchant, but enjoying the favor of the Emperor, having been sent for to the Court of Peking, & had some honorary mark bestowed upon him. Wong is a Tartar & (I think) much more intelligent looking than the others. Each of these dignitaries as they were successively introduced to us, shook hands, and *fanned* us a few times with their fans, for thee must know



that every Chinese carries a fan, from the Emperor down, I dare say, at least every one whom I have seen, a Chinese & his fan are inseparable. Each handed a lady to table with much apparent pleasure, taking her hand with his own, and drawing it through his arm. Keying waited on Mrs. Parker, whom he had before seen at Canton, and who was placed between him and her husband, Dr. P. Keying every now and then made some remark to her, or to her husband of her, which the Dr. did not like to interpret—I supposed them to be complimentary speeches. I had the good old Commodore for my gallant, which I certainly very much preferred (he was then living at Mr. Cushing's). During dinner they all talked through the Interpreters, Drs. Bridgman & Parker, drank wine, both with the ladies and gentlemen, and behaved very decently, being furnished with chop-sticks as well as knives and forks, which latter they used (some of them particularly) awkwardly enough.

Mary Ann's gallant, Chaow, who was quite an old man, and wore spectacles, with enormous round eyes, was very *glum* and reserved, frequently calling for his pipe, from the attendant behind his chair, and smoking a few whiffs, probably by way of composing his feelings. This state of mind, we were afterwards told, was owing to an indemnity having been demanded (which of course was not complied with) for the death or as it was called *murder* of a Chinaman in the late riot at Canton. Why he should have been so much more affected by it than the others, I do not understand. Tung (spelled, as I have since learned, Hwang) was evidently very much struck by the beauty of Mrs. Delano, which is not to be wondered at and is a proof of his good taste. He scarcely took his eyes from her during dinner, and was constantly asking her to take wine with him and making signs by tipping his own glass upside down, to show that he had emptied it, (which they consider' it necessary to do) that she should do the same, which she, in her sweet childlike way, declined doing (emptying the glass, I mean). When we rose from table, we saw no more of Keying or either of the other Chinese except Tung, who followed us out onto

the Verandah and took a chair opposite Mrs. Delano, took off the ring from his thumb, and showed it to her, asked to see her bracelet, etc. etc. In fact, they all seemed to me very much like overgrown children. On being told that Keying was ready to depart, he hastily took his little helmet-like straw hat from his attendant, and left us without *even a glance*. So much for their *respect* for the *sex*. They had a numerous retinue in attendance, soldiers both Chinese and American (the latter being Marines from the Frigate, the Commodore's guard), keeping guard in the entries above and below and on the staircase, while the sides of the dining room were lined with their personal attendants, some of them wicked looking wretches enough, and some pretty boys apparently in the capacity of *pages* judging by the freedom of their communication with their masters, who frequently smiled at their remarks. On the whole, it was a very interesting occasion and I am very glad to have had the opportunity of going.

Fifth Day, 4th, 7th Mo. The Anniversary of American independence. A salute from the "Perry" at sunrise, noon and sunset reminded us of the rejoicings at home. The treaty of friendship and amity between China and the United States was signed last evening by the two Commissioners, Keying and Mr. Cushing, at the residence of the former, and it was Mr. Cushing's intention to have given a ball on the occasion of this desirable event, and he was the more desirous of doing so, from its being concluded on the eve of this memorable day, but Keying declined being present, observing that it was "*absurd*" to visit at so late an hour as nine o'clock—whereupon Mr. C. asked him to come at six, which he at first accepted, but afterward declined coming at all, as he felt unwell. So Mr. C. abandoned the idea, and Com. Parker concluded to leave in the evening in the "Perry" for the Bogue, but would remain with the band, if anyone wished their services for the evening; upon hearing which Mr. & Mrs. Delano issued invitations for a social tea party, composed of all the Americans in Macao. Mr. Delano, though it was late in the afternoon, went out on horseback and

his sister got into his chair and did the same to the ladies, and invited all the Americans to pass the evening there. So we went in number about *forty* and passed an extremely pleasant evening, which was prolonged far into the night. We had music from the band, songs from several of the gentlemen, dancing, stories, etc. Several sentiments appropriate to the occasion were offered, and one from Mr. Cushing prefaced by some interesting remarks and information concerning the treaty, was listened to with much interest. We thought there were about 40 or 50 Americans present. I was honoured with kind attention from the worthy old Commodore and from our hospitable host. We left the house about one o'clock and after walking around the pleasant grounds, accompanied by the band, playing national airs, we came home in a body, the gentlemen escorting the Commodore and those who accompanied him to the landing, where he embarked in a fast boat for the "Perry."

Seventh month 17th, 1844.

. . . . I have just had a call from Mr. O'Donnell, one of the Legation and he has been telling us of a robbery committed at their house, (Mr. Cushing's) two months since. The robbers entered his (Mr. O'D's) room by means of a rope, with a hook attached, which they probably threw up dexterously, and fastened in the window, and took from him his sword, and a five barrelled pistol (loaded) which were both lying by his side *on the bed under the mosquito net*, his watch, several coats, his toilet apparatus, and various trinkets, which were lying upon the table. They then drew a large trunk containing various Chinese curiosities, which he had been collecting while here, toward the window, and which was about half emptied. He thinks at this stage of their progress, they were probably frightened in some way, and decamped, leaving the rope hanging from the window. He knew nothing of it till next morning, when some of the servants came up to know what had happened, having found the rope hanging from his window. Was it not most vexatious? Robberies of this kind are very common here, but they have never been

known to take life in any instance. They are very expert and adroit thieves. Wm. Peirce has had his room entered twice, a bright light burning there all the time, and various articles taken. . . . We consider our house safer, from being surrounded by a wall, and we have a watchman who makes the circuit of the premises every half hour, so I hope we may escape. . . .

Thee will think, dear Sister, that we are very gay from my descriptions of these various merry-makings, and I fear thee will think my letter a rather *frivolous* one, but now we have again returned to our usual quiet ways—our home-spent days, the pleasant evening walks, and quiet evenings, varied by an occasional social tea-drinking with our friends. . . . Mr. Cushing has gone to Canton very privately, as he did not wish to receive any attentions there, but went merely to gratify his curiosity. He has been in Macao, since 2nd month and has not been out of the place before. It was announced that he wished to take passage home in the "Sappho," but I suspect that was only rumour, it was said that the account (political) from home, of the proposed annexation of Texas, make him anxious to be on the spot. His family are going home, one by one, or talking of it.

Macao, 7th Mo. 26th, 1844

. . . . I am sitting in my own room, my husband until within a moment, has been lying on the bed, reading, not feeling quite well today and the weather very warm, but he is at this moment on the Verandah, outside the room, reading a letter which has just been handed him from Canton. Natty is asleep in the adjoining room, for his morning nap. Sissy is in Mary Ann's room, being dressed, after a refreshing bath, which has made her look as bright and cool as possible. John is near by, attending to some duty, I believe making some "*cold sauce*" for dinner, which I wished, to give the pudding a *home* taste, and which our cook does not understand making. I am sitting in loose deshabelle, a cool breeze, every now and then coming refreshingly in at the window. . . . I mentioned in my letter by the "Convoy" the death of our Cow. She



departed this life in the night of the 31st of May and we were greeted by the, to us, very sad intelligence, on the bright summer morning of the first of June. She was found lying dead in her place, when the cooly went to feed her in the morning, at least so he reported to us. We had very strong suspicions that she was poisoned, but perhaps we did the Cow man injustice. Our neighbor, Mrs. King, has lost *two* lately, who died within a few days of each other. They attribute their death to over-eating, at the sudden coming on of hot weather, or something poisonous among the grass. Such an event is a great loss here, where cows are very scarce and valuable. My husband was quite sick at the time with the attack of fever, I have before mentioned, & when John came into our room early in the morning, to report the sad event, he sent for the Compradore & insisted upon the cow-man being brought up that he might see him, whether he appeared guilty or not. The poor fellow looked pale and frightened enough, but nothing could be proved against him, so he was allowed to go down again. But the excitement consequent upon this really sad event, I have no doubt, added to Nathaniel's fever. We have still the old Cow belonging to Wetmore & Co. left, and she is now more valuable than ever. The milk she gives is rich & excellent, but small in quantity.

And now, dear Sister, I must say a word about thy making my letters so public. What could thee have been thinking of? I am much obliged to Mother's objecting strongly, as thee says she did, to their going to Philadelphia. I write to thee with perfect freedom, a thousand things which I should not do if I thought others were to read them too, tho I am quite willing thee should *read to* any of our friends who feel sufficiently interested enough to make the request, such portions of my letters as thee pleases, and after all, perhaps I may as well leave the matter to thy judgment. The barber has just come to cut the hair of the two Nathaniels—Natty is delighted at the idea of putting himself under his hands, and sits as quietly as possible, so that the barber says "good boy,



good boy." These men are very skilful, as well they may be, having such constant practice in their art.

Macao 8th mo. 3d, 1844

My dear Father:

I am quite sure thee misses thy daughter Rebecca, to whom thee used to like so much to tell how poorly thee felt, and of whose sympathy thee was always sure, though she did laugh a little at thee sometimes. Only think, dearest Father, it is more than a year since we left you, and nearly one since we arrived in China, so rapidly does Time pass—I do not realize it at all. I hope with thee, that the object of our coming here may be accomplished before the four years, but I am sorry to say the prospect for *money-making* does not look very bright just now. We have, it is true, many luxuries and enjoyments here, which it is the part of wisdom to enjoy and appreciate, but I shall be quite willing to relinquish them all, and return to our more humble home and good old Yankee customs by and by. Thee will see by the papers all about the late riots (Canton) there. Everything is now quiet, and the foreigners have it in contemplation to erect a high wall around the factories, on all sides, except that next the river, and if this is done, it will render a residence there much more safe, than it has hitherto been—I, however, consider our going up, this winter, as very doubtful. Nathaniel will probably go, before a great while. We have been very much favoured in his being able to be with us in Macao since last 3d month, without leaving us at all. Caleb Cushing will probably leave China very soon for the United States, and as he goes by a short route, will very probably arrive before the "Sappho," which takes these letters. He intends going in the U. S. Brig. "Perry" to Mazatlan, and from there across the country into the Gulf of Mexico, and so home. This seems an unusual route from China home. Having accomplished satisfactorily the object of his mission, viz: the arrangement of a treaty between the U. States and China, he now feels anxious to be at home again. Thee will perceive by my journal that his presence in Macao and that

of his Secretary, and the others attached to the Mission, have served to render this usually quiet place much more lively—and they will be quite missed here when they leave. “His Excellency” has confined himself very closely to the duties of his appointment, having left Macao but once since he first arrived (and that was for a few days visit only at Canton within the last fortnight). He has had Chinese & Tartar teachers, and has applied himself most industriously to the study of the language—I presume with the idea of going to Peking, but this idea, he has now given up.

I wish thee could look out with me, my dear Father, on the scene before me, as I raise my eyes from my paper, and see this beautiful roadstead, with the numberless boats, so near us, that the voices of the boatmen are distinctly heard, and could we understand their language, we might know (were it worth knowing) what they say. At this moment, a little tankah-boat is before the window, looking almost like an egg-shell upon the waters, from its smallness and frailty of appearance. Here lives a family—here probably they were born, and will perhaps die. The mother has her baby fastened to her back, and as she pulls at the oar, the motion rocks the little one, who seems to enjoy it. I cannot see how many this boat contains, as it is covered or roofed over on one end, but frequently a mother, with one or even two grown-up daughters, and two or three little children, live in one boat, and sometimes two women join their means and take a boat together. They are managed entirely by women, whose husbands are either coolies on shore, or more probably fishermen of the larger boats. But it is really interesting to watch with what skill they manage these little cockle-shells.

6th day Morning 8th mo. 9th.

My beloved Friends:

I have the happiness to inform you that Wm. S. Wetmore’s new ship the “Montauk,” has just arrived, after the almost incredibly short passage of 88 days!! Really the distance that divides us seems materially lessened.

The Captain has just come on shore, but not expecting to find a branch of the House in Macao, unfortunately did not take his letter bag with him. The Captain is in raptures with the ship, says there never was anything like her before. He reached the Equator in 26 days, the Cape of Good Hope in 47, Anger in 76 and finally anchored in China Waters in 88—wonderful, is it not? Mr. Cushing leaves in a very few days—and has offered to take single letters, more he cannot do, as much luggage in the overland part of his journey, would be very much in his way. I shall try to write a few lines to send by him. Nathaniel says the “Montauk’s” is the shortest passage on record. Ecce says—Kiss Willie for me, John too, desires to be remembered.

*Quotations from her Diary*

Third day 3d. Heard this morning that Mr. O’Donnell received a challenge from Mr. Mac’Intosh (a while ago)—when he apologised saying that if he had insulted Mr. McI. it must have been when he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was about. Since which time, he, Mr. O’D. has treated Mr. McI with more respect. This sounds well truly for members of the *American Legation*.

Third day 13th—Two ships of the *French fleet* arrived and anchored.

Fifth day 15th—Five boats from the French ships came on shore this morning; in one of which was a lady, her daughter and servant.

(Letter) On the 28th I called with my husband and Mrs. King on the French “Ambassadress,” Madame La-Grene, whom we found very social and agreeable, as well as her husband, and very much disposed to cultivate an acquaintance with the Americans. She showed us her two little daughters, Gabrielle and Huldah, one born in Greece, the other in Germany, their ages six and nine. She has left three younger children, one an infant, at home. She speaks English very well. Two days afterward, she returned the call, accompanied by her husband and the

Marquis de Ferriere, one of the secretaries of legation. He seems to have Marquises, Counts, Viscountes and Dukes, attached to the Embassy, and the whole affair is on a much grander scale than our own. Mons. La Grene is very much pleased with Mr. Cushing, speaking of him in the highest terms, and congratulates himself very much on having arrived before Mr. Cushing left, who he says gave him a great deal of useful information. On leaving, Madame G. expressed a hope (very politely) that she should see me very often at her house. How unlike are the manners of the French and English.

First day—9th mo. 1st 1844

My dear sister: I have written to my dear Willie this morning, and now my mind feels easy on the score of letters except one—I have not yet written to Sophia Hawthorne. My last letter was sent by C. Cushing who left on third day last, 8th mo. 27th in the Brig. "Perry," for the United States via Mexico, and I hope he may have a good passage home. He anticipates being there by the first of 12th mo. The letter I sent by him was a week older than it need have been, as his departure was at first fixed for that time, and I did not like to trouble him with a second letter. I hope Mr. Cushing will come to see you, but I do not expect it. He is too much occupied with his own affairs to think of such a small matter as giving pleasure to people in whom he feels no interest. In the night I was awakened by hearing the most delightful music just under our windows. I arose and went out on the veranda, and found there were several gentlemen singing and accompanying themselves upon the flute and guitar. A part of the music was vocal only, "Highland Mary" was one of the songs. It was bright moonlight and the effect, as thee may imagine, delightful. The next night we had another serenade, but of a less refined character; the "Perry's Band," with some of her officers (as they were about to leave next day) went around and serenaded the American ladies. On the 27th the "Perry" left, Mr. Cushing passenger. Many gentlemen, my husband among the number, accompanied him to the ship.



The fort gave him a parting salute, which the "Perry" returned.

9th mo. 8th. This letter is to go by the "Paul Jones" by which ship Fletcher Webster and one or two other members of the Legation go home. Hunesz (?) (the Pole), and young West the artist, went to Manila a fortnight since, intending to take passage from thence home, and Mr. F. Webster and the attachés only remain behind. This ends the American Mission to China.

1st mo. 19th 1845. We receive no news from the U. States—from England, we hear that Queen Victoria has quite recovered, since the birth of Prince Arthur, and is proposing an excursion into Scotland. I went out for a walk this afternoon, Dora (Delano) came down and went with us as her sister rode on horseback. At the Parsee Tombs where some benevolent individual has placed several benches which afford a convenient resting place, we met Mrs. Ritchie and Dr. Kane, who is the guest just now of the latter lady. He has been practicing his profession at Whampoa since "the Legation dissolved into its original elements" as he says. He is now going home overland and leaves this place in a few days. Have I ever mentioned the "Brandywine's" leaving? I wonder. She sailed from Macao on the second day of December, the first being the Sabbath, on which the Commodore makes it a point never to leave port, if he can avoid it. She was to go from here to the Sandwich Islands, remaining there some time, then to Rio and thence home, hoping to arrive there in the course of another year—We have become very well acquainted with Com. Parker and with several of his officers, and parted from them with real regret, none more than the good old Commodore and his fine manly little son LeRoy—how many changes have taken place in the Society here, even within the year, that we have been here. Since the business season at Canton commenced and everybody is there, we lead so quiet a life that a dinner company is much more of an event. Indeed Macao is very quiet now and even dull as there is little or no visiting, or anything of the sort. It is much duller than last winter, when the arrival of the "Brandy-



wine" gave a sort of impetus to society. Mrs. Delano and Dora are taking lessons in music and French which occupies a good deal of their time. I find my eyes growing narrow (as children say) and I must say adieu, with a sisterly goodnight kiss, which please find enclosed.

My love to dear Father & Mother, Stephen & Anne, William & Lydia, Edward, Frank & Mary—Uncles Philip & Henry, Aunt H. Collins, all the dear Cousins—and my other friends, who remember & love me, not forgetting M. A. Pope & Sisters, H. Cross, S. Marston &c—Don't forget Thomas & Betsy in the distribution. A great deal of love to Mother Kinsman, Sister Mary, her children & Eliza—and accept for thyself an unmeasured portion. Nathaniel desires his best love to Father, Mother, Sisters & Brothers and friends. Will write thee himself, when he can command leisure. With longing desires to receive some more letters from you all—I am as ever,

thy most affectionate & loving Sister, Rebecca.

*(To be continued)*

## THE CARLETON FAMILY OF SALEM

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BY G. ANDREWS MORIARTY, A.M., LL.B., F.S.A.

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This is an account of *some* of the Carletons of Salem, who were well-known sea captains and merchants there at the close of the 18th century. It is by no means complete, being the result of some searches made many years ago by the writer in connection with his own ancestors, the Salem Bowditches. The family was founded by Capt. Samuel Carleton, a Salem sea captain, who came to Salem in the third decade of the 18th century. He was born at Andover, Mass., on 3 June 1696, the son of John Carleton, yeoman, of Andover and his wife Hannah, daughter of Christopher Osgood of the same town. John Carleton was a considerable landowner and held various local offices. He was a grandson of Mr. Edward Carleton, the early settler of Rowley, Mass. It may be of some interest, genealogically speaking, to note that Edward Carleton has a proved descent from Edward III and Queen Phillippa, through their fourth son John of Gaunt. Such a descent is quite rare in New England. A complete account of the English ancestry of Edward Carleton was published by the late Professor Tracy E. Hazen of Barnard College, New York, some years ago (*Register*, January, 1939, pp. 1-46). The descent of Edward Carleton from John of Gaunt was published by the writer in "The American Genealogist" for October, 1940.

1. Capt. Samuel<sup>4</sup> (John,<sup>3</sup> John,<sup>2</sup> Edward<sup>1</sup>) Carleton of Salem. Born at Andover 3 June 1696 (Andover Vital Records), died at Salem 9 March 1767. Married, 1st. at Andover, 20 June, 1726 Deborah, daughter of Ephraim and Sarah (Abbot) Stevens of Andover, and 2ndly at

Danvers, 17 January, 1754, the widow Anna Putnam. He was an active master mariner of Salem in the middle of the 18th century. On 13 December 1730, he purchased from Miles Ward, attorney for Benjamin Crocket of Edenton, North Carolina, the latter's house in Salem (Essex co. Deeds). When the house was taken down in 1802, Dr. Bentley notes, under date of 17 June 1802, that it was one of the oldest houses in Salem (Bentley's Diary, vol. II, p. 435). On 7 April 1731 Samuel Carleton of Salem and Deborah his wife, together with her brothers and sisters, sold to Ebenezer Stevens their rights in the Pennecook lands granted to their uncle, Benjamin Stevens Esq. of Andover (Essex Deeds Bk. 89, p. 68) and on 1 July, 1757 Samuel Carleton of Salem sold to Job Marble of Andover certain land there, "part of the third of the intestate estate of Benjamin Stevens Esq. of Andover," and other land which was the property of my wife Deborah, daughter of Ephraim Stevens of Andover and one of the heirs of Benjamin Stevens of Andover, Esq., her uncle" (ib. Bk. 116, p. 114). Capt. Carleton was also a landowner in New Salem, N. H.

In April, 1748, the ship he commanded was captured by the French (Felt's Annals of Salem, vol. II, p. 258). In 1755 he was in command of the brigantine "Diana" of 100 tons, trading to Cadiz, Gibraltar and Lisbon (Phillips "Salem in the Eighteenth Century," p. 227). In May, 1760 he commanded the schooner "Dolphin," which was captured by a French privateer and carried into Dominica; Capt. Carleton and his crew were landed at Martinique and reached Salem, via St. Eustacia, in July of that year (ib. p. 234). His will, dated 30 January 1767, was proved 7 April 1767. He left a legacy to his son Ephraim "if he be living" and gave his estate to his five children, Samuel, William and Ephraim Carleton, Hannah Crowninshield and "Mary, wife of John Bowditch," giving to the latter his land and warehouse Southward of the house of his son Samuel. The executors were his sons Samuel and William Carleton. The in-

ventory, taken 6 May 1767, amounted to £888:17:9 $\frac{3}{4}$  (Essex Co. Probate Bk. 343, p. 468).

Children (the first born in Andover, the rest in Salem):

- i. Deborah, born about 1727. d. y.
2. ii. Samuel, born 11 August, 1731.
- iii. Hannah, born 26 July, 1734, died 23 May, 1824 "aged 90 years." Married at Salem 30 March, 1756, Capt. Jacob Crowninshield of Salem, born 9 January, 1732/3, died on a voyage back from Jamaica November, 1774, son of John and Anstiss Crowninshield.
- iv. Benjamin, born 5 April, 1736, d. y.
- v. Mary, born 1737, buried at Salem, 24 December 1805 "aged 68 years." Married at Salem, 12 July, 1754 Capt. John Bowditch, merchant of Salem, born 3 April, 1732, died at sea, 1793, son of Capt. Ebenezer and Mary (Turner) Bowditch of Salem. 7 children.
- vi. Ephraim, born 20 June, 1739, apparently lost at sea before his father made his will.
- vii. John, born 24 December, 1741, d. y.
3. viii. William, born 8 April, 1744.

2. Lieut. Col. Samuel<sup>5</sup> (Capt. Samuel,<sup>4</sup> John,<sup>3</sup> John,<sup>2</sup> Edward<sup>1</sup>) Carleton of Salem, born 11 August, 1731, died 28 March, 1804, "aged 73 years"; Married, 27 October 1754, Eunice, born 25 October, 1730, died 13 August, 1827 "aged 97 years," daughter of William and Eunice (Bowditch) Hunt. Col. Carleton was a prominent sea captain and merchant of Salem and was a distinguished Revolutionary officer. On 21 June, 1774, he was one of the Salem merchants and sea captains who addressed Governor Gage, protesting against the Boston Port Bill (Phillips op. cit. p. 327). He represented Salem in the Massachusetts General Court in 1776 and on 19 July, 1776 he was commissioned a lieutenant colonel of the 1st. regiment, raised to reinforce General Schuyler at Ticonderoga. He served in the Continental Army from 1 January, 1777—1 April, 1779, and was reported "deranged" on the latter date (Mass. Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution, vol. III; cf. Register vol. 25, p. 189). He wrote to Salem from Valley Forge "we have now 90 men in the regiment that have not a shoe to their feet and near as many who have no feet to their stockings, it gives me pain to see our men mount guard or go on fatigue service

with naked feet on the snow" (Felt Annals of Salem vol. II, p. 521). In 1780 he was, apparently sailing as a captain for John Norris (Phillips "Salem and the Indies," p. 88). In 1787, he was a proprietor of the East Church at Salem (Bentley op. cit. vol. I, p. 49).

### Children:

- i. Eunice, born 22 December, 1754, died 23 March, 1838, "aged 73 years (sic). Married 23 December, 1779, Capt. James Barr, Jr., merchant and master mariner of Salem. Born 29 August 1754, died 19 January 1848, "aged 93 years." He was active as a privateersman during the Revolution.
- ii. Samuel, born 6 May, 1757. Married, apparently, 15 November 1801 Jenny Conden. 1 child, possibly more.
- iii. Deborah, born 17 December 1759, died 19 April 1831, "aged 71 years." Married 5 October 1783 Hugh Helm. 2 children, perhaps more.
- iv. Hannah, born 5 September 1762, died single 7 September 1842, "aged 79 years."
- v. Benjamin, born 5 January 1765, died 8 September 1820, "aged 55 years." Married 25 March 1787 Elizabeth, daughter of Deacon Samuel Holman, who died 29 December 1801, "aged 39 years." 5 children.
- vi. Mary, born 29 August 1767, died single 18 December 1814, "aged 47 years."
- vii. Captain John Carleton of Salem, born 6 November 1770. Intentioned 13 October 1804 to Thirzah Moore. He was a distinguished Salem master mariner and an officer of the U. S. Navy. On 7 July 1806 he was in command of the "Putnam" at Bintang, near Singapore and while ashore settling his accounts the ship was seized by Malay pirates (Phillips, "Salem and the Indies" p. 245; Felt op. cit. vol. II, p. 319). On 3 September, 1811, he is referred to by Bentley as "one of our able mariners" (Bentley op. cit. vol. IV, p. 46). In October, 1812, Bentley writes: "my friend John Carleton is engaged as navigator and pilot of the 'Constitution,' a ship of the United States navy at Boston. He is an able navigator and of good habits, the son of Col. Carleton, who was in the army in the Revolution" (Bentley op. cit. vol. IV, p. 125). Capt. Carleton was sailing master of the "Constitution" in her fight with the "Java." On 2 July 1819 Bentley records that Capt. Carleton, "son of Col. Samuel Carleton," was sailing master of the "Ontario" and had been on the coast of Peru (ib. vol. IV, p. 604). His miniature is in the possession of the Essex Institute.
- viii. Elizabeth, born 6 May 1773.

3. Capt. William<sup>5</sup> (Capt. Samuel,<sup>4</sup> John,<sup>3</sup> John,<sup>2</sup> Edward<sup>1</sup>) Carleton of Salem, born 8 April, 1744, died at Barbados shortly before 5 July 1791, "aged 46 years"



(Salem Gazette of 5 July 1791). Married Mary, daughter of Paul Farmer, who kept the Boston almshouse, she married, 2ndly, at Salem on 24 May, 1801 Capt. Benjamin Ward, Jr., of Salem. She died on 29 December, 1810, "aged 61 years" (Salem Vital Records, vol. VI, p. 306; Bentley op. cit. vol. III, p. 551).

Capt. Carleton was a well known master mariner of Salem. On 27 April, 1775, he left Salem as sailing master of the fast schooner "Quero" belonging to the Derbys, with Capt. John Derby in command, carrying to England the first report of the fight at Lexington for the friends of the Colonies at home, arriving before the official dispatches from the British general. (Phillips, "Salem in the Eighteenth Century," pp. 366-369). He was active as a privateer captain during the Revolution, in 1776 he commanded the "General Gates" and in 1777 the "Black Snake" with his neice's husband, James Barr, Jr. as his 1st. lieutenant. (ib. pp. 400, 404). On 2 December, 1776, he commanded the privateer schooner "True American" (Mass. Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution vol. III). On 15 June, 1780, he, aged 36 years, was serving on the privateer "Junius Brutus," Capt. John Leach (ib.). In 1787, he was a proprietor of the East Church at Salem (Bentley, op. cit. vol. I, p. 49). On 3 July 1791 Dr. Bentley notes his prayers for Mary Bowditch and her children, for her sons at Sea and for the deaths of her son and of her brother Carleton and on 10 July 1791 prayers for Mary Carleton on the death of her husband and for William Carleton on the death of his father (Bentley op. cit. vol. I, pp. 270, 274).

#### Child:

4. William, born 1771.

4. William<sup>6</sup> (Capt. William,<sup>5</sup> Capt. Samuel,<sup>4</sup> John,<sup>3</sup> John,<sup>2</sup> Edward<sup>1</sup>) Carleton of Salem. Born 1771, died 24 July 1805, "aged 34 years" (Tapley, "Salem Imprints," p. 135). Married 22 May, 1796, Elizabeth Cook, who was baptized 12 Sept. 1773 and died 25 August 1805, "aged 34 years, the daughter of Ebenezer Cook, fisherman, of Salem (Tapley "Salem Imprints," p. 135; Felt op. cit. vol. II, pp. 19-20; Perley's "History of Salem," vol. II,

p. 45). He is, apparently, the William Carleton, who, on 31 March 1794, commanded the dispatch boat "Balt," sent to Jamaica to protest the ill-treatment of American seamen at that island (Felt. op. cit. vol. II, p. 308). Possessed of a ready wit and a facile pen he soon abandoned the sea for the career of a journalist and political pamphleteer and became the mouthpiece of the Jeffersonian Party in Salem and thereby incurred the wrath of the leading merchants of that town, who were ardent Federalists. As the writer for the Jeffersonians he came into close relations with the Crowninshields, who were the leaders of that party in Salem. On 14 October, 1794, he bought the *Salem Gazette*, which he sold on 24 July, 1795, to Thomas Cushing (Felt op. cit. vol. II, p. 19). He established a bookstore at the sign of "The Bible and Heart," which he had disposed of by 1795, when it was taken over by John Moriarty (Tapley, op. cit. p. 187). On 12 May, 1800, he founded, with the aid of the Crowninshields, "The Impartial Register," whose name was later changed to the "Register," as the organ for the Republican-Democratic Party. He conducted it with considerable ability and wit until his death in 1805, when it was continued by his widow (Felt, op. cit. vol. II, pp. 19-20). He published at least fourteen political pamphlets, the best known being his "Letter to the People by a Farmer" in 1802. He was probably the printer of the first edition of "Lord" Timothy Dexter's "Pickle for the Knowing Ones." In April, 1803, he was tried and found guilty of libeling the Federalist leader, Col. Timothy Pickering, whom he had charged with being a British agent, and was sentenced to sixty days in jail (Tapley op. cit. p. 135).

#### Children:

- i. Elizabeth, bapt. at the East Church, Salem 23 1799, died unmarried 21 October, 1818, aged 19 years. Left an orphan, she was brought up by her aunt, the wife of Capt. Joseph White of Salem. At the time of her death she was engaged to Franklin Storey, brother of Mr. Justice Joseph Storey of the U. S. Supreme Court. (Bentley op. cit. vol. IV, p. 555.)
- ii. Hannah (twin), bapt. at the East Church 24 May, 1801, died 22 June, 1802.
- iii. Mary, bapt. at the East Church 24 May, 1801, died 3 November, 1801.

## THE ELECTION OF 1888: ESSEX COUNTY MEN WAVE THE BLOODY SHIRT

BY FRANCIS G. WALETT

An excellent indication of the political influence of the G.A.R. is the fact that every president from Ulysses Grant to William McKinley, with the exception of Grover Cleveland, was a veteran of the Civil War. One of the local Massachusetts politicians, very active in the G.A.R., was Captain John G. B. Adams of Lynn. Among the papers of Captain Adams, recently acquired by the author, there are letters which reveal the part played by Massachusetts men in the selection of a Republican presidential candidate in 1888.

Adams, who was born at Groveland, Massachusetts, in 1841, had a distinguished Civil War record. His heroic action at Fredericksburg, in saving the colors of his regiment from capture, earned him a medal of honor later. At Gettysburg he was wounded severely and given up for lost, but he recovered and returned to action. Later, in June 1864, Captain Adams was captured and held for nine months in Confederate prisons.

Following the war Adams worked for a time in the Boston custom house, and then for eight years he was postmaster at Lynn. Briefly he was deputy superintendent of the Concord Reformatory and in 1885 became Sergeant at Arms for the Commonwealth. Captain Adams was very active in local G.A.R. affairs and many times attended national conventions. In 1895 he was chosen commander-in-chief of the G.A.R.

In 1888 the Republican party, including Captain Adams of Lynn, looked forward eagerly to the election of that year, hoping to recapture the presidency. Grover Cleveland, the first Democratic president since the Civil War, had incurred the wrath of the soldiers by his officious scrutiny and veto of pension bills. The G.A.R. demanded more favorable treatment by the next administration and it was agreed amongst Republicans that 1888

was a "soldiers' year." Therefore the selection of a G.A.R. candidate was practically certain.

There being no prominent eastern soldier available at this time, it was thought best to nominate a western man for the presidency with a civilian running-mate from the east. Captain Adams and other local men favored the wealthy governor of Michigan, General Russell A. Alger. However, at the Republican Convention at Chicago, beginning June 19, 1888, Alger did not have enough support to win the nomination. Senator John Sherman of Ohio led in the early voting, but General Benjamin Harrison of Indiana forged ahead quickly to be nominated on the seventh ballot. While the Massachusetts delegates supported Alger, New York men threw their votes to Harrison in return for the selection of Levi Morton, a New York banker, as vice-presidential candidate.

The following letters, written to Captain Adams in June and July, 1888, are interesting and important evidence of the role played by Massachusetts in the political maneuvers of that time. The statement by Henry Cabot Lodge is especially noteworthy as an example of the thinking about president-making:

House of Representatives U.S.  
Washington, D. C., June 1, 1888

Dear Capt.

Yours of the 24th just rec'd—and I am glad of your suggestions—the situation is now so grave, that it becomes us all to listen to all suggestions and with the most serious consideration, and then to follow what seems the best course. Don't hesitate to write me and keep me informed of the Mass. pulse. I wish I could see some of my associates on the delegation.

Yrs very truly & in haste  
Wm. Cogswell<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> William Cogswell (1838-1895), Civil War veteran, former Mayor of Salem, was Representative of Massachusetts in Congress, 1887-1895.

Capt. J. G. B. Adams  
State House  
Boston, Mass.

House of Representatives, U.S.  
Washington, D. C., June 1, 1888

My Dear Capt.

Yrs of the 31st just rec'd after I had sent my letter of to-day but on its receipt I postaled you I would answer it to-night. I dont know however what I can say more than I did in my letter of this morning. I am posting myself daily on Alger, and each day adds to my favorable opinion of him. What I want most to know now is who of, or what number of, the New England delegates will boom for him. It looks as if the Maine folks were for Depew.<sup>2</sup>

Yrs very truly  
Wm. Cogswell

Capt. J. G. B. Adams  
State House  
Boston, Mass.

House of Representatives U.S.,  
Washington D. C. June 2nd, 1888

*Private*

Dear Captain Adams,

Your letter just received—Unless there is some outside movement, I shall not as I wrote you be able to get anything done as to the resolution because it will be said that nobody wants it, and the committee will not act. Still the introduction of it can do no harm.

As to the Presidency—If Blaine had remained silent, he would have been nominated with a shout and Everyone would have turned in for him.<sup>3</sup> As he wrote his first letter however his final withdrawal by his second is a relief of the situation and I think improves our chances. Who then is to be the man? I have no personal preferences. All the candidates are good men, very good men. My only desire is to win therefore and the only question is as to who is the strongest. I have reasoned in this way—We must have a soldier on the ticket—I do not know of a thoroughly available Eastern soldier for the second place or for first there—

<sup>2</sup> Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, was a prominent Republican.

<sup>3</sup> James G. Blaine, defeated Republican candidate in 1884, announced publicly that he would not accept the nomination in 1888.



fore we must go west and take a civilian vice-president from the East. Therefore it seems to me that the choice lies between Gresham,<sup>4</sup> Harrison and Alger. The first I have thought the strongest all round—no man is perfect as a candidate of course—for he has shown great strength outside his state, was a gallant soldier, and has a strong hold on the labor vote of the West. What is hurting Gresham is the idea that the movement for him is anti-Blaine. Harrison has shown no strength outside of Indiana. Alger seems to me a strong candidate except for his great wealth which ought not to be an objection and his being not very well known in a year when we need a well known man. This is all for yourself. I do not want to be quoted for I am not a delegate and do not care therefore to get into the whirl of President-making.

Truly yrs.  
H. C. Lodge

Personal.

Detroit Mich. June 2 1888

My dear Colonel;—

Your esteemed favor of the 26th., came duly. I intended to have answered it yesterday, but was called away early in the day, and could not. It is a little queer, that you could possibly think I should not remember you. However, that is on account of your modesty. The pleasant hour we spent on the cars, where you introduced your friends, I shall always remember.

I agree with you, that this is a "soldier's year", even though I am not the leader, but I am inclined now to believe I shall be, and if nominated, I am very sure we will sweep the country.

Whatever, you may be able to do will be I need not assure you appreciated. Kindly post me from time to time, letting me know what is going on. I get great encouragement now, by every mail.

Sincerely your friend,  
(signed) R. A. Alger

Col. J. G. B. Adams.

Office Sargeant at Arms.  
Boston Mass.

<sup>4</sup> Walter Q. Gresham (1832-1895) was considered for the Republican candidacy in 1884. He later became a Democrat and was Secretary of State, 1893-1895.

Michigan Military Academy  
Office of Superintendent.

Orchant Lake, Mich., July 12th. '88

Capt. J. G. B. Adams,  
Lynn, Mass.

My Dear Old Friend:—

Was delighted to receive your favor of the 9th. inst., informing me that you are still in fighting trim; for I had worried a good deal over the news I had heard regarding you. I hope that you will continue to improve, so that we shall soon hear that you are on your feet again. We all regretted that we were deprived of your active participation in the work at Chicago; your previous work told however, and we appreciated the fact. It is conceded by the General and all of his friends that Massachusetts did more efficient work for him than any other state outside of his own. He is well satisfied with the record we made, and has a warm place in his heart for all of his New England friends. I shall never regret the work I did for him in New England I am sure. The friendships I formed while there I shall ever try to retain. I always have had a natural leaning toward New England men, but the contingency that came forward to help in the Alger fight were all of that sterling loyal New England make up that I greatly admire.

I shall, doubtless, go to Maine during the present year to visit my aged parents, and shall certainly stop over in Massachusetts long enough to visit you.

I shall convey your message to the General, who is very well and will be in command of the forces in Michigan this fall, whose battle cry will be Harrison & Morton.

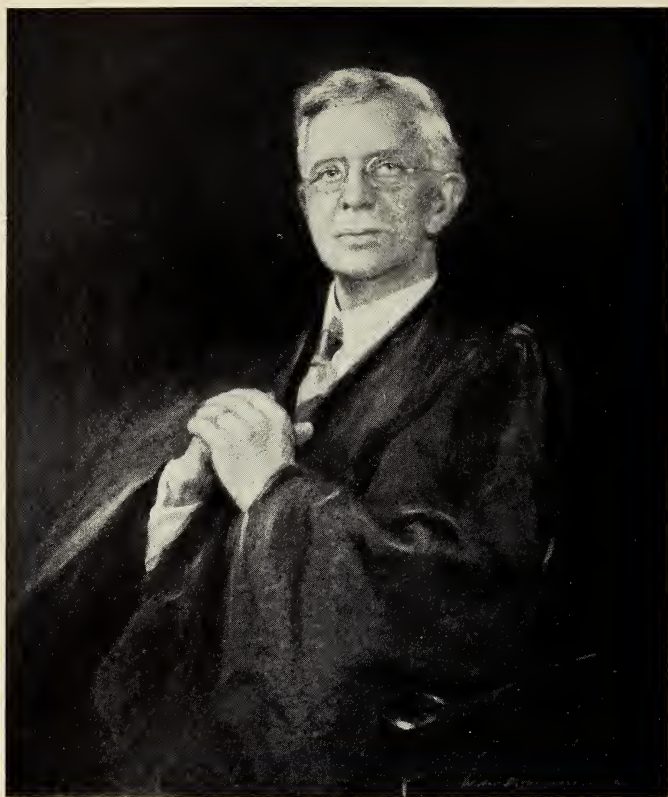
Very sincerely yours,

(signed) J. Sumner Rogers<sup>5</sup>

Dictated.

<sup>5</sup> Colonel Joseph Sumner Rogers, Civil War veteran, founded the Michigan Military Academy in 1877.





HON. ALDEN PERLEY WHITE  
No. 120

ADDITIONS TO THE  
CATALOGUE OF PORTRAITS  
IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

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(Continued from Volume LXXXVI, Page 65)

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COMPILED BY RUSSELL LEIGH JACKSON

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Mary (Webb) Sanders was born in Salem, November 24, 1871, a daughter of William George and Annie (Bertram) Webb and a granddaughter of Captain John Bertram, one of the foremost merchants of Salem. She married October 27, 1894, Nathaniel Saltonstall Howe Sanders, son of Thomas and Susan Bradley (Howe) Sanders of Salem, and a descendant of Dr. Nathaniel Saltonstall of Haverhill. Mrs. Sanders died in Florida in 1945. [See *Saltonstall Genealogy*, p. 26.]

95. ELIZA ANN (PARKER) SAUNDERSON, abt. 1805.  
Miniature by N. Harding. Measurements, 5 in.  
x 4 in. Half length seated figure facing right.  
Brown hair parted in the middle. Black cape  
thrown over brown dress with white lace collar.  
Red drapery and blue sky in the background.

*Purchase, 1939.*

Eliza Ann (Parker) Saunderson was born in North Berwick, Maine, daughter of Charles and Nancy (Nowell) Parker of Portsmouth, N. H. According to the Lynn vital records she married on October 8, 1826, Joseph Nowell Saunderson, son of Joseph M. and Susanna (Wyman) Saunderson of Medford, Massachusetts. He was a well known banker in Lynn, for twenty-three years president of the Lynn Institution for Savings and was for many years a member of the board of directors of the Lynn Mechanics bank. He also served the city of Lynn as a member of the Board of Aldermen in 1853 and 1854, and was a man of strict integrity, of quiet and retiring habits, a kind friend and model citizen, taking a deep interest in whatever concerned the welfare of Lynn. Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson were the parents of six children,



Charles Brooks, Elbridge Zaccheus, Nancy Maria, Sarah Eliza (Mrs. Minot Tirrell), Susanna (Mrs. Henry Earl) and Ida (Mrs. Henry F. Tapley). Descendants of the family still reside in Lynn. He was also treasurer of the Lynn Gas Light Company and a shoe manufacturer. [See *Lynn Vital Rec.* vol. II, p. 328; "*Banks and Bankers of Old Lynn*" (Breed) in the Lynn Historical Society Register, 1916, pp. 35-64.]

96. ELIZA DALAND (OSBORNE) SHEPARD, 1834-1893.  
Oil by Charles Osgood. Canvas, 22 in. x 18 in., oval. Head and shoulders facing left, face nearly front. Brown hair parted in middle with braid over head. Bare shoulders.

*Gift of Miss Sarah Whittredge Shepard, 1937.*

Eliza Daland (Osborne) Shepard was born in Danvers, July 27, 1834, a daughter of Dr. George and Sarah Waters (Whittredge) Osborne of Danvers and later of Salem. She married April 15, 1857, Michael Webb Shepard, son of Michael Webb and Harriet Fairfax (Clarke) Shepard of Salem. [See *Danvers Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 252; *Descendants of William Shepard*, p. 54; *The Physicians of Essex County*, (Jackson) p. 85; *Driver Family*, p. 478.]

97. CAPTAIN EBENEZER SHILLABER, 1764-1807. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 1¼ in., oval. Head and shoulders, facing left. Light blue coat, white ruffled shirt, gray hair.

*Gift of Miss P. P. Pinell, 1873.*

Captain Ebenezer Shillaber was born in 1764 and was probably a son of Samuel and Susanna (Reeves) Shillaber of Salem. He served in the Revolution as boy on the ship "Rhodes," commanded by Captain Nehemiah Buffinton when his age was given as sixteen in 1780. He became a sea captain and shipping merchant, commanding the brigantine "Cruger" in 1799. He joined the Salem Marine Society September 26, 1794 and died in Salem December 7, 1807, aged 43 years. He is listed as a con-

tributor to Phillips Andover Academy in 1783. He married, first, May 10, 1790, Deborah Endicott, daughter of Samuel Endicott of Danvers and she died in Salem October 30, 1801. He married, secondly, June 30, 1804, Hannah Jones, daughter of Benjamin Jones of Beverly. His son, Ebenezer Shillaber (Bowdoin 1816) was a well known attorney at law and served as clerk of the courts of Essex County. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. IV, p. 303; vol. VI, p. 220; *Hist. of Salem Marine Society*, p. 129; *Essex Inst. Hist. Colls.* vol. LXXVII, p. 142; *Mass. Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution*, vol. XIV, p. 157; *Founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony*, p. 217; *Beverly Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 174; *Danvers Vit. Rec.* vol I, p. 113; vol. II, p. 89.]

97a. EDWARD AUGUSTUS SILSBEE, 1826-1900. Oil by Sarah Gool Putnam. Canvas, 23 in. x 30 in. Head and shoulders facing right. Gray curly hair and beard, black coat.

*Gift of Mrs. Chester A. Reeds, 1949*

Edward Augustus Silsbee was born in Salem, February 19, 1826, a son of Zachariah Fowle and Sarah (Boardman) Silsbee of Salem. He was a brother of John B. Silsbee, Mrs. J. Willard Peale and Mrs. William Dudley Pickman, all well known residents of Salem. At an early age, he entered the counting room of David A., Nathan W., and William Neal, merchants in the East India trade and later became supercargo of the ship "Windsor Fay." Later he commanded the ships "Columbia" and "Syrene," which belonged to the commercial house of Silsbee, Pickman and Stone. He made two voyages around the world and retired from the sea in 1853. He was an art student and lecturer and was an avid collector of Shelley's works. His portrait by John Singer Sargent hangs in the Bodleian library at Oxford and in maritime circles he is known as the discoverer of the Columbia shoal. He joined the East India Marine Society in October, 1869. In 1876, he removed to Boston where he lived until his death which occurred on April 5, 1900. He never married.

[See *Boston Evening Transcript* issue of April 7, 1900; *Silsbee Genealogy*, p. 35; *East India Marine Society Journal*.]

98. JOHN HENRY SILSBEE, 1814-1891. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head and shoulders, facing right. Black coat, black stock. Brown hair and side whiskers.

*Gift of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, 1947.*

John Henry Silsbee was born in Salem, July 17, 1814, a son of William and Mary (Hodges) Silsbee and grandson of Captain Benjamin Hodges who commanded the "Grand Turk" and the "Astrea" two famous ships belonging to Elias Hasket Derby. He graduated from Harvard in 1832 and became a merchant in the East India trade, being a member of the firm of Stone, Silsbee & Pickman and subsequently of Silsbee, Pickman & Allen. He married May 15, 1838, Rebecca Ann Dodge, daughter of Pickering and Rebecca (Jenks) Dodge and grand-niece of Col. Timothy Pickering. She died April 17, 1890, and he died at his summer home in North Conway, N. H., September 19, 1891. He was the father of William H. Silsbee and of Mrs. Hall Curtis of Boston. He was affiliated with the old North church in Salem and was a man of generous impulses, cultivated tastes, high literary attainments and of quiet and unostentatious manners. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 288; vol. III, p. 304; *Hodges Genealogy*, p. 49; *Salem Gazette*, September 22, 1891.]

99. REBECCA ANN (DODGE) SILSBEE, 1819-1890. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  in. x  $4\frac{1}{4}$  in. Half length, facing forward, head tipped to left. White dress with ruffle around neck trimmed with blue ribbon. Brown hair.

*Gift of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, 1947.*

Rebecca Ann (Dodge) Silsbee was born in Salem, December 21, 1819, a daughter of Pickering and Rebecca (Jenks) Dodge and married in Salem, May 15, 1838, John

Henry Silsbee of Salem, son of William and Mary (Hodges) Silsbee. She was a grand-niece of Colonel Timothy Pickering and was very popular and highly esteemed in her native town, being identified with many of the charitable movements. For years she was the head of a class of ladies who met together for the study of literature, the membership of which was highly prized. She was a member of the North church in Salem, and died April 17, 1890. [See *Pickering Genealogy*, vol. II, pp. 462-3; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 255; vol. III, p. 304.]

100. WILLIAM HODGES SILSBEE, 1841-1900. Oil by Ames, 1844. Canvas, 27 in. x 22 in., oval. Portrait of young boy facing front, right arm over brown and white dog. Light brown hair in curls, pink dress.

*Gift of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, 1947.*

William Hodges Silsbee was born in Salem, January 26, 1841, a son of John Henry and Rebecca A. (Dodge) Silsbee, and a grandson of Pickering and Rebecca (Jenks) Dodge. He attended private schools in Salem and in 1858 went on a voyage on the ship "Derby," Capt. Samuel Hutchinson, Jr., from New York to San Francisco and Manila. Upon his return he entered the countinghouse of Benjamin Burgess & Sons of Boston, sugar importers. He was a member of the Salem Billiard Club. His death occurred in Salem, March 18, 1900. [See *Silsbee Genealogy*, p. 46; *Hodges Genealogy*, p. 49; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 289; *Salem News*, issue of March 19, 1900; also letter from Mrs. Oliver Wolcott on file at Essex Institute, dated May 10, 1949.]

101. MEHITABLE (SMITH) SMITH, 1807-1859. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 23 in. x 19 in., oval. Head and shoulders, face nearly front. Black hair in curls. Black dress, white lace collar and brooch.

*Gift of Mrs. John Pickering, 1941.*

Mehitable (Smith) Smith was born in Salem, October 4, 1807, a daughter of Captain Edward and Sarah (Eden)

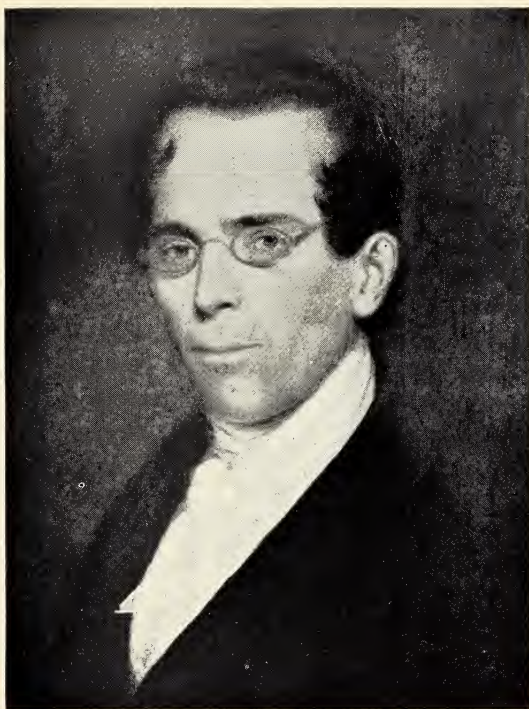
Smith, and a granddaughter of Captain Thomas Eden, who held the No. One certificate in the Salem Marine Society. She married December 23, 1821, Lieut. Jesse Smith, U.S.N., who was lost in the U. S. Sloop "Hornet," September 10, 1829, which went down in a typhoon. They were the parents of Sarah Eden Smith, an artist, well known in Salem, and Jesse Smith, Jr., who died of fever off the coast of Africa in the late 30's. Following her husband's death, Mrs. Smith and her small daughter went to live with her mother, Mrs. Edward Smith in the Eden house at the corner of Summer and Broad streets in Salem and which was built by Captain Thomas Eden. Mrs. Smith was affectionately known to her nieces and nephews as "Aunt Hitty Smith." [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 304; vol. IV, p. 327; Letter written by Mrs. Edward Cox Brown and in possession of the Essex Institute.]

102. AMMI BURNHAM STILES, 1815-1877. Oil by Alvin Clark. Canvas 28½ in. x 23 in. Head and shoulders facing left, long curly hair, white collar, black stock.

*Gift of Miss Emma G. Perkins, 1949.*

Ammi Burnham Stiles was born in Milford, N. H., July 13, 1815, a son of Joshua and Elizabeth (Tuck) Stiles. When he was ten years of age his parents removed to Waltham. The rudiments of his education were obtained in a little factory schoolhouse on Elm street in Waltham and he was a classmate of General Nathaniel P. Banks. He learned the trade of a painter and was very skillful. He was very fond of music and played the organ, piano and violin. He was also fond of the study of astronomy and owned a large telescope with which he took frequent observations. He was also a zealous friend of temperance and an anti-slavery man. His death occurred in Waltham, March 17, 1877. He married at Waltham, January 1, 1839, Hannah Annis of Saugus. [See *Stiles Genealogy*, p. 125; *Waltham Vit. Rec.* p. 224.]





HON. JOSEPH GILBERT WATERS

No. 119



103. HANNAH (ANNIS) STILES, 1817-1904. Oil by Alvin Clark. Canvas 28½ in. x 23 in. Head and shoulders facing right, hair parted in middle, brown dress with white collar.

*Gift of Miss Emma G. Perkins, 1949.*

Hannah (Annis) Stiles was born in Saugus, Massachusetts, May 25, 1817, a daughter of Moses and Lydia (Converse) Annis of Salem, N. H. and Saugus, Massachusetts. She was married January 1, 1839 to Ammi Burnham Stiles of Waltham, Massachusetts and died there June 29, 1904. [See City of Waltham certificate of death on file at the Essex Institute; *Stiles Genealogy*, p. 125.]

104. WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, 1819-1895. Oil by George P. A. Healy. Canvas, 22¾ in. x 17¼ in. Head and shoulders, full face with moustache and goatee. Black coat and red beret. Gray background.

*Gift of Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge, 1945.*

William Wetmore Story was born in Salem, February 12, 1819, and died at Il Lago di Vallombrosa, Tuscany, Italy, October 16, 1895, a son of the Hon. Joseph Story, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court and his wife Sarah Waldo (Wetmore) Story. He married October 31, 1843, Emeline Bartlett Eldredge, daughter of Captain Oliver and Hannah (Smalley) Eldredge of Boston. Mr. Story achieved fame as a sculptor, despite the fact that he began his career in the study of law. He graduated from Harvard in 1838 and immediately began study in his father's office. His chief interest, however, lay in art and for several years he had amused himself in sculpture. Although he did not feel that he had made anything of promise, his efforts were appreciated and at the death of Justice Story, he was asked to make a statue of his father. About 1830, Mr. Story determined to abandon the law for sculpture and from 1852 on made his home in the Barberini Palazzo in Italy. Among his best works are statues of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Edward

Everett, Chief Justice John Marshall among the American worthies and Saul and Medea among the classics. His daughter Edith Marion Story became the wife of the Marchese Simone Peruzzi dei Medici and their daughter Mira Cressida Peruzzi dei Medici (Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge) was the donor of the portrait. [See *Eldredge, Story and Allied Families*, p. 90; *Waldo Genealogy*, p. 310.]

105. GILBERT LEWIS STREETER, 1823-1901. Oil by M. Jane Iverson, 1938. Canvas, 27 in. x 20½ in. Waist length, facing left. Gray suit, blue bow tie, gray hair and beard.

*Gift of Mrs. Charles H. Parker, 1938.*

Gilbert Lewis Streeter was born in Salem April 30, 1823, a son of the Rev. Barzillai Streeter, pastor of the Universalist church and his wife, Sarah (Lewis) Streeter. He attended the English High school and after graduation was employed as a watch-maker by Edmund Currier of Salem. Later, he entered the field of journalism as editor of the Essex County Freeman and afterwards joined in partnership with his father-in-law, John M. Ives, in conducting a book and seed store. In 1859 he became a teller in the old Commercial (later the First National) bank in Salem and on January 1, 1893 became cashier, the office which he held at the time of his death. He was active in politics as a member of the Salem Common Council in 1862, 3, 4, 5, 9, 70, 1, and 2 and was president of the council in 1865, 70, 1 and 2. He also served as secretary of the Plummer Farm school; treasurer of the Essex Agricultural Society and trustee of the Salem Athenaeum. He also served as editor of the Salem Observer. He was well known as an historian and was a frequent contributor to the Essex Institute Historical Collections. He married in 1853, Rebecca Southwick Ives, daughter of John Mansfield and Lois Alley (Southwick) Ives of Salem. [See *Streeter Genealogy*, p. 135; *The Driver Family*, p. 355; *Salem Evening News*, July 10, 1901.]

106. SAMUEL WOODBURY SWETT, 1805-1884. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in., oval, painted on china. Head and shoulders, facing left. Black coat and stock, white shirt, white hair.

*Gift of Miss Esther Jackson and  
Mrs. Dorothy Jackson Bastille, 1949.*

Samuel Woodbury Swett was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts December 1, 1805, a son of Captain Stephen and Anna (Prince) Swett of Marblehead and died in Boston, Massachusetts, May 24, 1884. He married his first cousin, Mary Wendell Jackson, daughter of Captain Henry and Hannah (Swett) Jackson of Newburyport and Boston and granddaughter of Hon. Jonathan and Hannah (Tracy) Jackson of Newburyport. Mr. Swett was for many years connected with the Suffolk Bank (now the Second National) in Boston, serving as a member of the Board of Directors from 1865 to 1878 and President from 1866 to 1874 and again for a few months in 1876. [See Letter from Second National bank of Boston on file at the Essex Institute; also *Swett Genealogy*, p. 55; *Marblehead Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 501.]

107. STEPHEN SWETT, 1763-1818. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., round. Head and shoulders facing right. Light blue coat with silver buttons, white waistcoat, shirt and stock, gray hair.

*Gift of Miss Esther Jackson and  
Mrs. Dorothy Jackson Bastille, 1949.*

Captain Stephen Swett was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, December 4, 1763, a son of Samuel and Anna (Woodbury) Swett, and died in Marblehead, Massachusetts, April 28, 1818. He married in Marblehead, August 19, 1792, Anna Prince, daughter of John and Anna (Bowen) Prince of Marblehead. He was a master mariner and commanded several vessels. His sister, Hannah, was the wife of Captain Henry Jackson, the great-grandfather of the donors of the portrait, and Dr. John Barn-



ard Swett of Newburyport was a brother. [See *Swett Genealogy*, p. 55; *Marblehead Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 501; vol. II, pp. 418, 681.]

108. JOSEPH TORREY, 1768-1850. Oil portrait painted on panel by Manasseh Cutler Torrey. Canvas, 30 in. x 37 in. Half length facing front. Black coat, white stock, hand resting on open book.

*Gift of Mrs. George W. Coggeshall, 1949.*

Doctor Joseph Torrey was born in Killingley, Connecticut, March 18, 1768, a son of Colonel Joseph and Hannah (Fiske) Torrey and married at Hamilton, Massachusetts, March 18, 1794, Mary Cutler, daughter of the Rev. Manasseh and Mary (Balch) Cutler of Hamilton. Dr. Cutler was the minister who played such an important part in the development of the Northwest Territory and who led the first band of pioneers by prairie schooner to Ohio in 1788. At the time of his marriage, Dr. Torrey was practising in Rowley. Later he lived in Danvers, Salem and Beverly where he died, December 8, 1850. He was the father of two artist sons, Manasseh Cutler Torrey, who painted the portrait referred to above, and Charles Cutler Torrey, who was also well known as an engraver. He was also the father of Dr. Augustus Torrey of Beverly, and Joseph Torrey, president of the University of Vermont. [See *Torrey Genealogy*, p. 13; *Hamilton Vit. Rec.*, p. 49; *Physicians of Essex County* (Jackson), p. 119; *Old Time New England*, vol. 34 (July, 1943).]

- 108a. REV. ISAAC TOURO, 1737-1782. Pastel by Gilbert Stuart, 1767. Canvas, 15½ in. x 13½ in. Inscription on back reads "died 11 Feb. 1782, ae 43 years", the rest illegible. Profile bust, elderly man, bald head, brown hair at sides worn long. Clergyman's neckband, black coat. Medium gray background.

*Gift before 1918.*

Rev. Isaac de Abraham Touro was born probably in 1737 and came to Newport, R. I. from Amsterdam in 1759 by way of the West Indies. He studied at academies in Holland and was a member of the Congregation Yeshuat Israel. He married June 30, 1773, Reyna Hays who died in 1783 at the age of forty-six years. He was rabbi of the Touro Synagogue, so-called, at Newport, and was the father of Abraham and Judah Touro, both of Newport. This is the same portrait as listed in Portraits in the Essex Institute, Salem, 1936, numbered 387. [See *The Story of the Jews of Newport*, p. 72; *Antiques*, 1940, p. 288.]

109. GIDEON TUCKER, 1778-1861. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 2½ in., oval. Head and shoulders facing right. Blue coat, white waistcoat, collar and stock, blue background.

*Gift of Mrs. Fred Cummings, 1949.*

Gideon Tucker was born in Salem, Massachusetts March 7, 1778, a son of John and Lydia (Jacobs) Tucker. After a common schooling he became a clerk for Joseph Peabody and afterwards formed a partnership with him in the sale of general merchandise. During the War of 1812 he served as Aide to Major General Gideon Foster. He built the house on Essex street where he resided most of his adult life. He married May 27, 1804, Martha Hardy Goodhue, daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Goodhue of Salem, and died there February 18, 1861. [See *E. I. Hist. Colls.* vol. IV, p. 132; *Salem Vit. Rec.*, vol. II, p. 364; *Salem Register* for February 20, 1861.]

110. MARTHA HARDY (GOODHUE) TUCKER, 1787-1848. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 2½ in., oval. Head and shoulders facing left. White dress trimmed with lace, low neck.

*Gift of Mrs. Fred Cummings, 1949.*

Martha Hardy Goodhue was born in Salem Massachusetts, April 20, 1787, a daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Goodhue, United States Senator from Massachusetts and

his wife, Frances (Ritchie) Goodhue. She married in Salem, May 27, 1804, Gideon Tucker, son of John and Lydia (Jacobs) Tucker, of Salem. [*Goodhue Genealogy*, p. 57; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 370; vol. III, p. 430; vol. VI, p. 285.]

111. MARTHA (PICKMAN) WALCOTT, 1802-1885. Oil by unknown artist. Oval canvas, 25 in. x 20 in. Head and shoulders, facing left, face nearly front, hair parted in the middle. Black dress, white cap with black ties.

*Gift of the Hon. Robert Walcott, 1941.*

Martha (Pickman) Walcott was born in Salem, November 24, 1802, a daughter of Benjamin Pickman, merchant, and his wife Anstiss Derby, daughter of Elias Hasket and Elizabeth (Crowninshield) Derby. She married June 1, 1829, Samuel Baker Walcott of Salem and Hopkinton, N. H., and died in Salem, March 17, 1885. [See *Diary and Letters of Benjamin Pickman*, p. 43; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 175; vol. IV, p. 196.]

112. SAMUEL BAKER WALCOTT, 1795-1854. Oil by unknown artist. Oval canvas, 25 in. x 20 in. Head and shoulders facing right, side whiskers, head bald on top. Black coat, gray waistcoat, high white collar and stock.

*Gift of the Hon. Robert Walcott, 1941.*

Samuel Baker Walcott was born in Bolton, Mass., March 7, 1795 a son of Jabez and Mary (Baker) Walcott. He graduated from Harvard in 1819 and taught school in Salem the following year. In 1821 he returned to Harvard as tutor in Greek but remained but a short time, beginning the study of law in the office of Daniel Webster. He opened his first law office in Boston but in 1830 removed to Hopkinton and in 1850 to Salem where he practiced until his death. He served as a representative in the General Court and also as a state senator while in Hopkinton and also represented Salem in the state constitutional convention of 1852. He married June 1, 1829,

Martha Pickman, daughter of Benjamin and Anstiss (Derby) Pickman of Salem. He was the father of General Charles F. Walcott and of Dr. Henry Pickering Walcott. [See *Diary and Letters of Benjamin Pickman*, p. 43; *Walcott Genealogy*, p. 121.]

113. CHARLES RICHARDSON WATERS, 1835-1913. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 22 in. x 18 in., oval. Young boy in gray suit, white collar, black tie.

*Gift of Miss Lucy L. Caller, 1938.*

Charles Richardson Waters was born in Salem, September 17, 1835, a son of Joseph Gilbert and Eliza Greenleaf (Townsend) Waters and a grandson of Captain Joseph Waters and Captain Penn Townsend, both of Salem. He married Sarah F. Caller, daughter of James M. and Lucy Frye (Frost) Caller of Peabody and died at Jaffrey, N. H., October 10, 1913. He was for many years a bookkeeper for Felton & Sons, Inc., of Boston. [See *Richardson Genealogy*, p. 652; *Danvers Vit. Rec.*, vol. I, p. 61 and *Salem Evening News*, October 11, 1913.]

114. GEORGE ATKINSON WARD, 1793-1864. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 1½ in. x 1¼ in. oval. Head and shoulders, facing left. Black coat, white collar, black stock, gray hair. Blue background.

*Estate of James Creighton Ward, 1939.*

George Atkinson Ward was born in Salem, March 29, 1793, a son of Samuel Curwen and Jane (Ropes) Ward, and grandson of the Hon. Nathaniel Ropes. At an early age he entered the counting house of Joseph Peabody and shortly thereafter went to New York City where he was soon engaged in trade. When California was opened to commercial activity he was there among the foremost and there he lived for several years. The last years of his life were spent in Salem where he died September 22, 1864. He was a member of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts and New York and was the last surviving member of the old Essex Historical Society which merged in 1848

with the Essex County Natural History Society to form the Essex Institute. He was the author of *The Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen an American in England from 1775 to 1783*, and was a benefactor of the Institute in many ways. He was a frequent contributor to *Hunt's Merchants Magazine* and the last great labor of his life was the preparation of the final edition of the *Curwen Journal*. He married October 5, 1816, his first cousin, Mehitable Cushing, daughter of James and Sarah (Ward) Cushing of Salem and a great-great granddaughter of the Rev. Caleb Cushing of Salisbury. [See *New Eng. Hist. Gen. Reg.* vol. XIX, p. 269; vol. XX, p. 287; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 390; vol. III, p. 269; *Essex Inst Hist. Colls.* vol. V, p. 210; *Cushing Genealogy*, p. 206.]

115. GEORGE ATKINSON WARD, 1793-1864. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 1½ in., oval. Head and shoulders, facing left. Black coat, white waistcoat, white collar and stock, brown hair. Blue background.

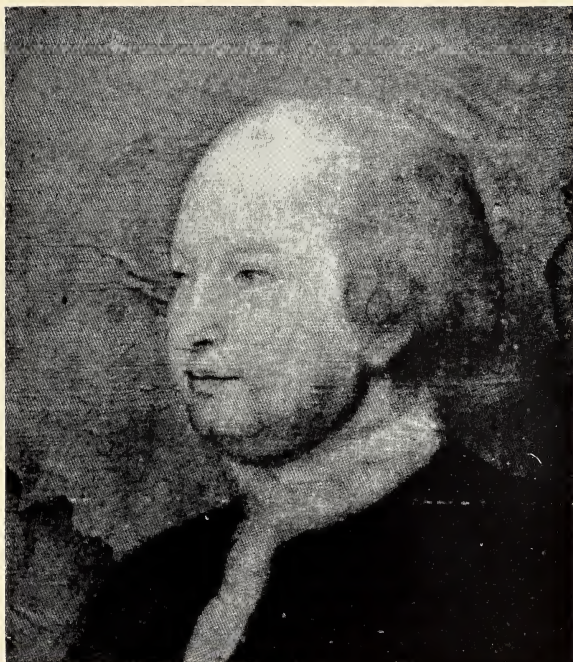
*Estate of James Creighton Ward, 1939.*

116. JAMES CUSHING WARD, 1821-1883. Miniature by unknown artist. Measurements, 3 in. x 2½ in. Waist length, face nearly front. Blue coat with metal buttons, high white collar and stock. Right arm over back of chair. Light brown hair.

*Estate of James Creighton Ward, 1939.*

James Cushing Ward was born in Salem, August 28, 1821, a son of George Atkinson and Mehitable (Cushing) Ward of Salem. He married in Northhampton, Mass., February 16, 1864, Margaret Dwight Hopkins, daughter of the Reverend Samuel and Caroline Williams (Dwight) Hopkins of Northhampton and a granddaughter of the Hon. Josiah and Rhoda (Edwards) Dwight. She was a direct descendant of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and died in Northhampton in 1906. Mr. Ward who was for a time a merchant in New York City died in Northhampton, August 16, 1883. [See *Hopkins Genealogy*, p. 331; *Essex Inst. Hist. Colls.* vol. V, p. 216.]





REV. ISAAC DE ABRAHAM TOURO

No. 108A



117. MEHITABLE (CUSHING) WARD, 1795-1862. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 1½ in. Head and shoulders face nearly front. White dress with ruffles, brown hair, curls around face. Blue background.

*Estate of James Creighton Ward, 1939.*

Mehitable (Cushing) Ward was born in Salem, March 15, 1795, a daughter of James and Sarah (Ward) Cushing. She was a great granddaughter of the Rev. James Cushing and a great-great granddaughter of the Rev. Caleb Cushing of Salisbury. She married in Salem, October 5, 1816, her first cousin, George Atkinson Ward, son of Samuel Curwen and Jane (Ropes) Ward of Salem, and died October 4, 1862. [See *Cushing Genealogy*, p. 206; *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. I, p. 225; vol. III, p. 269.]

118. ELIZABETH GREENLEAF (TOWNSEND) WATERS, 1798-1890. Oil by Charles Osgood, 1853. Canvas, 29 in. x 23½ in. oval. Waist length facing right. Black dress with white yoke and brooch. Brown hair parted in the middle.

*Estate of Mrs. Charles Richardson Waters, 1936.*

Elizabeth Greenleaf (Townsend) Waters was born in Salem January 17, 1798, a daughter of Captain Penn and Mary (Richardson) Townsend and married December 8, 1825, the Hon. Joseph Gilbert Waters for many years judge of the Police Court of Salem, a newspaper editor and state senator. She was the mother of Henry Fitz-Gilbert Waters, eminent genealogist. Her death occurred in Salem November 13, 1890. "She was a woman of such genial spirit that she drew a large circle of friends about her and to the last kept up her interest in them." [See *Salem Gazette*, November 21, 1890; *New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg.* vol. 45, p. 174; vol. 5, p. 155; *Driver Family*, p. 329.]

119. JOSEPH GILBERT WATERS, 1796-1878. Oil by Charles Osgood. Canvas, 29½ in. x 24½ in. Waist length facing left. Black coat, white stock, black hair, glasses.

*Estate of Mrs. Charles Richardson Waters, 1936.*

Joseph Gilbert Waters was born in Salem, July 5, 1796, the son of Captain Joseph and Mary (Dean) Waters of Salem. He graduated at Harvard in 1816 and studied law with John Pickering. Subsequently he went to Mississippi where he became a local magistrate and district judge but returned to Massachusetts and in 1836 and 1837 was a member of the Salem Common Council. He was judge of the Police Court at Salem from about 1835 to 1875 when he resigned. He was also in 1835 a Massachusetts state senator. In the early years of its existence he was editor of the Salem Observer. He married December 8, 1825, Eliza Greenleaf Townsend, daughter of Capt. Penn and Mary (Richardson) Townsend of Salem. Their son was Henry FitzGilbert Waters, the noted genealogist. Judge Waters died July 12, 1878. [See *Driver Family*, p. 329; *N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg.*, vol. 32, p. 446.]

120. ALDEN PERLEY WHITE, 1856-1933. Oil, copy by Wilbur Fiske Noyes, 1941. Canvas, 35½ in. x 29½ in. Three quarters length, seated figure. Face nearly front, hands in upward position. Gray hair with glasses. Wearing gown, white collar, gray and maroon tie.

*Gift of Mrs. Alden Perley White, 1942.*

Alden Perley White was born in South Danvers now Peabody, October 20, 1856 and died in Danvers July 9, 1933, son of Amos Alden and Harriet Augusta (Perley) White. He attended Lawrence Academy at Groton and matriculated at Amherst and Harvard Law school, being admitted to the bar in 1880. He was successively special justice of the First District Court of Salem, Assistant district attorney of Essex county, district attorney, succeeding William H. Moody, judge of Essex county court of Pro-

bate and Insolvency. He also served on the Salem Board of Aldermen and the Salem School Comm. He was president of the Essex Institute from 1926 to 1933; president of the Board of Trustees of Gov. Dummer Academy; president of the Salem Oratorio Society; president of the Danvers Historical Society and a member of many others. He married, first, June 2, 1884, Mary Howe, daughter of Isaac Bridgeman and Hannah R. (Gould) Howe of Danvers. She died August 4, 1885 and he married, secondly, June 2, 1896, Jessie Carter, daughter of Horatio Nelson and Eliza A. (Griswold) Carter of Springfield. Judge White was not only an orator of distinction but an author and an authority on historical subjects. [See *Danvers Hist. Colls.* vol. 22 p. 46; *Perley Genealogy*, p. 359.]

121. ELIZABETH (SAFFORD) WHITE, 1781-1812. Miniature in locket by unknown artist. Measurements, 2 in. x 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  in., oval. Head and shoulders, young girl with light hair. Black dress with white ruff. Light blue background.

*Purchase, 1941.*

Elizabeth (Safford) White was born in Salem June 18, 1781, a daughter of William and Thankful (Goodale) Safford of Salem and married November 27, 1803, Captain Henry White, Jr., of Salem. She died October 13, 1812. Their son, William Henry White, died on board the barque "Eliza" at Batavia in 1825 at the age of seventeen years. [See *Salem Vit. Rec.* vol. II, p. 262; IV, p. 282; VI, p. 327; *Salem Gazette*, December 1, 1803.]

122. ELIZABETH (SAFFORD) WHITE, 1781-1812. Pastel by unknown artist. Canvas, 14 in. x 20 in. Half length, child seated in blue chair holding boy, white dress.

*Gift of Miss Maude O. Webber, 1941.*



123. TRUEWORTHY WHITE, 1808- . Oil by unknown artist. Canvas, 24 in. x 28 in. Half length facing left. Black coat, waistcoat and tie, white collar and shirt, black hair.

*Gift of Miss Annie G. Merrill  
and Mrs. Arthur Pingree, 1949.*

Trueworthy White was born in Methuen, Massachusetts May 11, 1808, a son of Trueworthy and Fanny (Bodwell) White of Methuen. He married, first, September 5, 1831, Sarah Ann Mansur, daughter of John Mansur of Salem, N. H., and secondly, October 15, 1843, Lizette Hutchinson, daughter of Royal Hutchinson of Milford, N. H. [See *Methuen Vit. Rec.* pp. 129, 287; *White Genealogy*, p. 77; also letter from Miss Merrill dated October 13, 1949 in possession of the Essex Institute.]

124. LOUISA CUNNINGHAM (KNIGHT) YOUNG, 1848-1925. Oil by J. Harvey Young, painted before her marriage. Canvas, 31 in. x 32 in. Half length seated figure, facing left. Black dress with lace sleeves, white lace high collar and yoke, black necklace. Right arm rests on arm of chair, left arm in upward position holding glasses. Figure seated in high backed chair.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

Louisa Cunningham (Knight) Young was born in Calais, Maine, September 2, 1848, a daughter of Joel and Susan (Cunningham) Knight of Belfast, Maine. She married James Harvey Young, well known artist of Salem and Boston and died in Salem, January 4, 1925. She was prominent in the literary world, for many years an art critic and a constant contributor to the Boston Herald. She was associated with Mrs. Mary B. Kehew in the Woman's Educational Union of Boston and also the Twentieth Century Club and was one of the small group which planted the seeds for the establishment of the school which later became Simmons College. She was also a member of the Salem Athenaeum. [See *Salem Evening News*, January 6, 1925.]

125. LOUISA CUNNINGHAM (KNIGHT) YOUNG, 1848-1925. Oil by J. Harvey Young. Canvas, 23½ in. x 20 in. Waist length facing left. Figured jacket with high black velvet collar, white ruffled waist, large black hat. Trees and small landscape in background.

*Gift of Miss Christine E. Burnham, 1946.*

## UNKNOWN PORTRAITS

126. Man. Miniature marked "Bath, Maine, 29 November 1731, 22 ans." Measurements, 2 in. x 1½ in., oval in locket. Waist length facing right. Gray coat and waistcoat with gold braid trimming and buttons, white stock.

*Gift of Leonard Apthorpe, 1942.*

127. Man. Oil by J. Harvey Young. Canvas, 20½ in. x 17 in. Head and shoulders facing right. Black coat and tie. White hair and beard.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

128. Man. Pastel, copied from original by Martha Peabody Rogers. Canvas, 18 in. x 14 in., oval. Half length facing right. Pink coat, white waistcoat, ruffled shirt and sleeve ruffles, holding cane, white wig.

*Gift of Mrs. William C. Endicott, 1937.*

129. Man. Oil by unknown artist.

*Gift of J. Felix Turcotte, 1938.*

130. Woman. Oil by J. Harvey Young. Canvas, 23½ in. x 19½ in. Head and shoulders facing right. Dress of green and gold brocade with white collar, holding a fan of feathers. Background of blue sky with trees at left.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

131. Woman. Oil portrait by J. Harvey Young. Canvas,  $17\frac{1}{2}$  in. x 14 in. Head and shoulders, profile facing right. White dress, left shoulder exposed. Brown hair, black background.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

132. Woman. Oil by unknown artist. Canvas,  $29\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $24\frac{1}{2}$  in. Waist length seated figure facing left. Black low necked dress, black shawl. Arm of chair in foreground.

*Gift of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, 1947.*

133. Woman. Oil portrait by unknown artist. Canvas,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in. Head and shoulders, head leaning on left hand. Long brown hair, pink shawl.

*Estate of Charles D. Palmer, 1942.*

There is nothing to indicate the identity of this portrait which was evidently purchased at the art shop of George Rowney & Co., 29 Oxford street, London.

134. Woman. Pastel, copied from original by Martha Peabody Rogers. Canvas, 18 in. x 14 in., oval. Half length facing left, seated in chair. Pink dress, low neck, lace trimming, black neck band, white wig. Blue curtain in background.

*Gift of Mrs. William C. Endicott, 1937.*

## THE ILSLEY-CHASE ACCOUNT BOOKS

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BY REV. ROLAND D. SAWYER

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This account of the Ilsley, Hovey, Jaques, and Short families of Old Newbury, and of the Chase family of West Newbury is from information largely taken from a remarkable series of Ilsley-Chase account books, running in an unbroken chain from 1668 to 1884, a matter of two hundred and sixteen years. Mr. Sawyer read this paper before a meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Old Newbury, at Newbury, on August 27, 1849.

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Benjamin Ilsley of Newbury, great-grandson of pioneer William Ilsley, died in 1768, an unmarried man. His estate was settled by Wells Chase of West Newbury, a nephew, the son of Benjamin's sister Mary (Ilsley) Hovey. Among the antiques given to Wells Chase, was a set of Ilsley account books, started just 100 years before, by Elisha Ilsley, Benjamin's grandfather and son of pioneer William. The books had been kept by Elisha, his son Joseph, and Joseph's son Benjamin.

Wells Chase continued them, both in Newbury, West Newbury and later in Chester, N. H.; and after his death they were carried on by his son, and then by his grandson, Benjamin Chase of Auburn, N. H., down to 1884. Benjamin Chase was a careful antiquarian and historian, author of the *History of Chester, N. H.*, published in 1869, and was born in 1799. In 1877, he became a correspondent of *The Exeter News-Letter* and many of his articles were copied from the above mentioned account books. John Carroll Chase, at one time president of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, 9 Ashburton Place, Boston, published a second *History of Chester*, at which time he also used the account books. I have corresponded with living members of the Chase family,

but can not locate them; hence the *News-Letter* series becomes of great value to the New England historian.<sup>1</sup>

### THE ILSLEY FAMILY OF NEWBURY

Pioneer William Ilsley came to Newbury in 1638, acquired land and made his home on the present "High Road" about a half mile from Parker River, nearly opposite the old Jackman-Willet house, which Mrs. Anne Coleman Moody has so splendidly restored. During his early life he also acquired land adjoining the orchard of William Moody, the late homestead of Arthur Moody and his wife, Mrs. Anne Coleman Moody. One of the sons of William Ilsley was Elisha, who as a young man, went with other Newbury young men to Woodbridge, New Jersey, in 1665. In 1667 he was home again, became engaged to Hannah Poor, to whom he was married in 1668, as soon as his house was built. This house was built on the land adjoining William Moody, above mentioned. Elisha was a weaver, did not carry on farming to any large extent, although he was a farmer as well as weaver. He started his account book when he married, and kept it with great care till near the end of 1691.

By that book we find, that in the period 1668-1691, a Spanish milled silver dollar and an English pound-note were equal. The Spanish dollar was made up of "Pieces of Eight," that is 12½ cents, and thus 12½ cents became a division coin of both dollar and pound, and continued till the American colonial shilling appeared, worth 16 and 2/3 cents. Though, when I was a lad, 1880-1888, we had dimes and quarters, but the old men still reckoned in Shillings: 3 shillings a half dollar; 6 shillings a dollar;

1 See issues of THE NEWS-LETTER under the dates of: 1877-June 29; July 13 and 20; Sept. 7; Nov. 2 and 23. 1878-March 22; April 5, 12 and 19; June 28; July 19; Sept. 20. 1879-Jan. 3, 17, 24; Feb. 7, 14; March 14; April 18; May 2 and 23; June 2; July 4; Aug. 1 and 15; Sept. 5 and 19; Oct. 10 and 31; Dec. 5. 1880-Jan. 23 and 30; Feb. 13; Mar. 5; April 25; May 21; July 2 and 16; Aug. 13; Oct. 15; Dec. 31. 1881-Feb. 4; June 10 and 17; Nov. 11. 1882-Jan. 13; Feb. 3; Mar. 12. 1883-Dec. 28. 1884-Feb. 22.



9 shillings a dollar and half. Old account books, of the period 1800 to 1840, show accounts reckoned by the 16  $\frac{2}{3}$  cents shilling. A doctor charged one shilling, 17 cents for a visit; 2 shillings, 33 or 34 cents, if he gave medicine. Cord wood, labor, potatoes, were sold by the 16- $\frac{2}{3}$  cents shilling. Elisha received half a 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents shilling per yard, and 5 shillings for an entire coverlet. For his food he paid, or sold if he had it, at these prices: 5 lbs. beef or 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. pork for a shilling; Wheat, 5 shillings a bushel; rye, 4 shillings, corn 3 shillings. A shoemaker made a pair of boots for 6 shillings and found the leather. A brass kettle cost Elisha 2 pounds, a platter cost 4 shillings, tobacco was a half shilling a pound; malt for beer was 4 shillings a bushel, rum was 5 shillings a gallon. Labor received 2 shillings a day, daylight to dark; skilled labor received 3 shillings a day, 37 cents. A cow was worth 4 pounds, a yoke of oxen was worth 12 pounds, a horse, 5 and 6 pounds. Elisha and Hannah raised eleven children in their home.

JOSEPH ILSLEY, son of Elisha, took the place in 1691, carried on and kept the account books till 1749. He married Hannah Pike, brought her to the house his father built, and they had 5 children. Joseph settled his father's estate, and the inventory was as follows:

Dwelling house, barn and shop and	
$\frac{1}{2}$ acre of land	80 lbs
Yoke of oxen	10 "
five cows	20 "
horse and harness	5 "
20 sheep and 10 lambs	16 lbs, 10 shillings
2 feather beds and bedstead	20 lbs
2 flock beds	20 lbs
2 spinning wheels, 2 for linen, 2	
for wool, looms, furniture,	
tools, dishes etc	1 lb
enuf to make a total of	427 lbs.

Of the above, Joseph's Aunt Hannah received

One bed and bolster	7 lbs
8 pair of sheets	8 "
1 coverlet	1 lb, 2 shillings
2 blankets	1 lb, 12 shillings
3 pewter plates	15 shillings
small pewter, brass kettle, warming pan, andirons	3 lbs, 2 shillings

Joseph received his father's small Bible, printed 1662, in London.

BENJAMIN ILSLEY, son of Joseph, took the homestead over in 1749 and lived there with his sister Sarah; neither ever married. He kept the account books to 1768. He was a man of consequence in Newbury, was corporal of the First Company of Foot Soldiers in Newbury. Samuel Pierce was Captain and John Greenleaf was Commander. Corporal Benjamin was active in the Church, trained singers and led the choir. He bought himself a large quarto Bible, and carefully cared for his Hymn-Book, which was called "The Harmony of Zion," printed in Newburyport by Daniel Bayley, in 1738.

It had on the front page, the following stanza:

"We sing to Thee whose wisdom formed  
The curious organ of the ear;  
And Thou, who gavest voices, Lord,  
Our grateful songs in kindness hear."

Benjamin bought, in 1752, a tall clock from David Blaisdell in Salisbury. Blaisdell and Elisha Purington of Kensington, N. H. were the first clockmakers this side of Boston. They learned from Bagnall of Boston, a friend of Governor Belcher. The Blaisdells, Puringtons and Bagnalls were all Quakers. The first Blaisdell clock was made in 1740, so far as I know. David Blaisdell lost his life at Crown Point in 1757. I do not have the inventory of Benjamin's father, but his account book showed an item which he paid in 1749, for pipes and gloves at his father's funeral. Pipes for those who sat up each night till the body was buried and gloves for the bearers. Ben-

jamin and Sarah, brother and sister lived in one end of the big house and used one side of the big chimney; the other end was occupied by their sister Mary, who was born October 6, 1707, and married Samuel Hovey of Byfield.

SARAH, daughter of Mary Ilsley and Samuel Hovey, was born on September 11, 1737, being one of six children who grew to maturity; a boy and a girl died young. She was brought up by an uncle, Robert Pike, who in 1753 apprenticed her, for five years, to Mrs. John Pearson, to learn the trade of a dress-maker. The same year that Sarah was apprenticed to Mrs. Pearson, one Wells Chase, (son of a Chase of West Newbury, who lived on a farm where his grandfather had settled in 1689), was also apprenticed to learn from Mr. Pearson to become a "house-right."

The instrument signed by the father of Wells Chase and Mr. Pearson dated Sept. 20, 1753 read as follows:

That said Wells Chase will serve his master, faithfully for five years; will keep his secrets; will not haunt ale-houses or taverns or play houses; will not play at dice or any unlawful game; will not commit fornication or matrimony during his five years of service.

That said John Pearson will teach Wells Chase his trade by the best means he knows; will teach him to read, write, and cipher as far as the rule of Three; and at the end of his service will furnish him with two suits of wearing apparel.

During his five years of service Wells Chase was away only twice, then on military duty. He went to the Kennebec River against the French and Indians in 1754, and was with the expedition to Lake George in 1758. Living together in the Pearson house for five years Wells Chase and Sarah Hovey became convinced that they should live together for life; she diligently worked at her trade from the summer of 1758 as he did from Sept. 20, 1758. A little had been saved by each, and they married on February 21, 1760, and started down the road of hard work and careful planning together. Wells Chase worked at his

trade when he could get work, and his account book shows that at that skilled trade he received 45 cents a day. When he worked as a laborer his pay was 2 shillings, 33 cents. He notes that he worked cutting salt grass, and boating the same, a good deal. At one time he worked boating salt grass for 24 hours without sleep, and received 78 cents. At another time he dug a grave for 28 cents. He caught fish and sold them for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a lb. When he bought provisions he gave 40 cents a bushel for wheat; corn he bought, 2 bushels for 67 cents. Turnips were bought at a shilling a bushel; (potatoes are seldom spoken about, turnips being the vegetable used with meat). Sarah worked at her trade, dress-making, for which she received 21 cents a day, or made a whole dress for 28 cents. The account books list how in the hard winter of 1763-1764 she went to various homes on snow shoes to her work.

THE ELISHA ILSLEY HOUSE, HOME OF POSTERITY,  
ITS TRAGIC END

The house was the usual two and a half story house, large rooms, central big chimney, well adapted to two families. In one end lived the brother and sister, Benjamin and Sarah Ilsley; and in the other end, their sister Mary, her husband Samuel Hovey, and there eight children were born, viz—Hannah, Mary, Sarah, Mehitable, Elizabeth, John, Phoebe and Ruth. Some time later than 1764, Wells Chase and his wife Sarah moved in to live with Uncle Benjamin and Aunt Sarah. There they lived, aiding the older folks, till Benjamin died in 1768. Wells Chase settled up his affairs, and continued to live there till 1771. The property was divided many ways, all the children of Samuel and Mary Hovey having some share; also a Stephen Jaques, who had entered the Ilsley family by marriage, received a share. In 1771, Wells Chase, having divided the estate in 1769, moved to Chester, N. H. Among the things they took with them were the account books of Elisha, Joseph and Benjamin Ilsley; Uncle Benjamin's tall Blaisdell clock; the Elisha Ilsley andirons, (22 inches high with round heads), 3 hooks for the spit,



two Bibles, etc. The "spit" was the round hammered iron bar, thrust through a roast or fowl, turned by a hand crank over the fire in the fireplace. This left the old house to the Hoveys and Stephen Jaques. Phoebe Hovey married Stephen Jaques, and after she died, her sister Mehitable married him. Children of Stephen Jaques and his wife Phoebe and his wife Mehitable were but two, Paul and Eleanor.

Eleanor married a Short, and when Paul Jaques died in 1859, he by a will made in 1839, gave all his estate to Eleanor's son Benjamin Short, born August 9, 1816. Eleanor (Jaques) Short, like her mother, gave birth to but two children, Benjamin and Phoebe; Benjamin, born 1816, and Phoebe in 1827. When half the house came to Benjamin in 1859, he settled down to live with his sister, as had his grandparents, Benjamin and Sarah Ilsley. So many girls having been born in the house, and so small families in two instances, the home had not been duly repaired and cared for, and, by 1880, townspeople began to talk about Ben and Phoebe, living in the old house, "like rats in a hole." But it was their life-time home, and the home of their ancestors. They loved it, wanted to live and die there, but it was not to be, tragedy was ahead of them. On January 23rd, 1884, neighbors interfered, took Ben to live with two of their kin, Ruth and Abby Short. And the same neighbors, on the next day, January 24, came and took Phoebe away. Woman-kind can sort of re-adjust themselves better than men, and Phoebe accepted the situation and lived many years; but poor old Ben lived exactly one month, when they found him, fully clothed, kneeling in prayer by his bed, and dead. It was a broken heart, tho the doctor called it "mild insanity." He died on February 23, and the old house was pulled down by oxen owned by neighbors and townspeople on Feb. 7, 1884.

Thus ended the Elisha branch of the Ilsley family of old Newbury, and thus ended the house he built. There is a fine photograph of the old house preserved at the Jackman-Willett House of High Road, taken not long before it was torn down. What a story of the generations



it could tell, if that story could be woven about those account books as a skeleton. The story of Wells Chase and his wife Sarah is another equally heroic story of pioneer life, as they moved into the New Hampshire Chestnut country to build their home and start their family there. But that is a different county and a different state, and is hardly called for in an Essex County record.

One item is worth noting from the account book of Sarah, the dress-maker, where she tells of making three dresses for three women in Chester by name of Gerrish. The three weighed over 1000 pounds, and Mrs. Chase tells how much whalebone it took for the "stays," and describes how she ingeniously made the dresses, quilting in from hips to arm pits. Verily these account books, covering 216 years, 1668 to 1884, tell us of the type of people who made New England and had such part in making America. What strong, sturdy, hard-working and God-fearing people they were! How much the world owes to them. How well it is for us to remember them, yes to remember and reverence them.

# SALEM TOWN RECORDS

(Continued from Volume LXXXV, page 196.)

W <sup>m</sup> Swetland	16	1. 6	6
Sam Shattock J	17	1. 3	4
W <sup>m</sup> Tilley	10	1. 0	4
W <sup>m</sup> Thrasher	10	1. 0	4
Rob: Wilson	10	1. 0	4
Isaac Williams	10	1. 0	4
Henry West	11	1. 6	6
Doct <sup>r</sup> Weld	18	0. 0	0
Sam Woodwd	10	1. 0	4

To Constable W<sup>m</sup> Dounton: You are Required in his Majesties name by Vertue of a warrant from the Country Tresurer: to Collect of these Several P<sup>ers</sup>ons their Several soms herein Specified: the one half to be paid mony & the other half in graine at the severall prises under writen & all other things at mony price provided that noe lean Cattle or horses be paid, & in Case aney pay mony in lieu of Country pay they are to be abated one third & you are Spedily to pay in unto the Tresurer or his assignes the som of twelve pounds in mony & twelve pounds in Country pay & the Remainder which is three pounds two shillings in mony & three pounds two shillings in Country pay you are to pay in unto the Selectmen or their ord<sup>r</sup> & hereof you are not to faile at yo<sup>r</sup> P<sup>el</sup> & in Case aney refuse payment you are to distrain according to law dated y<sup>e</sup> 21-9-84

P<sup>er</sup> S G P<sup>er</sup> ord<sup>r</sup> & in y<sup>e</sup> name y<sup>e</sup> S—  
[torn]

wheat at 5<sup>s</sup>  
barley at 4  
Barly mault 4}  
Indian Corn 3} oats 2 y

[293] To Constable Isaac Cook

Minist <sup>rs</sup> Rate		$\frac{1}{2}$ Country Rate Mony	
Jos <sup>r</sup> Boyce	0.10	—1.	4
Tho Bouinton	0.10	1	4

Jn° Burton J	10	1	4
Jn° Batchelder	15	1. 6	0
Jacob Barney	15	1. 6	5
Jn° Blenen	-----	1. 0	5
Tho Bell	10	1. 0	4
C <sup>or</sup> Baker	12	1. 0	4
Rich: Condineck	-----	-----	4
Isaac Cook	16	1. 6	6
Jn° Dodgs mill	5	1. 0	4
Sam Ebron S.	16	1. 6	6
Sam <sup>11</sup> Ebron J	10	1. 0	4
Z Endieuts farm	1.00	2. 0	8
Jn° fforster S	0.00	0. 0	0
Jn° fforster J	14	1. 3	5
Sam fforster	10	1. 0	4
L <sup>t</sup> felton	1.01	2. 0	8
Rob: fuller	0.10	1. 0	4
Jos fforster	0.10	1. 0	3
Benj fuller	0.00	-----	4
C <sup>r</sup> forster	0.00	1. 0	4
Ele Geoyls	0.18	1. 6	6
Pet at Jn° Greens	10	1. 0	4
Sam Golethite	10	1. 0	4
Sam Gaskin	00	1. 6	6
Jn° Gloyde	10	1. 0	4
Jn° Green	15	2.	8
farme Grenoa	1. 4	2. 0	8
Geo Harvey	10	1. 0	4
Nat Haword	16	1. 6	6
Geo Jacobs S	14	1. 3	5
Hugh Joans	10	1. 0	4
Jn° King	16	1. 6	6
Geo Lockiar	10	1. 0	4
Jn° Loombs	15	1. 6	4
Ph Legiar	10	1. 0	4
Jn° Leach	1. 8	2. 6	10
Cap <sup>t</sup> Leach	1. 5	2. 6	10
Sam Marsh	10	1. 0	4
Callum Mecallum	10	1. 0	4
Jacob Marsh	10	1. 0	4

ffra: Nurse J	10	1. 0	4
Sam Nurse	-----	1. 0	4
W <sup>m</sup> osburne	14	1. 3	0

[294]

Rob Pease	04	6.	
Israel Porter	2 5	0 5. 0	20
Benj <sup>r</sup> Porter	0 15	0.1. 6	0
Hugh Pasko	0.10	1. 0	0
Nick <sup>o</sup> Rich	0.10	1. 0	4
W <sup>m</sup> Russel	0.12	1. 3	0
Is Read farm	0.10	1. 0	4
Sam Southerick	.13	1. 3	4
Sam Stacey	.10	1. 0	4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Stacey	.10	1. 0	4
James Symonds	1.01	2. 0	8
St. Small	0.12	1. 0	4
Mical Shaffin	-----	1. 6	6
Jos <sup>r</sup> Southerick	-----	1. 0	4
Dan Southerick	-----	2.	8
Jn <sup>o</sup> Small	-----	2.	8
Josiah Southerick	-----	3. 0	10
Joseph Sibley	-----	1. 0	4
Tho Tilley	10	1. 0	4
W <sup>m</sup> Trask	18	1. 6	6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Trask	1.01	2. 0	8
Jn <sup>o</sup> Tomkins	14	1. 6	6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Trask R Syde	12	1. 3	5
Sam Vearys farm	10	0.	4
Tho Veary & farm	15	1. 6	4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Waters	16	1. 6	6
Benj Woodr <sup>a</sup>	10	1. 0	4
Uzar Wardwel	10	0. 0	0

[295] To Const<sup>bl</sup> Dan<sup>11</sup> Rea

Jn <sup>o</sup> Adams	-----	1.	4
Dan Andrew		3. 6	12
Sam Braybrook		1.	0
Jn <sup>o</sup> Buxton		1. 6	6
Edw Bishope		1. 6	6

	Minist <sup>rs</sup> Rate	$\frac{1}{2}$ Country Rate Mony	
Geoyls Coary	0.10	1.	4
Sam Cutler	0.10	1.	4
Pet Cloyce	-----	1.	4
Ez Chevers	-----	1.	4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Durland	-----	1.	4
St. fish	0.10	1.	4
Jn <sup>o</sup> flint	-----	1.	4
Geo flint	-----	1.	0
Tho flint	-----	2.	8
Tho fuller S & Son	-----	3	12
Tho fuller J	-----	1. 6	6
Nat felton J	0.10	1. 0	4
Jn <sup>o</sup> felton	0.14	1. 6	6
Sam frayle	0. 7	1. 0	4
Jos <sup>r</sup> flint	-----	1. 0	4
Tho Gould	1.05	2. 6	10
Zach Goodale	-----	1. 0	6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Gingel	-----	1. 0	4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Harwod	0.07	1. 0	4
Jos <sup>r</sup> Holten S.	-----	1. 3	5
Jos <sup>r</sup> Holten J	-----	1. 0	4
James Hadlock S	-----	1. 0	4
Ja: Hadlock J	-----	1. 0	4
Tho Haynes	-----	1. 6	6
Jos <sup>r</sup> Herrick	-----	2. 0	8
Geo Hacker	-----	1. 0	4
Benj Holten	-----	1. 0	4
Jos <sup>r</sup> Hutchison	-----	2. 0	8
Nat Ingersal	-----	2. 0	8
W <sup>m</sup> Ireland	-----	1. 0	4
Geo Jacobs J	-----	1. 0	4
Henry			
Henry Keany	-----	1. 6	6
Tho Keany	-----	1. 6	6
W <sup>m</sup> Linckhorne	-----	1. 0	4
Rob Moulton	0.10	1. 6	6
Zach Marsh	0.10	1. 0	5
Jn <sup>o</sup> Moulton	.10	1. 0	4



[296]

Sam Marsh	-----	1.	4
Anth Neadom		1.	4
fra: Nurse S.		2.	6
Jn° Nurse	0.10	0.	0
Jn° Procter farm	1.06	2. 6	12
Nat Putman	-----	4. 6	18
Tho Putman S	-----	5. 0	20
Jn° Putman S	-----	4. 6	18
Jos <sup>r</sup> Pope	-----	2. 0	8
Benj <sup>r</sup> Pope	-----	1. 6	6
Jn° Parker	0.07	1. 0	0
Tho Putman J	-----	1. 6	6
Jos <sup>r</sup> Porter	-----	4. 0	14
Pet Prescot	-----	1. 0	4
Jn° Pudney	0.10	1. 0	5
Tho Preston	-----	1. 0	4
Jn <sup>th</sup> Putman	-----	1. 6	6
Jn° Putman J	-----	1. 6	6
Edw Putman	-----	1. 6	6
Joshu Rea		3. 0	12
Dan <sup>th</sup> Rea		2. 0	10
Tho Rayment		2. 0	8
W <sup>m</sup> Sheldin		1. 6	6
W <sup>m</sup> Shaw		1. 6	6
Job Swinerton S-J		2. 6	10
W <sup>m</sup> Sibley		1. 6	6
James Smith		1. 0	4
Jn° Shepard		1. 0	4
Sam Sibley baly		1. 0	4
Rich Tree	-----	-----	-----
Jn° Tarboll		1. 0	4
Jn° Uptons farm		0. 0	0
Abr Walkot		1. 0	4
Jer Watts		1. 0	0
Henry Wilkins		1. 0	4
Sam Wilkins		1. 0	4
Bray Wilkins		0. 0	0
Tho Wilkins		1. 0	.4
Benj. Wilkins		1. 0	4

Aaron Way	1. 0	4
Will Way	1. 0	4
Jn <sup>th</sup> Walcot	1. 6	6

[297] 1685

Jn <sup>th</sup> Auger	Rob ffollet
Jacob Allen	Rich flindar
W <sup>m</sup> Andrew	James frind
Ralph Airs	Jn <sup>o</sup> frind—4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Browne S	Edw facey—4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Brown	S Gardner Jun <sup>r</sup> 1.02
Jn <sup>o</sup> ormes S	Jn <sup>o</sup> Grafton
Jn <sup>o</sup> ormes J	Bar: Gale
Jos Phepen S	Josh: Grafton
Gilb Peters	Benj <sup>r</sup> Gerrish
W <sup>m</sup> Punchard	Tho Ginkins
Pet foundin	Jos <sup>r</sup> Hardey J
Sam Pike	Rich Harres
Wat Palfre	Geo Hodges
Edw $\Phi$ chase	Edw Hilliard
	W <sup>m</sup> Henfield
	Ellen Hollinw—
	Jn <sup>o</sup> Harbert
	W <sup>m</sup> Haskol
	Is Hunawel
	Abel Hill
	Jn <sup>o</sup> Hilton
	Jn <sup>th</sup> Hart
	Ph: Hirst

[298]

[This sheet is damaged.]

Sam Archer	[torn]			
Jn <sup>o</sup> Archer	5.12	-----		
Tho Arthor	4.10	-----		
Benj <sup>r</sup> Allen	5.15	7.6		
Cap <sup>t</sup> Browne			1.16	5.05
Ed Bush			5	15
Nat Beadle			5	15
Jn <sup>o</sup> Baxt—			2	04
				60.36
				7.6.4
				8
				5

Jn° Baker	4	11	5
W <sup>m</sup> Bathhouse	—	0	0
Tho Beadle	8	10	6
Jn° Benet	4	12	6.3
Jn° Bullock	5	—	7.6.0
Pet Chevers	6	0.8	9.4
Jn° Cromwel	14	2.2	16.10
Hum Combs	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Curtice	8	1.0	12.6
M Chapleman	5	1.7	6.4
Geo Cox	4	10	6.3
Allen Chard	4	10	5.3
James Collins	6	16	9.0
Tho Cloutman	4	10	5.3
Ja. Cox	4	6	5.3
W <sup>m</sup> Curtice J	4	10	5.3

[299] (damaged)

names gone at top of page

S. Gardner S.	16	2.02	24.12
Tho Gardner	12	1.15	18.10
Rob: Glanfield	5	0.13	9.5
Jos Gray	4	0.10	6.3
Rob Gray	4	0.10	7.3
—n° Grenstlak	4	0.10	6.3
Jn° Glover	4	0.10	5.3
W <sup>m</sup> Glover	—	—	5.3
Cap <sup>t</sup> Higginson	16	2.02	24.12
St. Haskot	10	1.10	15.8
Jos Hardey S	8	1.01	12.6
Rob: Hodge	4	0.10	0.
Benj <sup>r</sup> Hooper	4	0.12	6.4
Pet Hinderson	4	0.10	6.3
James Hardey	4	0.10	6.3

May 23}  
& 24)

			s	d	s	h	d
Sel. mens	Exp: at M.G.		8.	8}			
			4.10}		13.6		
May 27	ditto	Exp		5.4			
June 19	—	—		7.4			

[300]

Jn° Ingersol		6.0.15	9.4.0
Sam Ingersol		5.0.15	9.4.6
Tho Iues		12.1.15	15.9.0
Jn° Johnson		4.0. 3	5.3
Geo. Keasor		10.1.10	12.6
Ele Keasor		4.12.	8.4.6
Jn° Landor		6.0.15	9.4.6
Tim° Laskin		5.0.12	7.6.4
Rich More S.	4	10	6.0
R More J	4	10	6.4
P Mansfield	4	12	6.3
Jn° Mansfield	4	10	6.3
Elias Manson	0	00	0.3
Tho Mould	5	15	8.4
Ja Maning	4	10	6.3
Tho Maning	4	10	0.0
Jos Mashry	4	10	6.3

Memorandum at a Meeting of all y° Select Menn 9<sup>m</sup>  
22<sup>th</sup> 1688

Agreed w<sup>th</sup> M<sup>r</sup> John Marston & M<sup>r</sup> Jeremiah Neele to build a Gallery the whole length of y° North Side of the meeting house w<sup>th</sup> fair Seats and a bench from y° Side of y° body of y° Meeteing house & s<sup>d</sup> Seats to be of a Convenient Length from y° East part of s<sup>d</sup> House to y° West & to make two payr of Convenient Stayrs to goe into s<sup>d</sup> Gallery and to make three large Pillers under the three pendants & to make two Seats before the east & west gallery & to frame in two girths through out y° Meeteing House from Side to Side before y° East & West gallery into the mayn p<sup>t</sup> and to finde all timber bords planck Iron worke & Workeman ship & what Ever Elce Either for Strength or ornament workman like (the words on the edge are almost worn away)

M.C.H.

And for and in Consideration of the prenisies & the Worke Soe done the Town is to pay unto the Said John Marston & Jere Neele the Sum of Sixty & five pounds & in Case Collonele Gedney Shall judge itt worth five pounds more

the s<sup>d</sup> Marston & Neele is to have itt all w<sup>ch</sup> is to be paid out of the To— in and as Mony as the Cuntry Rate is gathered

## [301]

[torn]	0.5	0.12	8.4
	0.5	0.15	7.6.4
	4	13	6.0
	8	1.0	12.5
———— Pickman	6	15	12.5
———— Phelps	4	12	7.6.4
———— Phepen Jun <sup>r</sup>	5	12	7.3.9
———— Phepen	5	13	7.6.4.6
Jos <sup>r</sup> Phepen Sh	4	10	5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Rogers	5	13	9.4.6
Sam Robinson	6		9.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Robinson	6		9.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Sanders & Sons	10	1.10	12.8.6
Rob. Stone S	18	—	27.10
Sam Stone	5	15	7.6.4
Rob Stone J	5	13	7.6.4
Benj Smal	5	13	7.6.4
Nat Silsby	6	15	9.4.6
Wat Skiner	4	10	6.3
Doct <sup>r</sup> Swinerton	00	18	0.0
Jn <sup>o</sup> Sanders Jun <sup>r</sup>	—		5.3

## [302]

Elecksan <sup>d</sup> Tesoa	4.0.10	0.0
Jn <sup>th</sup> Veary	4.0.10	0.0
Sam Veary	0.10	6.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Williams C	8.1.01	12.6
Sam Williams	8.1.01	15.6.6
Ad Westgate	6.0.12	6.4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Westgate	5.0.15	7.4
Tho. Westgate	5 12	7.4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Wilkeson	4. 10	5.3
Hugh Wilcot	4. 10	6.3
M <sup>r</sup> Willard	6. 12	9.4.6
Is Williams Jun <sup>r</sup>	4 10	5.3



Jn<sup>o</sup> Williams Jun<sup>r</sup> 5.3  
 Jn<sup>o</sup> Warin 6.4  
 To Const<sup>l</sup> Samuel Phepen

You are Required in his Majeties Name to Collect these  
 Several P<sup>ers</sup>ons their several Coms herein Specified in  
 Currant pay abateing one third part vnto those that pay  
 money & you are to pay in vnto the Select men or their  
 order for the defraying of the Townes Charge the Some of  
 40<sup>l</sup> 11<sup>s</sup> & if aney Refuse payment you are to distrein  
 according to law for which this shall be your warrant  
 Dated 13 November 1685 P<sup>er</sup> Samuel Gardner Jun<sup>r</sup> in the  
 name & by ord<sup>r</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> Select men

[303] Const<sup>bl</sup> James Powlen

[torn] Andrew Gl	4	10	6.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Androws	4	10	6.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Alford	4	8	6.3
Benj Ashby	4	10	6.3
Geo Adams			4.5
Hen Bartholmew	4	12	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Beans	4	10	6.3
Dan Bakon	6	14	9.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Blanco	4	10	8.4
Henry Bragg			5.3
Ph Cromwel	16.2	05	20.10
Tho Cromwel	4	10	5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Cook	4	12	6.4
Alexand <sup>r</sup> Cole	6	18	12.6
Rich Comer	4	10	5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Croad			5.4
Tho ———			
Tho Barbey	6	0.15	9.4.6
Geo Darlin & Son	6	16	9.5
James Dennes & }			
Jn <sup>o</sup> Peach }	3	06	4.6.0
fra: Eliot	4	10	5.3
Tho Eliot	4	10	5.4
Rog <sup>r</sup> Eliot	4	10	0.0

## [304]

Tho flint	10	1.15	15.8
Edw fenerary	10	1.15	15.7.6
Tho frey	0	0.0	0.0
Tho feild			3
Capt Gedney	1.0	2.12	30.16
E. Gardner	10	1.5	0
Ed Groves	8	0.0	0
Benj Ganson	4	10	6.3
Sam Gray	4	12	6.3
Jn° Hathorne	10	2.12	30.16
W <sup>m</sup> Hirst	1.0	2.12	30.16
Jn° Hoams	8	1.0	12.6.6
Jos Hoams	5	0.14	7.6.4
Jn° Horne	5	14	7.6.4
Lues Hunt	5	12	7.6.4
Pet Harney	4	7	6.3
Jn° Hill	4	10	5.3
M <sup>r</sup> Harres Butcher			5.0
Eph Kempton	4	10	6.3
Tim° Lindal	1.0	2.12	30.12
Jn° Lambert S	6	15	9.4.6
Dan Lambert	5	12	7.6.4
W <sup>m</sup> Lord Jun <sup>r</sup>	6	15	0.3
Jos Lord	4	10	0.2
Jn° Lapthorne	4	10	5.3
Ezekel Lambert	4	10	6.3
Sam Lambert			5.3

## [305]

———— oule	1.5	0.0	30.16
———— mould	0.00	16	0.0
———— Marston	10	1.5	15.8
Manas Marston	10	1.5	15.8
Benj Marston	12	1.6	20.9
Jn° Manson	4	0.10	6.3
———— Mecallom	4	0.10	5.3
Tho Mitchel			
Rob. Nowel	4	0.12	6.3.6
Jn° Norman	10	1.5	15.8

Jn <sup>th</sup> Neale	5	13	7.6.4.6
E <sup>d</sup> Nickols	6	14	9.4.6
Rich Prithirth	6	16	10.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Pickering S	14	1.13	21.11
Jn <sup>o</sup> Jickering J	4	12	6.3.6
Jn <sup>th</sup> Pickering	4	12	6.4.6
Daud Phepen	8	1.0	12.4.6
Rich Palmer	4	0.12	6.3
Doct <sup>r</sup> Packer	0	0.10	0.0
Sam Pickman			5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Ruck	14	2.5	21.11
W <sup>m</sup> Reues	4	10	6.3
Jer Rogers	6	16	10.5
Jn <sup>o</sup> Richard			3

## [306]

Tho Stacey	6	0.15	9.4.6
W <sup>m</sup> Stacey	4	0.12	6.3.6
S Shattock S	15	—	20.10.0
Jn <sup>o</sup> Southerick	4	0.8	5.3
Isaac Stearns	5	0.12	7.6.4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Tawley	10	1.5	16.8
Israel Thorner	4	0.10	5.0
Tho Vealy	5	0.15	8.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Vowden	4	0.12	6.3.0
Neh Willowby	6	0.15	10.5
Math Woodwel	5	14	8.4
Josi White	4	10	6.3.6
Isaac Whittaker	4	8	5.2
Jn <sup>o</sup> Ward	4	12	6.3.6
Ed Winter	4	9	0
Benj. Woodrow			5.3

## [307]

[307] To Const <sup>b1</sup> Daniel King	1685		
Jn <sup>o</sup> Attwater	5	0.15	10.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Allen	4	14	7.3
			s s
W <sup>m</sup> Browne S	6.12	15.0	198.100
Ed Batter	12	2.5	12.6

## SALEM TOWN RECORDS

195

Sam Beadles	5	15	9.0
Josh Buffom	10	—	15.6
Caleb Buffom	10	—	15.6
Edw Bishope	4	10	6.3
Doct <sup>r</sup> Barton	0	12	0.0
Symon at M <sup>r</sup> Browns	3	06	5.3
Capt. Corwins Est.	3.0	6.0	0
Rich Croad S	6	15	9.4.6
Abr Cole	4	10	7.4
Jn <sup>th</sup> Corwin	12	1.15	28.16
Jn <sup>o</sup> Chaplin	4	10	6.3
Dan Caton	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Can	4	10	6.3
Madam Corwin			18.9
Geo Dean	6	14	9.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Dale	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Dounton	4	6	6.3
Rog <sup>r</sup> Darby	1.0	0	25.12
Jn <sup>o</sup> Doteredge	4	0.10	5.3
Edm: Dolebear	0.4	0.10	6.4
Anth. Dike	0.3	0.6	5.3

[308]

Edw flint	12	1.15	18.9
Jn <sup>o</sup> flint	0.4	0.10	5.3
Benj <sup>i</sup> fuller	6	11	6.4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Gedney S	16	2.8	20.0
Jn <sup>o</sup> Glover S	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Gill	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Godfree	4	10	5.3
Jos Glover	5	12	7.6.4
Sy Horne	6	0.14	9.4.6
Jos <sup>r</sup> Horne	6	15	10.5.6
Benj <sup>i</sup> Horne	5	14	8.4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Hinderson	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Hobbs	4	10	5.3
Geo Hacker	4	10	6.3.6
Pet Joy	4	10	5.2
St. Ingols	4	10	5.2
Dan: King	10	1.00	15.6.6

Rob Kitchin	8.	1—	12 6.0
d King Jun <sup>r</sup>	—	—	5.3
Tho: Lewes	3	0.06	0.0
W <sup>m</sup> Longstaf	6	—	9.4
Jn <sup>o</sup> Mecarter	6	12	9.4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Mascol J	4	10	6.3.6
Jer Meachaw S	4	12	6.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Mackmallen	4	10	6.3
Tho Manson	4	10	6.3
James Mountford	4	10	—

## [309]

Edw: Norice	8	6	
Rope maker	5	3	
Capt Price	16	2.12	24.16
del Parkman	10	1.10	16.9
Jn <sup>o</sup> Pumrey	4	0.12	8.4.6
Sam Payne	4	0.10	0.0
Enos Pope	4	10	6.3
Sam Pope	4	10	6.3
W <sup>m</sup> Pinson	8	18	12.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Parker	4	08	5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Preist	4	10	6.3
Nick <sup>o</sup> Perley			
Ch— Phillips	4	10	5.3
James Rex	4	10	6.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Ropes	5	12	7.6.4
W <sup>m</sup> Ropes	5	12	7.6.4
W <sup>m</sup> Roads	4	10	0.0
Jehosaphat Rogers	—	—	5.3
Jos Swasey J	6.	15.	10.4.6
W <sup>m</sup> Stephens	6.	15	9 4.6
Jn <sup>o</sup> Simson	4.	10	6.3
Nat Sharp	4.	10	6.3
St. Sewal	8	1.01	15.8
W <sup>m</sup> Swetland	7.	0.18	11.6
Sam Shattock J	6.	16	9.0
Geo Smith	—	—	5.3
W <sup>m</sup> Tilley	0.4	0.10	0
W <sup>m</sup> Thrasher	0.4	0.10	6.3



## SALEM TOWN RECORDS

197

Rob Wilson	0.4	0.10	5.3
Isaac Williams S	0.4	0.10	8.5
Hen West	0.6	0.12	9.4.6
Doct <sup>r</sup> Weld	00	0.18	0.0
Sam Woodwel	5	0.12	7.6.4.6
Josi: Woolcot	—	—	15.8

[311] To Const<sup>bl</sup> Jn<sup>o</sup> Trask 1685

Jos Boyce J	4	0.10	6.3.6
Tho Bufinton	4	10	6.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Burton	5	12	7.6.4
Ja. Barney	6	18	15.6
Tho Bel	4	10	5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> Bleuen	6	—	9.4.6
Cor. Baker	6	05	9.4.6
Nat. Carrel	—	4	5.3
——— Cresey	5	02	7.6.3.6
Is Cook	6	16	12 5.6
Rich Condineck	4	10	5.3
Sam <sup>l</sup> Carrel	—	—	5.3
Rob: Colburne	—	—	10.3
Nick <sup>o</sup> dural	4	10	5.3
Jn <sup>o</sup> dodges mil	4	05	6.3
Mical derich	4	10	5.3
old deland	—	—	5.3
Ph			
Sam Ebron S	6	16	9.5
Sam Ebron J	4	10	6.4
Sam Endicut	8	1.0	18.8
& farne }			
Jn <sup>o</sup> forster J	5	0.14	7.6.4
Sam forster	4	10	6.3
L <sup>t</sup> felton	8	1.01	12.5
Rob fuller	5	12	8.4
Jos forster	3	10	5.3
Christ <sup>o</sup> forster	6	00	8.4.6

## [312]

Ele Geoyls	6	0 18	12.5
Sam Gaskin	10	—	12.5

Sam Golethite	4	10	6.4
Jn° Green	12	08	15.9
Rob. Greene	9	1.4	16.8
Sam Gaskin Jun <sup>r</sup>	—	—	5.3
W <sup>m</sup> Gooding	—	—	5.3
Nat Howard	12	0.6	15.9
Geo Harney	6	0.4	6.4.6
James Holton	4	8	6.4
Geo Jacobs S	5	14	7.6.5
Jn° King	6	16	12.5
Geo Lockyar	5	12	7.6.4
Jn° Loomes	5	15	0.0
Jn° Leach	10	1.8	15.9
Capt Leach	10	1.0	12.8
Ph Losiar	5	12	7.6.4
Sam Marsh	4	10	6.3
Callom Mecallom	4	10	5.3
W <sup>m</sup> osburne	0	0	5.3
Is Porter	1.0	2.5	30.16
Benj <sup>r</sup> Porter	6	15	9.4.6
Hugh Pasko	4	10	6.3
Rob Pease	0	4	5.0
Jn° Pudney J	—	—	5.3
Wat Phillips	—	—	6.4
Wat Phillips Son	—	—	5.3

Rec<sup>d</sup> of W<sup>m</sup> Gedney Sherriff of Essex four pounds four Shillings money In full of an Execution on Constable John Trask Jun<sup>r</sup> of Salem Itt being in full of all Dues Debts and Demands whatsoever that did any ways belong or appertaine to y<sup>e</sup> Towne Salem from y<sup>e</sup> aboves<sup>d</sup> John Trask as Constable or any other ways or Means Whatsoever Rec<sup>d</sup> by me Salem this 25<sup>th</sup> day of Sep<sup>t</sup> 1697

Benj<sup>a</sup> Gerrish Towne Treasur<sup>r</sup>

Copia Vera Attest John Higginson Town Cler.

[313]

[N]ick Rich	6	0.5	0
W <sup>m</sup> Russel	0	0.0	
Is Read & farm	5	0.10	7.6.4

(To be continued.)





THE  
ESSEX INSTITUTE  
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

VOL. LXXXVI—JULY 1950

ISSUED QUARTERLY



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SALEM, MASS.

PRINTED FOR THE ESSEX INSTITUTE



# Essex Institute Historical Collections

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STEPHEN AYNSWORTH, WITH HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER OF GOVERNOR HIGGINSON  
From a recent accession in the Essex Institute Historical Portrait Gallery

# ESSEX INSTITUTE

## HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

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### FAMOUS HIGGINSON PORTRAITS

(now at the Essex Institute)

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BY RUSSELL LEIGH JACKSON

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In March, 1950, Dr. James Dellinger Barney, son-in-law of the late Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Attorney Joseph F. Henry, trustee under the will of Mary Thacher Higginson, released to the Essex Institute on long term loan, two portraits which had been at the Fogg Museum of Art in Cambridge, representing the Honorable Nathaniel Higginson, Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, India, his wife and future son-in-law, Stephen Aynsworth in one, and Aynsworth, his wife and probably her sister, Deborah, in the other. The one represents a scene in Madras with a view of the river or an arm of the sea with Fort St. George on the opposite side, indicated by the English flag flying above. The other is an English scene with country house, deer park, and woods.

In a letter from the late Waldo Higginson, older brother of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, to the late Dr. Henry Wheatland, dated April 30, 1889, Waldo Higginson says that it was thought that the two pictures were not painted by the same hand and that the Indian scene is much the finer of the two. Colonel Higginson thought that one of the artists might have been Sir James Thornhill. Following the death of Mrs. Nathaniel Higginson in England, presumably, they were sent out to the older branch of the family, then represented by descendants of Colonel John Higginson in Salem. John, the father



of the late Miss Hitty Higginson, well remembered for her school probably received them, and about 1820 or 1830 they were sent from Salem to Stephen Higginson father of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Cambridge.

In view of the importance of these portraits now entrusted to the Institute, it seems worthwhile to give a brief sketch of this branch of the Higginson family.

Sometime late in the summer of 1630, following the death of the Reverend Francis Higginson,<sup>1</sup> Salem's first teacher and second pastor, his widow, Anne, removed with her large family of seven sons and one daughter to Charlestown. We do not know definitely what prompted this move but she seems to have sought the comfort and protection of the family of Mr. Theophilus Eaton, who was at the time living in Charlestown, but who would, within a few years, become one of the leaders of the exodus of Massachusetts Bay Colony men and women into what is now Connecticut.

It has been suggested that Anne Higginson was a sister of Theophilus Eaton, which is quite possible, although doubt has been cast upon it because of the fact that Eaton had a sister Hannah, who married one Joseph Denman of St. Mary's, Woolwich, London. It was not unusual, however, to have both an Anne and a Hannah in the same family. In any event, the two families were without doubt related, as appears from correspondence, and it is interesting to note that Francis and Anne Higginson named a son Theophilus.

In 1638, Theophilus Eaton and his family, along with a score of others, including the Reverend Thomas Hooker, left the Bay Colony for Connecticut and settled in a place which the Indians called Quinnipiack and which later became New Haven. With them went the Higginsons. The mother, however, lived only about a year, and so left her large family pretty much to the tender mercies of the Eatons and other friends.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Francis Higginson died March 15, 1630. Salem Vit. Rec., vol. V, p. 327.



The oldest son, John,<sup>2</sup> who had once been a pupil in the Grammar school at Leicester, England, was at that time about twenty-two years of age and had been under the instruction of the Reverend Mr. Hooker for several years. He had decided upon the ministry for his life work and now was about to become chaplain at the Fort at Saybrook, another Connecticut outpost.

John Higginson was beginning to demonstrate unusual literary talents and abilities as a scholar and writer and to cause men like Griswold<sup>3</sup> to pronounce his literary style "incomparably superior to that of any other American writer of that early day." Sewall more than once referred to him as "ye learned Rev. . . . Mr. Higginson."

After four years as chaplain at the Saybrook Fort, Mr. Higginson was chosen to teach the school at Hartford. He apparently was the first schoolmaster in that community, and while he was teaching school he was studying divinity under Hooker, in whose home Higginson may have taught his pupils. His stay in Hartford was important because Hartford was a growing community and well on its way to becoming the most important town in Connecticut. He might have stayed there much longer had he not come under the influence of the Reverend Henry Whitefield, one of the foremost settlers of New Haven, and later one of the first settlers of Menuncatuck which became Guilford.

The Reverend Mr. Whitefield was a man of great prominence, lived in a stone house which has become an historic site and had among several children a daughter, Sarah. This particular daughter attracted the attention of Mr. Higginson and about 1644 they were married. Mr. Whitefield found his son-in-law extremely valuable because he could speak the Indian language and several times he was "made use of by the government and by divers particular plantations as an interpreter in treating with the Indians about their lands." He made himself familiar with the Indian language "not only for intercourse but for Chris-

2. Descendants of Francis Higginson, also *The Colonial Hist. of Hartford* (Love), p. 251.

3 Probably refers to Bishop Alexander Viets Griswold. See *Hist. of Guilford and Madison* (Conn.) (Steiner), p. 77.

tian instruction of these savage tribes.”<sup>4</sup> He was frequently “employed by the Winthrops in their negotiations with the Pequots and Narragansets and led a mission to the Indians on the shore of Long Island Sound west of New Haven for the purchase of their lands in anticipation of the Dutch.”<sup>5</sup>

When Whitefield with some twenty-three others, set out to colonize Guilford, Higginson naturally followed along and it was in Guilford that he spent the next sixteen years. In 1650, Mr. Whitefield resigned his charge and within two months the town fathers chose his son-in-law to succeed him as the second pastor. He was unusually successful in his relations with his fellow townsmen and in 1653, he wrote to the Reverend Thomas Thacher that he “considered himself finally fixed in Guilford.”<sup>6</sup> He was not, however, for his greatest years were to be spent in the town where his father, the saintly Reverend Francis Higginson, first set foot on New England soil—Salem.

He apparently had no idea of making Salem his final abode; in fact, he was headed for England, but the vessel in which he had taken passage put into Salem harbor because of a storm and while it was riding out the gale, the Salem town fathers, being without a minister at the moment, made serious overtures to Mr. Higginson to fill the vacancy. It would make an interesting story to tell how he refused their entreaties and kept on to his original destination, but he did not—he accepted the Salem proposal and stayed there until his death in 1708, at the great age of ninety-two years.

He engaged with considerable zeal in the controversies with the Quakers and “regarded their religious opinions and practices as dangerous to both church and state”<sup>7</sup> and hence did not hesitate to recommend their excommunication from the church. During the witchcraft delusion he took a “suspiciously moderate”<sup>8</sup> part and he endured the humiliation and exasperation of witnessing the accusation

4 Hist. of Guilford and Madison, p. 27.

5 Hist. of Guilford and Madison, p. 27.

6 Hist. of Guilford and Madison, p. 74.

7 Hist. of Guilford and Madison, p. 75.

8 Hist. of Guilford and Madison, p. 75.

of his daughter, the wife of Captain William Dolliber of Marblehead.

"No character in our annals shines with a purer lustre"<sup>9</sup> than this "Nestor of the New England clergy" says Upham. "His very presence puts vice out of countenance; his conversation is a glimpse of heaven."

The Reverend John Higginson and his wife Sarah Whitefield kept to the usual New England pattern and had a fairly large family of five sons and two daughters. Thomas, the third son, had a rather spectacular career, was supposed to have gone to London to study the goldsmith's trade, but finally managed to get involved with a privateer en route to Arabia and was never heard of afterwards. In despair his aged father provides for him in his will "if still alive" and his brother in 1700 writes "I have heard nothing of . . . Thomas since he went out of this country; don't doubt he is come to some untimely end."<sup>10</sup>

Colonel John, the eldest son, became a great Salem merchant and Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He is the ancestor of the present day Higginsons and their ramifications into the Cabot, Lowell, Jackson, Perkins, Putnam and other great New England families.

The fourth son, Francis, went to England and was educated by his uncle Francis, the vicar of Kirkby Stephen, Westmoreland. He was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge and whatever became of him, we do not know. The youngest son, Henry, began a promising career as a merchant in Barbadoes, but died of smallpox.

It is with the second son, Nathaniel, evidently named for his uncle, Nathaniel Whitefield, that we are chiefly concerned in this narrative, for he is the subject of one of the paintings.

Nathaniel Higginson was born in Guilford in 1652, and was about eight years of age when his father moved to Salem. Here in the bustling waterside community which was to make a great name for itself in the coming years,

<sup>9</sup> Hist. of Guilford and Madison, p. 76.

<sup>10</sup> Colls. of Mass. Hist. Soc. 3rd Series, vol. VII, pp. 217-221.

Nathaniel grew up. He entered Harvard in 1667 and finally graduated with an M.A. degree in the class of 1670. As his family's resources were limited he was given the advantage of Webb's gift<sup>11</sup> to the extent of three pounds yearly, which, according to the records, continued until 1672, in his case. He apparently found no settled employment upon leaving college and in 1674 went to England, where, of course, he had relatives not only among the Higginsons, but among the Whitefields, Sheafes and others of his mother's family.

His father said "he thought to hide himself from the evils of the times for the space of seven years and then return."<sup>12</sup> He never did return, however, but devoted himself assiduously to mercantile affairs after about seven years, as steward in the house-hold of Lord Wharton and tutor to his children. Then Wharton gave him an advancement and he found employment in the mint of the Tower of London. Here he remained until 1683, when he departed for India, establishing himself as a merchant at Fort St. George, now Madras, and of course, became a member of the East India company, under whose aegis Fort St. George was founded in 1639.<sup>13</sup> It was a happy move for Higginson, but scarcely a consoling one for his family in Salem for it meant that their contact would be all but broken, as indeed it was, for according to Colonel John Higginson, writing to Sir Josiah Child, Governor of the East India Company in London, "we have had but one letter from him, which was on his first arrival there (Madras)."<sup>14</sup> John is anxious but supposes that "his letters have, some way or other, miscarried." "I pray . . . that if any letters come from him directed either to my honoured Father or myself, you would be pleased to send them to us; or if no letters come to hand, that you would be pleased to inform me, by a line, how it is with him. . . ."<sup>14</sup>

11 Henry Webb, prominent Boston merchant and great benefactor of Harvard; see *N. E. Hist. & Gen. Reg.*, vol. X, p. 177.

12 *Colls. of Mass. Hist. Soc. 3rd Series*, vol. VII, p. 212.

13 Fort St. George, Madras (Penny).

14 *Colls. of Mass. Hist. Soc. 3rd Series*, vol. VII, p. 197.



Not even the intercession of the Reverend Nicholas Noyes of Salem, brought word from the lost son. "When I first heard of your going to the East Indies, I was smitten with sorrow something like that when our friends depart out of this world" says Mr. Noyes; "and I am convinced it was not without cause—for you are nearly under the earth and for a long time I have comforted myself in vain with respect to your resurrection. I pray to heaven to incline your heart to meditate a return . . . You know how the lord of Egypt expressed his affection to his father on every occasion, when he knew the good old man was yet alive, and how his father must needs see him before he died. I know the same fatherly affection works strongly upon your aged and honoured father, and I do not think but that the same filial affection works in one of your grace and good nature."<sup>15</sup>

It does seem as though he might have paid more attention to his family, but Madras was thousands of miles away and he was extremely occupied. He had been out there but a short time when he was made the first mayor of the Madras corporation. He stood high in the Company's service and in 1692, succeeded Elihu Yale as governor.<sup>16</sup> This was the same Yale who some years later provided funds which caused the name of Connecticut College to be changed to Yale College.

Yale was a friend of Higginson's and on one or two occasions had used him on diplomatic missions, particularly following the proclamation of King William III and the alliance with the Dutch. The English and Dutch merchants had been bitter rivals and were often at open hostility with each other.

The old story of private trade, jealousy on the part of his fellow merchants and suspicion and distrust caused a falling out between Governor Yale and his Council and the appointment of Nathaniel Higginson in his place. Yale, however, remained on at the Fort for several years after his supersession but returned to England in 1699.

"Higginson became Governor in 1692 and from this

15 Colls. of Mass. Hist. Soc. 3rd Series, vol. VII, pp. 212-3.

16 Fort St. George, Madras (Penny), p. 132.



time until . . . 1746 (when the Fort was rendered up to the French) the records are full of the details of native intrigue within and without the walls; of industrious and ever-increasing trade; and of the gradual and almost unconscious growth of the political power of the Company in the presidency."<sup>17</sup> Yet, in spite of all this, Higginson kept his head, conducted his business, administered the affairs of the East India Company at Fort St. George and seems to have been the first Governor of Madras to retire . . . "without a stain upon his name."<sup>18</sup>

In the same year that he became governor of Madras, he married one Elizabeth Richardson. In a letter from Fort St. George dated October 6, 1699 (he apparently finally did write to his brother John) he gives the name as "Richards," "daughter of one Mr. John Richards, who came out to India eighteen years ago to be chief of Ballasow factory in Bengal."

In the records of marriages at Fort St. George under date of May 31, 1692, given in the *Genealogist*, N. S. vol. XIX, p. 188, the name is clearly Richardson.

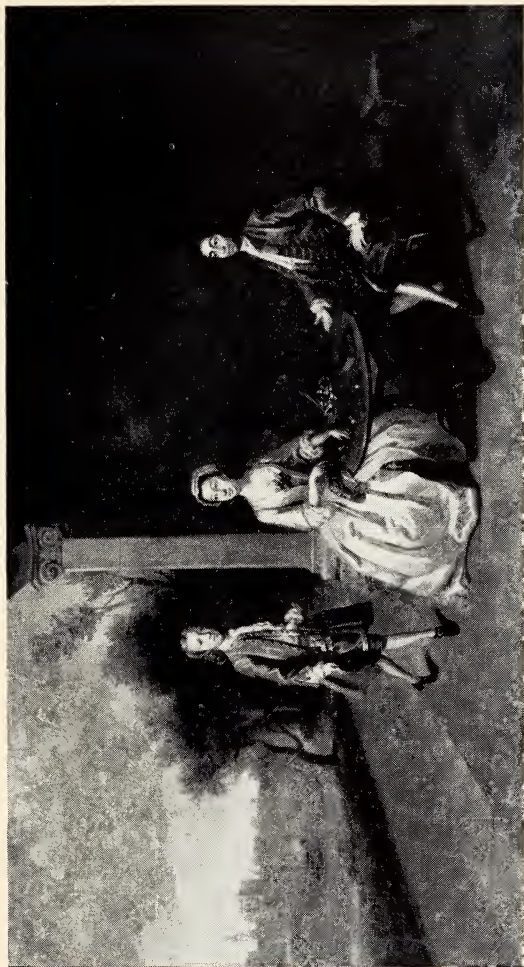
He goes on in the letter to say that they "have five children" and gives the dates of their birth. "My wife was" he continues, "when a very young orphan placed under the care of Mrs. Mary Large who initiated into her the principles of piety and caused her to learn the Malabar, Genhow and Portuguese languages very perfectly. Mrs. Large took my eldest daughter from me when very young, and hath taken such care and pains in her instruction that before five years old she could read well in the Bible which she hath read over the greatest part, and upon reading an historical chapter in English can give a very good account of the contents in the Portuguese language. My wife has an inclination to go to New England and my own longing desire to see my friends makes me think of it often."<sup>19</sup>

He says that he is not rich although admits to a good estate, "enough" he emphasizes, and asks his brother, the

17 Fort St. George, Madras (Penny), p. 132.

18 Harvard Graduates (Sibley), p. 316.

19 Colls. of Mass. Hist. Soc. 3rd Series, vol. VII, p. 214.



NATHANIEL HIGGINSON, GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, WITH HIS WIFE AND FUTURE SON-IN-LAW STEPHEN AYNSWORTH

From a recent accession in the Essex Institute Historical Portrait Gallery



Salem merchant "how a stock of five or ten thousand pounds may be employed; (2) Whether two ships can be employed constantly between England and New England with that stock and what burthen; (3) How many trips can one ship make between England and New England, and what are the proper seasons for voyaging; (4) How may Barbadoes, Jamaica, Virginia or other places in the West Indies or in Europe be made use of in carrying on trade between England and New England and to please name the correspondents whom you have employed or known in any such places; (5) Whether Salem or Boston be the best port for trade and (6)<sup>1</sup> if Boston, whether you can manage business there while your residence is in Salem and (7) list of goods usually imported and exported to and from New England with their prices and quantity vendible or procurable."

He says that he will be in England in July or August, of the following year (1700) and wants Colonel John to send the answer there. And Colonel John did answer in detail every question and mentions his son, Nathaniel, the governor's namesake, who is at the time apprenticed to Mr. Benjamin Browne in Boston, but whose time will be up within a few months and who will then start out as a merchant "on his own."

Apparently the governor was thinking seriously of returning to England and it probably was a good thing for he was beginning to have trouble with one of his councillors, one William Fraser.

It was an irksome job and we may well imagine that Higginson would be looking about for an opportunity to return either to England or America. He stood it until 1698, when he handed over the keys to Thomas Pitt, sometimes known as "Pirate Pitt." He was the father of Robert Pitt and so the grandfather of William Pitt, erstwhile Earl of Chatham and Prime Minister.

Two years later, Nathaniel Higginson and his wife were in London with their family. There were five who left Madras but John, the youngest son, died on the passage; the eldest Elizabeth, barely reached London and Nathaniel, the second son, lived a year thereafter.

Richard, the eldest son, who was five at the time (1700) was educated in Holland and returned to London in 1711, later going to Madras where he became a member of the Council and died in his thirty-second year, June 7, 1726.<sup>20</sup> There would be four other children born into the family within the next six years, Deborah, who would become the wife of William Jennings at Madras twenty-four years later; another Nathaniel, a second Elizabeth and Francis, who would die young. We are interested in Deborah because she is shown in one of the pictures and also in Sarah, inasmuch as she became the wife of Stephen Aynsworth, the youth, who is flitting into the portrait in which appear the governor and Mrs. Higginson.

We do not know much about Higginson after his arrival in London insofar as his business affairs are concerned. He thrust himself into the public notice by heading a petition presented to Queen Anne in 1706, asking the removal of Joseph Dudley from the office of governor of Massachusetts. . . . "whose arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings had exposed him to the just resentments of his countrymen . . . hath countenanced a private trade and correspondence with your majesty's enemies, the French of Canada and the Indians which are in their interest . . . furnishing them with ammunition and provisions . . ."<sup>21</sup>

This petition was also signed by William Partridge, former lieutenant governor of New Hampshire, Richard Partridge, his son; Thomas Allen, son of Governor Allen of New Hampshire; Jonathan Bulfinch; John Hinks, one time New Hampshire Councillor and others.

It created quite a furore among the Massachusetts councillors and, say the records, the house of representatives upon reading the address voted that "we firmly believe and are of the opinion that the allegations therein of the governor's trading or allowing . . . to trade with her majesty's enemies, the French and Indians, in their interest, is a scandalous and wicked accusation." The vote of the Council, when it came before the body, was unanimous,

<sup>20</sup> Fort St. George, Madras (Penny), p. 195.

<sup>21</sup> Hist. of Massachusetts (Hutchinson) 3rd Ed. v. II, p. 146.



but Judge Samuel Sewall, who had a very bad opinion of the governor and most of the Dudleys, withdrew his vote.

"I have been acquainted with Mr. Nath Higginson these forty years and I cannot judge the offering this address to Her Majesty to be in him a scandalous and wicked accusation until I know his inducements and I fear this censure may be of ill consequence to the province in time to come by discouraging persons of worth and probity to venture in appearing for them, though the necessity should be never so great," said Sewall in explanation.

In answering the charges, Dudley said, "Mr. Higginson is a gentleman of good value, born in New England, but has been absent in the East Indies six and twenty years, and so may be presumed to know nothing of the country."

Higginson lived only two years after that. In 1708 a smallpox scourge swept over London and he contracted the disease, dying on October 31, 1708 after an illness of seven days at his home in St. Pancras parish, Soper Lane, London. He was buried in the night in Bow church, Cheapside.

His will<sup>22</sup> was made while he was living in Charterhouse Yard, London five years before and provides legacies for his cousin Elizabeth Higginson of books, twenty pounds to his aunt Mary Whitefield and ten pounds apiece to the daughters of his uncle Daniel Whitefield. He names his friend Lawrence Hatsell a scrivener of Lombard street, overseer, and instructs that if his wife sees fit to marry again she is to place the children's estates in the hands of two trustees before so doing.

Some months later she wrote to Colonel John Higginson and his son in Salem informing them of the death of her husband.

"We have not yet been able to balance my husband's books to know exactly what he died worth but I am made sensible that my husband has had very great losses and has made abundance of bad debts and his estate is not one quarter part of what the world thought him to be

<sup>22</sup> Essex Inst. Hist. Colls. v. VII, p. 194.

worth neither indeed will it be near so much as I myself once thought he might be worth." She therefore squelched any idea that the New England members of the family might have had of getting anything from their rich relative in England.

"I am glad to hear yt my father Higginson is still in ye land of ye Living, tho'h sorry yt he is so very weak" she continues.<sup>22</sup>

Three years later (1711) she writes "My eldest child being my only son now living and about seventeen years of age is Just come from Holland, where he has been some time for his Education who I design to put to a Merch't that Trades to your parts, so when occasion offers I hope you will be assisting to him."<sup>23</sup>

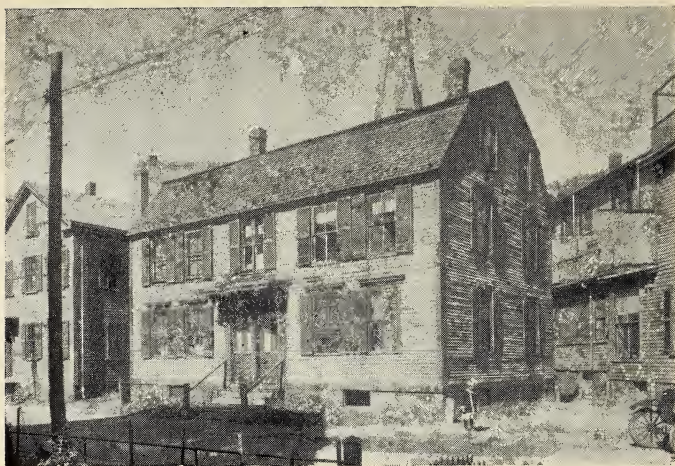
Whether the occasion ever came about we know not.

We know very little about Stephen Aynsworth, who married Sarah Higginson, and who is shown in one of the portraits with his wife and her sister probably Deborah, later Mrs. Jennings.

He is believed to have been a son of George Aynsworth whose marriage to Ann Shearwood is recorded at Madras in 1692/3 and probably lived in England inasmuch as the painting shows an English scene. We have no record of any children.

<sup>23</sup> Essex Inst. Hist. Colls. v. VII, p. 194.





FIRST RESIDENCE OF JUDGE SARGEANT

on Pecker Street, Haverhill, the site later occupied by the Academy of Music

Haverhill April 20<sup>th</sup> 1775

S<sup>r</sup>

The late dreadful Fire in this town. The  
 great Number of our People gone to the Army - The  
 great Number from the other Government that pass & repass  
 through this town, renders it absolutely necessary, as we apprehend,  
 that we attend at home to preserve the Order & quiet.  
 Therefore S<sup>r</sup> we hope you will excuse our non attendance  
 upon this Session - wishing that he that giveth wisdom  
 liberally would enlighten your Paths. we subscribe,  
 your Humble Serv<sup>t</sup> Nath<sup>l</sup> Pease Sargeant  
 Donat Webster

LETTER WRITTEN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS  
 April 20, 1775

From Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 193, p. 51

# LIFE AND TIMES OF THE HON. NATHANIEL PEASLEE SARGEANT

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Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court  
of Massachusetts

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By HON. IRA A. ABBOTT OF HAVERHILL

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The late Judge Ira A. Abbott's account of the life of Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant was published serially in an abridged form in the *Haverhill Sunday Record* of April 23, 30, May 7, 14, 21, 28, June 4, 11, 18, 25, July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, August 6, 13, 1933, while his complete manuscript, with supporting documents and illustrations not used in the newspaper publication, was given to the American Antiquarian Society. The copyright of the *Haverhill Sunday Record* version was subsequently assigned to the Haverhill Historical Society, and it is through the kindness of that Society, and of Dr. Clifford K. Shipton, Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, who generously made available the complete manuscript, that Judge Abbott's account of the life of Judge Sargeant is now printed in permanent form where it will be readily available to those who may wish to consult it.

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## INTRODUCTION

This sketch had its origin in a letter from the present Chief Justice of our highest court, the Honorable Arthur P. Rugg to Honorable Boyd B. Jones of Haverhill, dated May 15, 1918. In it he made inquiries about his earliest but one predecessor, asking, especially, if any portrait of him was in existence. Mr. Jones, knowing of my connection with the Haverhill Historical Society, turned the request over to me. I became interested in the subject and have done considerable work in finding and bringing together the scattered material for this sketch. Although I may overestimate its value, as one is likely to do when such a collection is the result of his own research, it seems



to me there is enough of value in what I have gathered to impose on me the further duty of taking measures to prevent its being scattered, probably never again to be collected.

A famous author of the last century said he did not write to satisfy curiosity but to arouse it. What I report on the life and times of Judge Sargeant may incite others to discover more, as my search may not be exhaustive.

Doubtless, I have made mistakes, and why not? In every authority I have consulted I have noticed errors and, such is human nature, have had a degree of satisfaction in these discoveries, getting from them the solace which good company affords, even to one who is on the wrong road. Why then should I be unwilling to afford others who may read my sketch, the like comfort?

---

In the old Pentucket Cemetery, near the spot where stood the first meeting house of the settlement of A. D. 1640 which grew into what is now Haverhill, is the grave wherein was laid, more than a century and a quarter ago, the body of Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, the second Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, *eo nomine*. From his official position, his learning and his character, he was, at the time of his death in October 1791, the most eminent citizen of the town, and one of the most distinguished men of the state. He was a graduate of Harvard College and the son of a graduate; was connected by blood and marriage, and by social, business and professional ties, with leading men and families of his time; was a prominent, if not one of the foremost of the actors in the drama of the Revolution, winning the esteem and confidence of such men as John Adams, John Hancock and Timothy Pickering. His work survives in the very foundations of our state government as he was one of the framers of the Constitution of A. D. 1780, which our Supreme Court has recently declared still remains the basis of our entire fabric of laws. He was an earnest advocate of the adoption of our Federal Constitution at a time when its fate was doubtful. He was a justice of the highest court of the state for the last fifteen

years of his life and its chief justice for nearly two years ending that period. As a member of that court he bore a creditable part in events and decisions of much more than local and temporary importance.

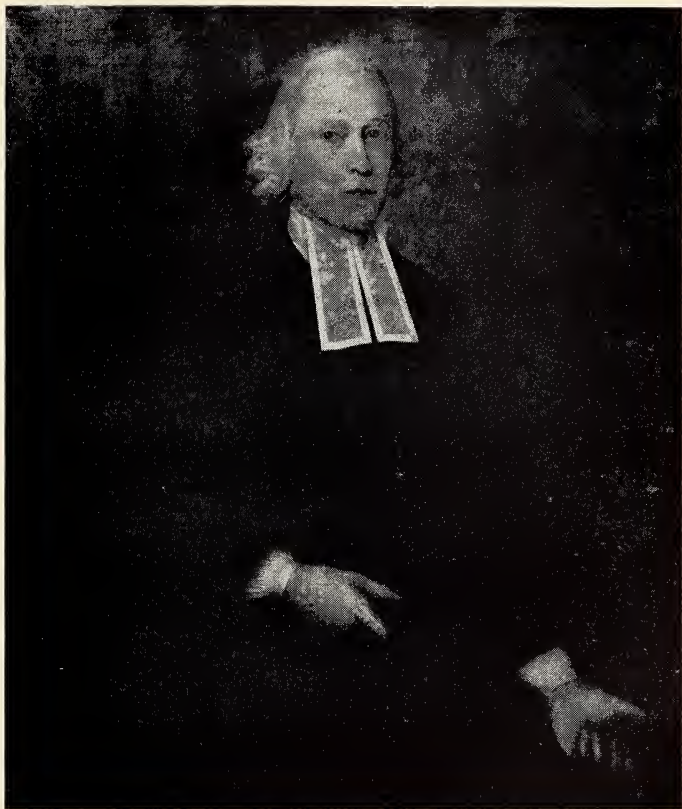
His widow and seven children survived him, some of them for many years, and at his death he had grandchildren old enough to have remembered him throughout their lives, and from some of them, their grandchildren might have heard his story and still be living to repeat it to us. He left an estate which, though not great, was considerable for the time and included, besides houses and lands advantageously situated for his children's use; books and other articles which should have descended as valued heirlooms and helped to keep his memory green. But he was a man of substantial and useful rather than showy or brilliant qualities, unassuming, "bashful" even, as he said, not an orator or otherwise constructed to impress the unthinking, or to make himself the theme of the chroniclers of the times. The surviving members of his family, on whom it devolved in the course of nature to keep him in remembrance, seem to have been pursued by misfortune, many of them were victims of consumption, his oldest daughter alone of the seven children he left being, so far as I can learn, now represented by descendants. From these and perhaps other causes, singularly little relating to Judge Sargeant and his work, has come down to us considering the high place he held, and most of this little as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a hay mow. It is reasonably certain that no portrait of him exists, not even a silhouette; and there is no monument, nor even a tablet at his grave to tell the passerby his name and station.

In those days all they had for Court Records were the mere Decisions without comment, written in by the Clerk, when so instructed by the Court. It was not until some years after Judge Sargeant's death that the practice of printing reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court began, and a reply to two questions of the Senate, "humbly submitted" in obedience to its "order," probably Judge Sargeant's work and in his handwriting, signed by him-

self and his four associates, is all I have been able to find in the way of an opinion by him. The original, in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court at Boston, is a relic so valuable that the Massachusetts Historical Society has had made a photographic copy for their collection. To that small compass has shrunk the tangible evidence of Judge Sargeant's fifteen years of judicial decisions. Few, even of his own profession, can recall on mention of his name that they ever heard it. "Every one of those who remember any one (deceased) will, himself, very soon pass away, then also those who have succeeded them, until the whole remembrance shall have been extinguished, even of those who have shone in a wondrous way" said Marcus Aurelius, the emperor philosopher, declaring in impressive phrases what is only a truism. But though the extinction of remembrance is inevitable, we make common cause to retard it and preserve as long and as vividly as possible the words, deeds and appearance of those deemed worthy who have passed through life before us. In this case, we can only wonder and regret, almost resent, the fact that so soon, while perishable wooden houses in which he lived are still in fair condition and cheery with human life, the subject of this sketch has "become almost as if he had never been."

Detached from the remarkable epoch in which he lived and from the notable men of that period with whom he worked, he would not be so interesting. But with his figure, though faded and dim, I shall attempt to restore some of the principal events and people with whom he was associated, depicted in harmony with the time to which they belonged. And to achieve life-likeness, I shall not hesitate to resort to trivial details and to leave the traveled route of history at times for an excursion into any byway which promises material for my purpose.

I will first introduce his parents, those presumably most interested in his advent into this "breathing world," which occurred November 2, 1731, in what had recently been set off from Haverhill as the town of Methuen. Giving to his father the position of primacy in relation to his offspring which church and state then accorded him, he



REV. DUDLEY LEAVITT

Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, 1745 to 1762





appears as the Reverend Christopher Sargeant, the first minister of the first church in Methuen. The General Court made it a condition of the Act of 1725 establishing the town, that it should not become effective until a church had been organized, and that was not fully accomplished until November 1729.

Christopher Sargeant was a descendant of William Sargeant, one of the early settlers of Salisbury and ancestor of a numerous progeny, many of whom are still living in that part of Salisbury which became Amesbury. Christopher graduated at Harvard in 1725 and became a minister, the first in his line from William, the "Mariner," his great, great-grandfather, to turn from physical labor as a vocation to professional work. The little that is known of him indicates that he had the qualities typical of ministers of that time, not great distinction but more than ordinary ability and influence in his community and the neighboring churches. To him must be credited the wisdom of choosing a vocation high enough to make his son's distinction in life a possibility. Some one of our serio-humorous writers has said that "for a young man starting out in life, it is of prime importance that he choose a good father-in-law." Long before the author of that saying was born, the Reverend Christopher Sargeant furnished a case in point by marrying Susanna, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Peaslee, "one of the most influential and wealthy citizens of Haverhill." Of her, almost nothing is known beyond the facts of her birth and marriage, that she "bore to her husband" twelve children, and lived with him until her death parted them five years before his own decease in 1790, at the age of 86. But no picture of her son, Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, can approach adequacy without a sketch of his grandfather, Colonel Nathaniel Peaslee.

He was the son of Joseph Peaslee, whose father was also Joseph Peaslee, an early settler and dissenting clergyman in the westerly part of Salisbury, where he persisted in preaching, although he and divers of his hearers were more than once fined for absenting themselves from the established church. He also practiced medicine. However

it may have been in his other callings, he succeeded well enough as a farmer to accumulate a substantial fortune. He lived part of his life in Haverhill, but returned to Salisbury where he died.

His son, Joseph, married there Ruth Barnard, and their daughter Mary, sister of Nathaniel Peaslee, through her marriage with Joseph Whittier, was the great-grandmother of the poet Whittier. The Peaslees of that time, especially Joseph and his son Nathaniel, must have been "thorns in the flesh" to the orthodox leaders of the original church and settlement of Haverhill as they were strong, persistent and by no means docile on religious subjects. In 1699, there was a long controversy over the question whether the parish should have a new meeting house in a new location and both points having been decided in the affirmative, and the new building completed ready for use, the town voted that it should in the future be the regular place of worship. Whereupon "Joseph Peaslee, immediately moving that the town would allow him and others to meet at the meeting-house for and in their way of worship—which is accounted to be for Quakers—it was read and refused to be voted upon." Bear in mind that this contemptuous treatment was visited on one who was taxed for the construction of the building and maintenance of religious services in it, contrary to his belief. He thereupon opened his own house to the Quakers of the region for their meetings, and it was so used for a long period. Presumably, that was the Garrison House at Rocks Village, which it is believed he built and which is still standing in good condition. Nathaniel Peaslee apparently did not join the Quakers as in 1723 he and others represented, in writing, to the First Parish authorities that "having their habitations so distant from the meeting-house, at any time, being belated, they could not get seats," but were obliged to "sit squeezed on the stairs where we could not hear the minister and so get little good by his preaching, though we endeavor to ever so much," and they asked leave to erect seats for themselves in a certain vacant space, which was granted. There was a similar petition at the same time by women, and among

the signers were Abigail, daughter of Nathaniel Peaslee, only fourteen years old, and her sister Susanna, who later married Rev. Christopher Sargeant. As she was then only eleven years old, it seems probable that her joining in the petition was by her father's direction rather than her own resolution. Those petitions were granted, but the discontent was too deep-seated to yield to any remedies the church could consistently apply, and in 1734, Nathaniel Peaslee and others petitioned the General Court to set off the inhabitants of the easterly part of the town in which he lived into a parish by themselves. This was granted by the town and the dividing line was settled upon, but some of those thus included in the proposed new parish strongly objected, and remonstrated to the General Court with such effect that it refused to permit the division. About ten years afterwards in 1743, Nathaniel Peaslee and others petitioned the General Court for a new parish and, to that end, to send a committee to Haverhill to make examination and report on the situation, which was done with the result that the East Parish was created in 1748. The name of Nathaniel Peaslee is naturally at the head of its list of members. The militant Nathaniel was again in 1748, the chief figure in a controversy, in the course of which he did not hesitate to oppose so redoubtable an antagonist as Colonel Richard Saltonstall, the head of the powerful family of that name, and was victorious over him. Chase, in his *History of Haverhill*, describes the contest fully.

It is not stated in any account I have seen whether Colonel Peaslee, as he was called, had held some office through which the title came, or was a courtesy colonel only, by right of the "consensus of regard entertained for him by his fellow citizens," but title or no title, he was a man of power, and apparently one who never considered anything in which he was interested settled until it was settled his way. He served often as moderator and selectman and several times as a member of the General Court. He was a leader in the "Border War," which grew out of a boundary dispute between the Province of Massachusetts Bay and the New Hampshire Colony, and which for near-

ly forty years, beginning about 1720, caused bitter discussion, innumerable law-suits, many personal collisions, and nearly led to civil war in the disputed region. It finally cost Massachusetts the jurisdiction of a large portion of her territory, much of the loss falling on Haverhill.

Hannah, the oldest daughter of Colonel Peaslee, married Joseph Badger, a merchant of Haverhill and to them was born Joseph Badger, about ten years before the birth of his cousin, Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant. He became prominent in civil and military affairs at an early age in Haverhill and later moving to Gilmanton, New Hampshire, was long one of the most distinguished citizens of that state, a member of its Provincial Congress, a General in the Revolution and a member of the State Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. His sister, Judith, married Nathaniel Cogswell, a Haverhill merchant, and became the mother by him of nineteen children, eight of whom served in the Revolution. From her descended a long and strong line of Cogswells, among them William Cogswell, son of the late Dr. George Cogswell of Bradford, a Brigadier General in the Civil War, and later representative in Congress of the Essex District.

Abigail, sister of Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, in 1755-6, married Captain Ezekiel Hale. One of their descendants was Ezekiel James Madison Hale, who became through the manufacture of cloth the wealthiest citizen Haverhill had ever had and the one most munificent in gifts for public purposes. The Hales, at the time of the marriage which connected them with the Sargeants, were already engaged in textile works at Dracut, near Lowell; and later Ezekiel Hale, son of "Captain Ezekiel," established mills at Haverhill. (See Note 1)

So the subject of this sketch was born in 1731 with this good family connection. The first recorded event of his life, except baptism by the father five days after birth, is his graduation from Harvard College in 1750, at the age of nineteen. It may be assumed that his father, being a Harvard graduate and belonging to a learned profession, himself fitted the son for college at home as was the old Colonial custom. It may have been that his grandfather,



Col. Peaslee, bore some part in the expense for the college course of his namesake-grandson, who was so high in his favor that, years later, he made him the sole executor of his will and bequeathed him his residence. Indeed, Col. Peaslee must have excepted his reverend son-in-law from his hostility toward the church then dominant in Haverhill, for when the new church was established in Methuen, he gave some wine, a "flaggon pr. £3-0-0," toward the service of the "Lord's Table." The Haverhill Proprietors made a grant of land to the new church, and another to its pastor. That could hardly have been done without Col. Peaslee's assent and certainly not against his opposition, as he was very powerful in the town affairs. Still stronger evidence of family cordiality is the fact that the Reverend Christopher performed the ceremony for his father-in-law's second marriage.

Myrick, in his *History of Haverhill*, says that "shortly after his graduation from Harvard, the youthful Sargeant commenced the practice of law in this town." Just how he had fitted himself to be of service to clients as their lawyer does not appear. There were in the Province:—of law schools none; of law books almost none; and of lawyers very few. There was, however, at Cambridge at least one man who would have stood high in the profession at any time or place. That man was Edmund Trowbridge, known also as Edmund Goffe, from the name of an uncle, who adopted him. John Adams said about 1759 that "he commanded the practice in Middlesex, Worcester and several other counties. He had the power to crush by his frown or his nod any young lawyer in his county." (Vol. 4, p. 6, J.A) He was Attorney General of the Province from 1749 to 1767, when he became a Judge of the Superior Court. Washburn, in his *Judicial History of Massachusetts*, says he was kind and helpful to young men pursuing the study of law; and some of those who became eminent later were his students, among them, Chief Justice Parsons and Chief Justice Dana. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1728 and had his office and residence nearby. Young Sargeant may have made his acquaintance and received help or inspiration from him.



As Sessions of Courts were held in Cambridge, it was easy for the few Harvard students to witness Trials of cases, if so inclined.

Oxenbridge Thacher, another lawyer who became eminent in the profession, a graduate of Harvard in 1738, had an office in Boston and appears to have known and admired Mr. Sargeant.

The tools of his trade which a law student got at that time, he could carry away in his hands, as they consisted of Forms for use in pleadings, conveyancing, etc., copied by himself in longhand into a book. Young Sargeant may have prepared such a book and possibly have been helped by Trowbridge or Thacher. In the inventory of Col. Peaslee's estate appears "one old law book" and we may believe that it bore the marks of much handling by his grandson. "Beware the man of one book," says the proverb. At that time, it wasn't necessary to be learned in the law in order to engage in practice. Ministers often took part in trials and some of the most eminent lawyers of the later Colonial period came to the bar from the pulpit.

Thacher began as a minister, but having a voice too weak for preaching, took up law. Col. James Otis, the father of the celebrated lawyer and patriot of that name, became a practitioner for the same reason. He was a man of fine presence and capability. He happened to be at court one day when a friend who had a case but no lawyer and besought Col. Otis to help him, which he did, and showed such ability as to impress all who witnessed the trial. So he continued in practice, became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas and probably would have reached the bench of the Superior Court if he had not been out of favor with the Royal Governor. (See Note 2)

It seems probable, therefore, that Mr. Sargeant was self-taught in law and that his learning and practice went on together.

At this period, Haverhill was a town of much promise in lines from which it has since been diverted through changes which could not have been foreseen. At the head of tidewater on the Merrimack River, the town had con-

siderable commerce, some of it direct with the West Indies and with England, and most of it in vessels which were built in her own shipyards, of which there were three or four at one time. (See Note 3) Commodities thus brought to Haverhill were distributed in trade through a large territory to the North. There were "merchants" in those days, not merely storekeepers. James Duncan, for instance, second of the name in Haverhill, established stores as far north as Lebanon, N. H. to which his ox-teams freighted goods brought to Haverhill from abroad in his ships, and brought back New Hampshire products for local sale and export. Haverhill also had tanneries and distilleries, whose products were in great demand in the back country. All these flourishing industries; the boundary controversy, which produced much litigation; and ceaseless contention between the "Haverhill Proprietors" and the newcomers to the town; as well as influential relatives prominent in all those activities, made Haverhill an excellent field of labor for this young lawyer, and he was the first in town, I believe, of that profession. That there was no competitor, may have been an advantage or not, according to his temper. Col. Peaslee held the office of Justice of the Peace, an important one then, and not lightly bestowed by the Royal Governors. He had various business interests besides, and was nearly seventy years old when his grandson graduated. It is not violating the probabilities to infer that when the latter came to Haverhill, still a boy in years, the grandfather and grandson, each supplied what the other lacked, and that they were closely associated in business, very likely dividing an office between them.

Young Sargeant might have lived at his grandfather's home, although it was considerable distance from the main village and the usual method of travel was still on horseback. Records showing that Col. Peaslee performed the necessary duties of a Justice of the Peace in legal proceedings conducted by his grandson, corroborate the view that they were closely associated; and the fact that in his will Col. Peaslee left his residence to his namesake, may indicate that young Sargeant was attached to the

place through having lived there, or that his grandfather thought he was. As it turned out he never did make it the home of his own family. (See Note 4)

His cousin, Joseph Badger, was Deputy Sheriff and later Clerk of the "Haverhill Proprietors," but he arrived more slowly at public activities. His name appears in the Alarm List of 1757, but probably few young men cared to be exempt from that duty. However, on November 20, 1758, we find that the "Haverhill Proprietors" voted him the sum of 478 pounds, 12 shillings, in "New Hampshire Old Tenor" for "services in David Heath's and other cases" growing out of the boundary controversy. His large fee from such an important body to so young a man makes us think again of his grandfather Peaslee's influence, and still again when we find that he became the Clerk of the "Proprietors" in 1763, succeeding his cousin, Joseph Badger, who was leaving Haverhill.

About three months after receiving the really large payment above mentioned, Mr. Sargeant married. He was in his twenty-eighth year, and the bride in her twenty-fourth. She was Rhoda Barnard, daughter of "Captain Jonathan Barnard, Gentleman," an inn-holder at Amesbury of the same Barnard family with Ruth, the mother of Colonel Peaslee.

In 1755, Mr. Sargeant had acquired at a "sale on execution" against Samuel Ayer, a house and lot on the west side of "Pecker's Lane," now Pecker Street, north of the "Parsonage Land" on which the Academy of Music now is. On his marriage it became his residence, and so continued until late in his life. Children were born to the couple in rapid succession; nine, and some authorities say eleven, within about fifteen years, and then the mother died, leaving eight children living, all of ages to sorely need a mother's care. The oldest, a daughter about fifteen, and the youngest, a girl baby only a few months old.

Mr. Sargeant had not become distinguished before his wife's death, or possessed of enough money to lighten her labors as mother and housewife, which bore so heavily on the women of those half-civilized days, made drearier by





MRS. NATHANIEL PEASLEE SARGEANT

Widow of Rev. Dudley Leavitt, and sister of Col. Timothy Pickering

From a portrait in possession of John Pickering



isolation owing to poor methods of communication. Wheel vehicles were almost unknown, the usual method of travel being on horseback for women and children, no easier than for men.

There were no roads in such places as Haverhill, worthy the name and little use for them. There was no newspaper until early in the next century, and through the entire period of Rhoda Sargeant's married life, there was almost constant strain over the condition of public affairs. Hardly was the fear of the French and Indians removed by England's winning Canada in 1763, as a result of Wolfe's victory at Quebec; when the Colonists began to suffer from England's own oppression which kept everyone stirred up and the men away, fighting, or under suspicion by one side or the other. The women were indeed unprotected and must have always been in uncertainty and suspense, as well as, without proper food on those primitive farms when the men were not there to get it.

There is a pathetic significance in the epitaph on her gravestone. "Here the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling," for she could have known but little peace between her wedding and funeral, either of body or of mind.

Not to leave the family group of father and eight children longer than is necessary, I will add that after the decent interval of about two years, in May 1776, Mr. Sargeant married a widow with whom he lived happily, according to his own account, until his death separated them.

Not until 1770, do Records show that Mr. Sargeant took much part in town affairs, tho he was on the committee to "reckon with the treasurer" in 1764, and on another to take "care of fishing." He was one of the original members of the Fire Club described in Chase's *History of Haverhill*, p. 427. (See Note 5)

In 1770 the troubles with England reached such an acute stage that he was put on a committee to carry out the Resolve of the town against buying English goods. This trouble blew over, but he had gained in the estimation of the towns-people, and thereafter was often called

into service for public affairs. In January 1775, he was on a committee to consider and report on matters for the "Grand Continental and Provincial Congresses," and also chosen as a Delegate to the Provincial Congress. Jonathan Webster, Jr., was also a Delegate. In this second "Grand Provincial Congress," Mr. Sargeant was put on important committees with such distinguished men as Col. Pomroy and Col. Prescott, but before results had been reached, there occurred on April 16, 1775, the most destructive fire which Haverhill had ever known. It swept the west side of Main Street clean from where the City Hall now stands down to what is now Merrimack Street.

On April 20th, the next day after the "Concord Fight," the Haverhill delegates addressed a letter to the Congress asking to be excused from attendance because of the great fire, the absence of so many men for military service, the number of "strangers" (as the British soldiers were called) passing through the town, etc. (See Note 6).

The letter is in Mr. Sargeant's handwriting and is interesting as being the first and one of the few statements made by him officially which have been preserved.

It seems to make a good case for being excused, but the Provincial Congress sitting so near the scene of the first armed collision of the Revolution and within hearing of the drums of the British Army at Boston, evidently felt that, great as the need of Haverhill might be, the general need was greater. They replied that if the delegates who had been chosen could not attend, others should be sent. So delegates were sent, but it was provided that only one should be in attendance at the same time, unless urgent. As Mr. Webster was regularly present at the third Congress which opened soon after, he probably served the purpose and relieved Mr. Sargeant. Besides the reasons given in the letter to the Congress, Mr. Sargeant had others of a compelling and personal nature. His grandfather, Col. Peaslee, died in 1775 at the age of 93, leaving his third wife a widow with two daughters, enough younger than the grandson to have been his children instead of his aunts. On Mr. Sargeant must have devolved the care, not only of the large estate, but also the family

who lived about two miles from the village and in a part of the town exposed to the British "strangers" passing to and from the seat of hostilities. Still more imperative was his duty to his eight young children whose mother had been dead only a few months. Nevertheless, no other election was held, and he and Mr. Webster continued to be "members of the General Court." How he managed both family and public duty at this time is hard to imagine. Probably he couldn't possibly; and it must have been the women and children who suffered spiritually as well as physically from the unnatural harshness of those Puritanical times which required that a man serve his country first, or else there would have been no government to worry about and soon no family. At any rate he was many times put on Committees for important work in this General Court and made many valuable Reports for it. That he was recognized as industrious and useful appears from the important fact that in October 1775, he was appointed a Justice of the Highest Court in the Province. But the Appointment was declined. A year later it was again offered and accepted. What was it that Fate had in store for him, why was it not accepted at first, and why in violation of the rule in the famous Ingalls Sonnet, did "Opportunity knock a second time," or indeed the first? And why did the second knock meet with a different response than the first? Answers to those questions should precede the detailed account I wish to give of the circumstances and results of his acceptance.

First, what was the Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Gaol Delivery of the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England in October 1775?

It had been for many years the Tribunal of highest jurisdiction and consequence in the Province. Why is it that we are so apt to regard the Colonial Period of our history as a mere episode, unmindful of the fact that from Plymouth Rock to Bunker Hill were more years than have since passed? Can we not realize that the Colony had a longer life than the State which succeeded it has yet had and that those years were the foundation for

these? The Colonial period was fruitful of experience by which we might still profit, if we would. Many of the economic nostrums which are frequently urged upon us by reformers were tried and discredited by their bad results, long before our Nation's birth. The Colonists, especially those at Plymouth, began with strict direct Democracy, each man having his share in the government and exercising it in person, but as the population spread, that became impractical and representative democracy gradually came in. They began at Plymouth with collective ownership of land, but soon abandoned it, perceiving that only ownership by individuals insured stability and prosperity. The two bands of Colonists united under the charter of 1628-9 had tried "flat" money in various forms; a "silver scheme"; a "land bank"; and direct issues of paper money, before the Revolution, and again more of it to carry on that struggle; but with no more success than their descendants have had in the same fields. In particular, records show that they made experiments in the administration of law to which we in our day are urged. They had sought the American wilderness to escape the laws and lawyers of England. In place of which they set up the old Mosaic Law as interpreted by their clergymen and administered by themselves. For instance, a boy in his "teens" was put to death by the Plymouth people personally because his offense was so punishable under the Mosaic Law. For many years there was not a lawyer settled and practicing in what is now Massachusetts. One came to the Colony as early as 1625, but achieved only an eminence of ill repute, though still interesting. He was Thomas Morton, styling himself "of Clifford's Inn, Gentleman." He did not engage in law practice but established that place of revelry, "Merry Mount" in what is now Quincy, within the limits claimed by the Plymouth Colony. By its authority he was in 1630 taken, "set in the bilbows" and then sent back to England where, in 1637, he published a book on the Colony, a very pioneer and pattern of the many criticisms which have since been written by English visitors. One other lawyer, Thomas Lechford, regularly educated to the



bar in England, came to the Colony as early as 1637. He essayed to practice, but at a Quarter Court in September 1639 was practically disbarred for "going to the jury and pleading with them, out of court." He tried to get a living as a scrivener, but was again, the next year, brought to book by the Court, had to acknowledge he had "over-shot himself" and "was sorry for it," and promise "not to meddle with controversies." The next year he gave up the struggle and returned to England, became a member of Clements Inn and, as might have been expected, published another critical book on the Colony—"Plain Dealing or News from New England" in 1642. This work has been republished by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

When the Colonists became too widely scattered to assemble in a body for the transaction of their public affairs they, as freemen, assumed the right to be represented by their own deputies in the General Court established under the Charter. In this General Court, at first, resided all the Powers of Government. The First Charter (1628) did not in terms authorize inferior courts, but they were gradually established to meet practical necessities and were not for a long time disturbed by the English Government, although they really had no foundation except common consent. The magistrates were laymen or at least not lawyers, and their decisions were subject to "recall" by the people in the General Court assembled. When in 1684, their Charter was revoked and a Form of Government by direct Royal Authority substituted, provision was made for Courts, but care was taken to make them dependent on the royal pleasure. In fact, the Royal Governor and his assistants were empowered to exercise judicial functions and they did for a time; but as it was found they could not go from place to place to hold court, they appointed substitutes to do that, Justices of the Peace and other Magistrates empowered to act in local matters or particular circumstances. In 1692 the General Court, assuming to act in accordance with the form of government under the New Charter, established the "Superior Court of Judicature," and it entered upon the duties assigned to it as the Highest Court in the Province;



but this action of the General Court was disapproved, and the Court was not recognized by the King. In 1699, however, Andros came to the Province as Royal Governor, and established the Court on a basis satisfactory to his royal master, so that year must be taken as the time of its legal beginning. As thus established it was a Court which in matters between private parties very well served its purpose, but in case of need was bound to prove itself the King's Court. More than once in its history, the Lieutenant Governor appointed by the King was its chief justice. In accordance with English custom at that time, the Judges usually dictated to the juries what their verdicts should be, at least in criminal cases. "A considerable degree of style and imposing form distinguished the Superior Court before the Revolution" says Washburn. "Whenever they went their circuits, there was a kind of royal emanation accompanying them that gave them a consequence in the eyes of the people." "The sheriff of the County and a number of gentlemen met them at the border of the shire town and conducted them to their lodgings with great parade, a 'salutation with a trumpet' as they alighted," being mentioned in one instance. In Boston a cannon was fired from the fort at the opening of the Sessions. Court was opened with prayer, occasionally by one of the Judges, many of whom had been clergymen. "On the first day of the term, the judges, bar and ministers dined together" says Amory in his very interesting *Life of James Sullivan*. But the "manner of the Court towards the bar and suitors was distant and severe, courtesy between them, and even between members of the profession themselves was measured by the rules of artificial rank in which urbanity had little place" says Washburn. Quoting again from Amory, "as from time out of mind in the mother country they appeared in court in judicial dress. This in Summer and on less formal occasions consisted of a black silk gown with white bands and a silk bag for the hair. During the Winter and in capital cases, the judges wore scarlet robes with facings and collars of black velvet and cuffs to the wide sleeves of the same materials." (See Note 7). John Adams in a let-

ter to Mr. Tudor (*The Life and Letters of John Adams*, Little & Brown, Boston, 1851), vividly describes the Court as it appeared when sitting in the Council Chamber at Boston for the argument in the famous Writs of Assistance case in 1761. "In this chamber near the fire were seated five judges with Lieut. Governor Hutchinson at their head as Chief Justice, all in their new fresh robes of scarlet English cloth, in their broad bands and immense judicial wigs. In this chamber were seated at a long table all the Barristers of Boston and its neighboring county of Middlesex in their gowns, bands and tye-wigs. They were not seated on ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and more pompous than that of the Roman Senate when the Gauls broke in on them."

Writing of November 1761, but years afterwards, he said, "About this time the project was conceived (?) I suppose by the Chief Justice, Mr. Hutchinson, of clothing the judges and lawyers with robes. Mr. Quincy, Sewall and I were directed to prepare our gowns and bands and tye-wigs, and were admitted barristers, having practised three years at the inferior courts according to one of our new rules." Until they reached the grade of barristers, lawyers did not wear robes. If Adams was right, the judges had not long been wearing them at the time first mentioned. On other occasions, however, according to the same authority, members of the Court inspired disgust rather than awe or even respect. In November 1771, while attending court at Salem, Mr. Adams dined with the Court each day of the week he was there except Saturday, and says, "Our Judge Oliver is the best bred gentleman of all the judges by far; there is something in every one of the others indecent and disagreeable at times; in company—affected witticisms, unpolished fliers, coarse jests and sometimes rough, rude attacks—but these you don't see escape Judge Oliver." The membership of the court had undergone some change from the time to which his earlier description relates, but probably not its general character. At best, a court could not have been popular whose judgments, visited upon the people were extreme severity, imprisonment for debt, distrain of goods, (from

which sprang the word distress in its present meaning), the stocks, the pillory, whipping, branding, and the death penalty for many offenses less than murder. But severe laws were those to which the people were accustomed and had grown out of the English character so their enforcement, though often cruel, had not aroused general discontent. The Courts were respected if not loved up to the time when George III made it plain that he was determined to use them for forcing his arbitrary will on the colonies, part of the plan of restoring the Royal Prerogative to what it had been under the Stuarts. He came to the throne in 1760, a few months after Wolfe had settled the fate of Canada at Quebec, thereby ousting France from her place of power in North America. The King, only twenty-two years old when his reign began, thought the time opportune for suppressing the growing spirit of independence in Colonial possessions. Choiseul, one of France's ablest ministers, foresaw and foretold an opposite result, judging that the colonies, relieved from the fear of attack by the French and Indians, would no longer feel the need of help from the mother country, heretofore such a powerful motive for suffering English rule. The event proved that the French statesman was right. The King's plan was simple. It was to collect money from the colonies by some kind of taxation and use it to make the officers in the colonies subservient to the King. The customs duties levied by the Crown were naturally resented and to some extent evaded by smuggling. The Court had been prepared for the work expected of it because the tenure of the judges depended on the pleasure of the King, so they applied to the Superior Court for a "Writ of Assistance" which authorized the Entry and Search of private houses, as well as other places, for "uncustomed" goods, without the necessity of specifying what places, or what goods, (*Memorial History*, Boston) and commanding the aid of all persons on whom the officers of the law might call for assistance. The officers of the Crown apparently thought it unwise to make application for use in Boston, although the chief need would naturally be there. Instead, in 1760 they applied to the Court sitting at Salem. The Chief

Justice, Stephen Sewall, an able lawyer and upright man, had so much doubt of the Court's right to issue the Writ that he postponed the case for argument at Boston the next February (1761). In the meantime Chief Justice Sewall died and, as if a challenge to combat, Thomas Hutchinson was appointed to the vacancy. He was already Lieutenant Governor, Judge of Probate at Boston, a member of the Council, and the holder of still other offices, six in all, it was said, while his sons and other relatives held seven offices. It was claimed by his opponents that he was secretly receiving an allowance from the Crown at the time when the Case came up for hearing, and it was believed that he was the chief instrument in the Province of the Royal schemes. He had begun as a Boston merchant and had never regularly studied law, but was clear of thought and speech. It was customary for each Judge to address the Jury in summing up the evidence, and it is related that when Hutchinson's turn came the Jurors would say to each other, "now we shall hear something we can understand." By this time, a few really great lawyers had developed in the Province, most of them, at Boston, and three of them appeared in this case, according to Adams' history. First, Jeremiah Gridley, called "Father of the Boston Bar" who represented the Crown by special appointment (Washburn says), and Oxenbridge Thacher and James Otis, both of whom had been Gridley's pupils in the study of law, represented certain Boston merchants, who opposed the issuance of the Writ. We need not dwell longer on the case except to say that the Chief Justice, fearing an adverse decision, suggested a continuation until they could send to England to learn what the practice was there. The other Judges gladly assented and nothing more was officially done. It was believed that "Writs of Assistance were secretly issued," according to Adams, but Hutchinson said that, being advised from England, the Court held it was proper to issue writs and they were issued by that Court whenever the officers applied for them, and so says Bancroft in his *History of the United States*. The latter adds, however, that in 1767, Parliament legalized Writs of Assist-



ance, which would seem to admit that until then they were not legal. Bancroft also says that at the time when Otis and Thacher argued at the Boston Trial, the Attorney General and Solicitor General of England agreed with their view.

By its course the Court had incurred the suspicion and dislike of the people, and from that time went on storing up "wrath against the day of wrath" for itself. The passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, and the attempt to enforce it at Boston, brought the Court the next notable opportunity to increase the popular ill will against itself. Andrew Oliver of Salem, Secretary of the Province, brother-in-law of Governor Judge Hutchinson, had accepted—sought, it was claimed—the office of Distributor of Stamps, and erected a building near the Custom House in Boston, apparently meant for the stamp office. When the stamps arrived, a mob hung Oliver in effigy, destroyed his building, compelled him to renounce the office and, a few days later, sacked the Boston home of Hutchinson, who was still Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, Lieutenant Governor, and Chief Justice. On the ground that stamped paper was legally essential to the validity of any act of Court, he refused to hold any session of the Probate Court. Then the Superior Court, yielding to him as its Chief Justice, and supported by Governor Bernard, refused to hold any of its sessions, all to the great inconvenience and exasperation of the people. The Stamp Act was soon repealed, but not the feeling against the Court, and especially its Chief Justice, which grew stronger as evidence of subserviency to the King accumulated. Resentment increased through the trials growing out of the "Boston Massacre" of March 7, 1770. The popular demand for the immediate removal of the British Regiments from the town, and for the Speedy Trial of Captain Preston and his eight soldiers, who fired on the crowd which was harrassing them, was so vehement that both demands were granted in words, and the removal of the troops in fact; but the trial was postponed on one ground or another for several months. Governor Bernard, having returned to England, Hutchinson was acting Governor. At his in-



stigation, it was supposed Captain Preston applied to John Adams, already prominent on the popular side, and established in a good practice in Boston, imploring defense for himself and his men, and claiming prejudice was so strong he could not get suitable counsel, that he had applied in vain to Josiah Quincy and other Boston lawyers. John Adams was not the man to refuse such a request; even at the risk of losing practice and the favor of his party. (See Note 8) He accepted Captain Preston's retainer of a guinea, persuaded Quincy to act with him, and together they tried the case against the Crown and secured the acquittal of Captain Preston, as the evidence was not conclusive that he gave any order to fire. The soldiers were tried together about a month later and acquitted, all but two, who were found guilty of manslaughter. They immediately claimed "benefit of clergy," wept with shame, were branded on the hand so that they could never again claim that privilege as English law required, and were set free. The senior Judge of the Court, Benjamin Lynde, presided at the trials in place of Chief Justice Hutchinson. The Trial under such adverse circumstances and with such an orderly result is the boast still of the Bench and Bar of English speaking peoples. At the meeting of the American Bar Association at Boston in September 1919, Lord Finlay, an English lawyer of highest honors mentioned it in glowing terms. At the time there was unfavorable comment from both sides. Hutchinson gave out that the lawyers of the popular party who defended Captain Preston did it to get large fees. Adams proved this untrue. On the other hand, while the people accepted the result, they were not satisfied and blamed the Royal authorities, including the Court. Says Bancroft's *History of the United States*, Vol. 3, page 390, "The prosecution was conducted with languor and inefficiency, important witnesses were sent out of the way, the Judges held office at the will of the King, and selected talesmen were put upon the Jury. The defense was left to John Adams and Josiah Quincy and was conducted with consummate ability. As the firing upon the citizens took place at night, it was not difficult to raise a doubt

whether Preston or some other person had cried to the soldiers to fire and on that doubt a verdict of acquittal was obtained. The public acquiesced, but was offended at the manifest want of uprightness in the Court. "The firmness of the Judges" was vaunted to claim for them all much larger salaries to be paid directly by the Crown. The Chief Justice, who was a manufacturer, wanted money in the shape of pay for some refuse products of his workshop." That was popular talk. It is a fact that Jonathan Sewall, Attorney General, and very able, did not conduct the case for the Crown, although Adams, his strong personal friend, says he should have done it "at the hazard of his life." Instead, Samuel Quincy, an older brother of Josiah Quincy but less able, and Robert Treat Paine, conducted the prosecution. All three were being cultivated by the "King's friends," and Quincy and Sewall were converted; so it was natural for the people to think that the government wished to avoid a conviction instead of to obtain one.

The plan to have the Judges paid by the Crown had not matured, but was carried into execution in 1772. Nothing which had been done before against their liberties so exasperated the colonists as did this plain attempt to subject the Court to the Crown. While they had themselves paid the Judges, they felt that they had some control over them, but believed that without such a check the Courts would become mere instruments of tyranny. To add fuel to the flame Franklin, the American agent in England, sent home some letters written to friends in the English Government by Governor Hutchinson and Andrew Oliver, who had been forced to give up the office of Stamp Distributor. These letters advised the very course which actually had been taken towards the Colonies, and in addition the use of Armed Force to compel their submission. Immediately the Colonists petitioned the King to remove Hutchinson and Andrew Oliver from office, but of course without effect.

The Assembly in 1774 voted salaries to the Superior Court Judges, asking them to refuse pay from the Crown, and to inform the Assembly of their decision. The Asso-

ciate Justices all replied that they would refuse pay from the Crown, but it was believed that only one of them, Judge William Cushing, kept his word; while the others accepted the extra pay from the Crown whenever they could. Chief Justice Peter Oliver replied to the question of receiving money from the Crown and gave his reasons for doing it. During the controversy, it came out that he had been taking money from that source for eighteen months without telling the people. The leaders of the popular party were enraged and dismayed at this proof of their liberty being subverted, and were at a loss to decide what to do. In the emergency, John Adams proposed a plan which was adopted. It was no less than to impeach the Chief Justice. Accordingly the Assembly presented to the Governor and Council Articles of Impeachment drawn by Adams. The Royal Governor had the power of absolute veto on the choice of the Assembly for the Council, and he had used it so effectively that the latter body was partial to the Crown, and almost invariably acted as he wished. But in this crucial case, the Governor did not trust wholly to their disposition, so when the Articles of Impeachment were presented, he left the room. Whereupon the council availed itself of the doubt whether it could take action without the presence of the Governor, and the Articles were not received. But the rejoicing of the King's friends, over their victory, was of short duration. It soon appeared that the Authority of the Chief Justice and also of the Court itself had received a fatal blow. Those summoned as Juror presented themselves at the appointed places, and, when called said that as the Chief Justice there present was under impeachment for high crimes, and there had been no trial of the charges, they refused to be sworn. (See Note 9) In June of that year, Governor Hutchinson resigned and went to England, hoping, no doubt, to meet with better success, and ultimately return in triumph. But he died there, a pensioner of the King, neglected and wretched, before the end of the Revolutionary War. Resolute as he was, Chief Justice Oliver could do no better. The last session of the Court which he headed was

held in Boston in February 1775, without juries and almost without business. Oliver himself remained in Boston until the British troops evacuated the town in March 1776, when he sailed for England where, he too, died a Royal pensioner. He was a writer of ability and had a degree from Oxford. Hutchinson's historical writings are of high merit. Both men, as well as other "Tories," doubtless loved the land of their birth and thought what they did was for the best, but they did not bother to read the signs of the times, used unfair methods and failed to consider the rights of the human heart. Therefore, they paid the penalty of exile and inferiority.

We are accustomed to take it for granted that those who defied the English government and prevented the exercise of its functions had in mind, ready to be set up and used, some Substitute, but that was not the case, especially as regarded the Courts, the need for which soon became extreme. There was no foundation for Law Courts unless it was the Charter, and such Courts as the Charter provided, the people would not have. Therefore, to come back to our Mr. Sargeant, it was rather the wreck of a Court than a craft afloat and seaworthy in which he was invited to ship as mate in 1775; moreover, the blast of popular wrath which had driven it on the rocks had by no means spent its force. To attempt salvage was to be accused of piracy by the Royal government, to which all still professed allegiance. Practically speaking, he may well have hesitated to accept a position in which he would be bound to do his part in depriving people of property, liberty and even life on such slender authority. The Province still existed as a colony of England, clinging to her Charter and insisting that she was in arms only to defend her Charter rights. But there were judges appointed under this Charter, and although their places had been declared vacant by the Provincial Congress, they were not vacant in accordance with the Charter. Therefore, it was impossible to make new appointments by the Charter. The first self-styled Provincial Congress lacked even the basis of a popular election, though the second and third were recruited from town elections, so it was



thought best to get back to the General Court for legislative purposes. Its life had been nearly as long as that of the Colony, and it had been recognized by the Crown as well as by the people under both Charters. The Provincial Congress had nothing except general acquiescence to rest on, and as we shall see later that was by no means universal. (See Note 10) The first attempt to fill the bench of the Superior Court after it was declared vacant was made in October 1775, and was announced to the appointees, or at least to John Adams by the following rather singular letter:

Council Chamber, Watertown,  
October 28, 1775.

Sir:

I am directed by the major part of the Council of this colony to acquaint you that by virtue of the power and authority in and by the royal charter, in the absence of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor lodged in them, they have seen fit to appoint you with the advice and consent of Council, to be the first or Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Judicature, etc., for this colony. The enclosed is a list of your brethren of the Bench who are to hold their seats in the order therein arranged. I am further directed to request your Honor to signify to the Board in writing your acceptance of or refusal of said appointment, as soon as may be. In the name and by order of the Council.

Perez Morton, Deputy Secretary.

Hon. John Adams, Esq.

List enclosed.

Hon. John Adams, Esq.

William Cushing, Esq.

Hon. William Read, Esq.

Robt. Treat Paine, Esq.

Nathaniel Sargeant, Esq.

The names on the list show that the Council appreciated the primary need of restoring the Court to public respect, by appointing men who already had the confidence of the people through unquestioned devotion to their cause.



The name of John Adams coming first as Chief Justice with that of Robert Treat Paine as another gave sufficient assurance on that point. William Cushing was the only one of the King's Judges to be reappointed, and the only one to be really loyal to the popular cause. But the first attempt to reestablish the Court was unsuccessful. Cushing was the only one appointed who was willing and ready to serve. Adams accepted, but did not take his seat as the General Court insisted that he continue in the Continental Congress. Paine declined by a letter from Philadelphia dated Jan. 1, 1776, saying that he would not give a "detail" of reasons but said that the "attacks on all we hold dear demand our constant attention." He, too, was serving in the Continental Congress. (See Note 11) Reed declined by letter "on account of a low state of health and the situation of my affairs." His letter of declination is with the Massachusetts Archives, and his statement that he was in a low state of health is confirmed by the fact that he died in 1780. He was a Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas in Boston at the outbreak of the Revolution. Sargeant sent a letter declining the appointment. (See Note 12) Nothing was done for several months, but on March 20, 1776, the Council appointed Jedediah Foster and James Sullivan; and on April 25, James Warren, to be Justices. On May 8th they ordered that the Justices of the Superior Court of Judicature, etc. be arranged in the following order:—Hon. John Adams, Esq., Wm. Cushing, Esq, James Warren, Esq., Jed'h Foster, Esq., James Sullivan, Esq.

NOTES

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NOTE 1—*Hale Connection.*

Captain Ezekiel Hale had been three times married and had in 1755 three children, each one of his deceased wives being represented by offspring. There is a tradition in the family that he first asked a younger sister of Abigail Sargeant to be his fourth wife, but she said she was "not ready to die" and declined, adding, "ask Nabby; perhaps she will have you." "Nabby" did, and they had ten children. She outlived him, and was married a second time to Elder Plummer, who already had children by a former wife. "Nabby" thereby acted as mother to five different sets of children; that is, children of each of Captain Hale's three former marriages; children of her own marriage with Captain Hale; and children of Elder Plummer's former marriage.

To add to the variety, a son of Elder Plummer married one of her daughters. We do not wonder that students of New England genealogy find it more fascinating than cross-word puzzles. Moses T. Stevens, late of No. Andover, the well-known manufacturer of woolen goods and one time Member of Congress for his district, was one of her descendants, as well as E. J. M. Hale, already mentioned. The grandson of Capt. Ezekiel Hale of the same name, became a zealous "Millerite" and thinking it wrong to continue owning property, deeded the mills at Haverhill to his son Ezekiel. When, in 1843, the time fixed for the Ascension of the Elect, had passed and he found himself still on earth, he wished to have the property returned to him, but the son refused on the ground that his father's delusion and large amount of money spent to extend the Cult to others had shown him unfit to hold property. A law-suit of note resulted in which Daniel Webster was one of the lawyers. The decision was for the return of the property.

NOTE 2—*Col. Otis.*

Washburn, p. 213, says that two Royal Governors promised Col. Otis an appointment to the bench of the Superior Court, but each failed to keep his promise. The hostility of his son, James Otis, to the Royal Government, was laid to resentment against his father's treatment by those who were zealous to attach selfish motives to the Revolutionary leaders.

NOTE 3—*Ship-building in Haverhill.*

The ship *Ulysses* was built at Haverhill for a Salem owner in 1799, and probably represents the highest development of ship-building reached here. She was square-rigged and had an interesting history as related in *Old Time Ships of Salem*, published by the Essex Institute.

The history of another square-rigged ship, the *Hercules*, built at Haverhill in 1805 for a Salem owner, is given in that publication. She was smaller than the *Ulysses* which was just over one hundred feet long, but her story is more romantic. It is not related by whom either vessel was built, nor why at Haverhill. It may have been that ship timber had become scarce around Salem, or that the ship-yards there had more work than they could do.

NOTE 4—*Peaslee Farm.*

The Peaslee Farm where Col. Peaslee resided the latter part of his life was on the south side of the present East Broadway, next east of the farm of Thomas Cogswell, which in 1820 was purchased by Haverhill for the Town Farm. It extended south to the Merrimac River and included a considerable part of the "Great Plain" as it was called by the early settlers, extending along the River approximately from Keeley Street to Groveland Street as they now are. The portion of the farm next south of East Broadway was called the "Upper Plain," and there the house was situated. In *The Peaslees and Others of Haverhill and Vicinity*, by E. A. Kimball, Chase Brothers, Publishers, Haverhill, 1899, which contains much interesting information of the Peaslees and their connections, it is said (p. 12) that this house had probably been used as a house of refuge from the Indians, but before Col. Peaslee owned it. It was not far from Tilton's Corner. Col. Peaslee owned at one time as far east as the Chain Ferry Road on the south side of East Broadway, and on the north side land extending further east, including an interest in the shape of "shares" in Huckleberry Hill, which, I think, must have been held undivided so that the share-owners could all pick huckleberries. He conveyed to his youngest daughter, Ruth, the wife of Joshua Sawyer, land next east of what he retained as a farm, and also some Huckleberry Hill land. The greater part of what was the Peaslee Farm of eighty acres, willed to Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, as stated, is now apparently a part of the "City

Farm." Huckleberry Hill is now mainly owned by descendants of the late John B. Nichols.

NOTE 5—"Haverhill Proprietors."

Haverhill had the body already referred to as the "Haverhill Proprietors" or "Commoners" as the men were called. For more than a century they had "fightings within and foes without" the town which must have at least dispelled the monotony of life in a frontier settlement where amusements were forbidden and news from the outside world was circulated mainly by word of mouth. The Commoners were, in brief, those who claimed title under the original deed from two Indians to the "inhabitants of Pentucket." Whether the deed from the Indians (to whom private ownership of land was unknown) really gave title to the territory where the new settlement was established, is improbable, but it was accepted as the basis for all ownership. However, two opposite views of its meaning soon arose—one side claimed that those who had been the "inhabitants" when the deed was originally obtained with their "heirs and assigns" owned all the land and could dispose of it as they saw fit; and the other side claimed that the land belonged to all people who lived in Haverhill. The "Proprietors" tried to limit the use of the Ox Common and the Cow Common to such as they selected, and quarrels followed, often resulting in physical collisions. On one occasion, Chase says, a rail fence which the Commoners had built about part of the Cow Common was set on fire and burned, and as the weather was dry, the fire spread and burned for several days, doing much damage. At one town meeting two sets of officers were chosen, one by the Commoners and another by their opponents. That brought the dispute to the General Court, which had once before made laws to aid the Commoners in controlling the undivided land, and this time it was so vigorously dealt with that there appears to have been no further controversy.

NOTE 6—*Fire of April 16, 1775, from Chase's History.*

The fire to which the letter refers occurred April 16th, says Chase, and was the most destructive which the town had known to that time, as it swept the west side of what is now Main Street clear from about where the City Hall now stands to the foot of the street.

If Mr. Sargeant and Mr. Webster had delayed writing a few hours longer, they could have added striking proof of

their statement of the perturbed conditions at Haverhill, for on the afternoon of the 21st, according to Chase, began the panic quaintly termed the "Ipswich Fright." It grew out of a false report that the regulars were advancing on the town behaving in a ruthless manner, and would be there by morning. The inhabitants generally left their homes and assembled at the Common ready for flight into the back country when their sentinels should warn them the British were at hand. There they remained in terror all night. Many families in the East Parish where Mr. Sargeant had many kindred, went to the Hemlocks, which still afford a dense cover and remained concealed there until the morning brought gradually the assurance that the report which had frightened them from their homes was untrue.

NOTE 7—*Scarlet Robes.*

In view of the intense popular feeling against the Royal Government and all its ways, it seems strange that the outward aspect of the Court was left unchanged, and that the Judges continued wearing Judicial Dress, even the robes of hated royal scarlet. In recent years the Judges have returned to the practice of wearing black robes but not wigs. It would, perhaps, be more in keeping with the trend of the times if they should sit in their shirt sleeves with their feet on the table smoking sociably with one and all.

NOTE 8—*John Adams' Connection with the Trial of Captain Preston.* (*Life and Letters of John Adams*, Vol. 2, pp. 230-231.)

The next morning, I think it was, sitting in my office, near the steps of the town-house stairs, Mr. Forrest came in, who was then called the "Irish Infant." I had some acquaintance with him. With tears streaming from his eyes, he said, "I am come with a very solemn message from a very unfortunate man, Captain Preston, in prison. He wishes for counsel, and can get none. I have waited on Mr. Quincy, who says he will engage if you will give him your assistance; without it he positively will not. Even Mr. Auchmuty declines, unless you will engage." I had no hesitation in answering that counsel ought to be the very last thing that an accused person should want in a free country; that the bar ought, in my opinion, to be independent and impartial at all times and in every circumstance, and that persons



whose lives were at stake ought to have the counsel they preferred. But he must be sensible this would be as important a cause as was ever tried in any court or country of the world; and that every lawyer must hold himself responsible not only to his country, but to the highest and most infallible of all tribunals for the part he should act. He must, therefore, expect from me no art or address, no sophistry or prevarication, in such a cause, nor anything more than fact, evidence, and law would justify. "Captain Preston," he said, "requested and desired no more, and that he had such an opinion from all he had heard from all parties of me that he could cheerfully trust his life with me upon those principles." And, said Forrest, as God Almighty is my judge, I believe him an innocent man. I replied that must be ascertained by his trial, and if he thinks he cannot have a fair trial of that issue without my assistance, without hesitation he shall have it.

Upon this, Forrest offered me a single guinea as a retaining fee, and I readily accepted it. From first to last I never said a word about fees in any of those cases, and I should have said nothing about them here if calumnies and insinuations had not been propagated that I was tempted by great fees and enormous sums of money. Before or after the trial, Preston sent me ten guineas, and at the trial of the soldiers afterwards, eight guineas more, which were all the fees I ever received or were offered to me, and I should not have said anything on the subject to my clients if they had never offered me anything. This was all the pecuniary reward I ever had for fourteen or fifteen days labor in the most exhausting and fatiguing causes I ever tried, for hazarding a popularity very general and very hardly earned, and for incurring a clamor, popular suspicions and prejudices which are not yet worn out, and never will be forgotten as long as the history of this period is read. (Mr. Forrest very likely was James Forrest who became a Loyalist refugee at the time of the Revolution.)

NOTE 9—*Refusal of Jury to Serve.*

Such in substance was John Adams' account, but Washburn says, Page 195 note, that four reasons were given by the grand jury of Middlesex and Worcester Counties, the pending Impeachment of the Chief Justice standing first. The next day Chief Justice Oliver was not present. The second reason was that the Judges were appointed at the pleasure

of the King. The third, that three of the Judges had been sworn as "Mandamus Counsellors"; that is, members of the Council appointed by the Crown instead of elected by the legislature (as had been the practice until 1774), subject to the governor's veto. And the fourth, that they could not conscientiously be sworn.

NOTE 10—*Reluctance of People to Separate from England.*

Although determined to resist the aggressions of King George and his ministers, the people of the Province generally beheld the widening of the chasm between themselves and the Mother Country with apprehension and sorrow. Slowly and reluctantly they relinquished, one by one, the observances which had so long been a part of their lives as British subjects. Concord and Bunker Hill did not put an end to the customary church prayers for the King, and the "confusion of his enemies," as John Adams notes with indignation in one of his letters. "What enemies" he says, "has King George to whom such prayers can apply, except our forces in arms to defend our rights against him?" Even after Washington took command of the army at Boston, Bancroft says the soldiers complained that the army chaplains were offering such prayers at their services, and that the Continental Congress struggled against every forward movement and made none but by compulsion. "Not by any preconceived purpose, but by the natural succession of events, which they could not have avoided, it became their office to inaugurate a Union and constitute a Nation."

NOTE 11—*John Reed.*

John Reed filled a wide sphere in the affairs of the Province while he lived. He was graduated from Harvard in 1697, and after studying theology, preached awhile. He was admitted to the bar about 1720, when he was nearly forty years of age and soon became eminent in the profession. He has been spoken of as "the greatest common lawyer that ever lived in New England." However just this eulogium may have been, he was a man of very superior powers of mind, and great and extensive acquirements. He did much, perhaps more than any one man, in introducing system and order into the practice of the courts of Massachusetts, and his forms of declaring in various actions are still regarded as safe precedents by our courts.

He was, withal, exceedingly eccentric, and among other

instances of it, he used to travel incognito into the other colonies, and occasionally would volunteer in the defence of actions, and always astonished both courts and juries by his profound learning, his captivating eloquence and his sparkling wit, which produced a more striking effect from the little indication which his garb or external appearance gave of what they ought to expect. Many anecdotes are preserved of his eccentricity and his wit, some of them while he was a preacher, and some while he was at the bar.

He was the first lawyer who was ever chosen a member of the General Court. He represented the town of Boston in 1738, and several successive years, and for some years before his death was a member of the Council.

He was as prominent a leader in either branch of the Legislature as he was at the bar, and the history of the times furnish many instances of the influence he exerted while in that body. Indeed he seems to have been regarded as a kind of oracle whose responses were always a safe guide. He was moreover an author, and his name is contained in "a list of writers who were citizens of Boston."

Washburn's *Judicial History of Mass.*, pp. 207-208.

NOTE 12—*Mr. Sargeant's Letter of Declination.*

"Haverhill, Dec<sup>r</sup> 7, 1775.

Sir:

I am informed by the Deputy Secretary's Letter that I have lately been appointed by the Honorable Council for this Colony a Justice of the Superior Court.

I think I am truly sensible of the great and unexpected Honor conferred on, and the great trust reposed in me by that appointment. To continue in a private Station would be much more agreeable to my natural bashfulness. Yet when my Country calls it is my Duty, and I think I am heartily willing to exert myself for its Service. But considering the abilities requisite for and the duties incumbent on one who sustains that Office, and the difficulties attending a due discharge of those duties at all times, and more especially at this Season, when the People have for a long time been in a great measure loose from Government,<sup>1</sup> I con-

1 That the people felt they were "*loose from government*" as Mr. Sargeant expressed it, and besides showed a strong disposition to remain so, is attested by many writers on that period. In his *Life of John Marshall*, Ex-Senator Beveridge gives a vivid account of the prevalence of that feeling as an obstacle, which proved almost insurmountable to the adoption of the Constitution.

fess I feel such a difference, that I don't know whether I could support myself under such a burthen.

Did my capacity set me foremost in the list of my Countrymen for the discharge of that necessary and important office, I ought not to hesitate about undertaking it. But while I am certain there are many, whose abilities are so much superior, I should at such a juncture as this, rather be an Enemy to my Country, than a Friend, if I accepted it.

I have great reason to respect the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Council who have thought me in any measure qualified for that Station, and was I capable of filling it with that dignity at this time requisite, I should not as I now do decline it. Would pray you Sir, to communicate this in such way and manner as you think would be most agreeable. Remain Sir Your very respectful humble Servant.

Nath: Peaslee Sargent.

The Hon. James Otis, Esq<sup>r</sup>.  
President of the Council,  
of Massachusetts Bay."

*(To be continued.)*

## GEORGE DUNCAN

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Emigrant to Londonderry, New Hampshire, and founder  
of the Duncan Families of New England.

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By JAMES DUNCAN PHILLIPS

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The Duncans were part of that famous Londonderry settlement in New Hampshire which had and still has a controlling influence on the southern districts of that state and no small influence on the nation. It is worthwhile by way of introduction to say who the Londonderry settlers were and where they came from. They came from Ireland but they were Scotch Presbyterians from Ulster and they resented being called "Irish people" as the Boston Puritans insisted on calling them. They had a strong aversion to the Catholic Celtic Irish of the south of Ireland and certainly would not have been welcomed in Massachusetts Bay if they had been affiliated with them. All of the emigrants to Londonderry came from Antrim, Down, and other counties of Ulster.

Ireland is only twenty-three miles from Scotland at the nearest point and several Scotch and Irish ports are less than fifty miles apart so it was an easy day's sail across. After the subjugation of Ireland in the later fifteen hundreds, a good many Scots went across, but it was not till its thorough pacification by Cromwell, that any great immigration occurred. His idea was to remove the Irish and settle Scotch and English in their place and had he lived, there would never have been another Irish question.

NOTE. From George Duncan are descended the Duncans of Haverhill, Mass., and of Peterborough, Antrim, Acworth and Meriden, N. H., with their many ramifications such as the Mungers of New Haven, Conn., the Thorndikes, the Reynolds, the Lambs, and the Stevensons of Boston, the Phillippes of Salem, the McGanns of New London, N. H., and Hartford, Conn., the Archibalds of Nova Scotia, the Uphams of Claremont, N. H., and Taggarts of Michigan. The family is represented in all the states north of the Ohio as far west as Iowa.



Charles II after his restoration did little to stir up Ireland, but not so James II who tried to make its administration both intensely Tory and more generally Catholic. The same policy earlier applied to the lowland Scotch Presbyterians had forced many to seek refuge in Ireland and now increased the opposition there. In 1688, attempts were made by the Catholic party to seize Enniskillen and Londonderry,<sup>1</sup> but the latter opposed the seizure vigorously under the leadership of a young man named James Morison. Early in 1689 a close siege began, but the city was strongly defended under Major Henry Baker with the help of an eloquent aged clergyman the Rev. George Walker. The siege was finally raised by vessels sent by William and Mary after over three months, during which the inhabitants were reduced to starvation. It was said that even a rat was sold for a shilling.

#### THE DUNCANS IN IRELAND

In the thirty years between the siege of Londonderry and 1720, when the first emigrants started for America many more Scots undoubtedly moved to Ireland, but the Duncans belonged to the earlier migrations and the family tradition says came to Ireland from Argyleshire in 1612. This may have meant that they simply ferried across to Ireland from Argyleshire in which sense most of the emigrants came of course from Argyleshire.

From the days of the Romans, the great clan of the Duncansons who after Robert Bruce's time changed their clan-name to Robertsons, have lived in the lowlands of Perthshire,<sup>2</sup> or Forfarshire,<sup>3</sup> on the east coast of Scotland and in the glens running up into the highland therefrom. The little town of Dunkeld, at the spot where the famous Pass of Killiecrankie debouches onto the plains of Perth-

1 Londonderry was so called because the settlers under Cromwell were resolutely supported by the great London chartered Companies and many of the guns on the walls were the gift of, and bore the name of these companies.

2 Rev. William Duncan progenitor of the Culpepper, Va., Duncans born Perthshire in 1630. Letter of Henry F. Duncan, Louisville, Ky.

3 See C. A. Hanna, *The Scotch Irish*, New York 1907, p. 426.

shire, has a large graveyard filled with Duncans, and there are still Duncans living all around there.

Many Duncans came to America with the various Scotch-Irish emigrations and also direct from Scotland. They may be found in the Carolina mountains, in Alabama and in Kentucky. No doubt some of them were near of kin to those who came from the north of Ireland to Londonderry, New Hampshire, but the connecting thread has been lost. Men fleeing from persecution with perhaps a price on their heads were very unlikely to leave a forwarding address except secretly with their closest friends; so where in Scotland they came from to Ireland, or direct to America, has seldom been recorded for this generation.

The George Duncan supposed to have come to Ireland from Argyleshire in 1612, was the grandfather of George who migrated to America. His son also said to be named George lived and died in Ireland and after his death George, the emigrant, left for America. As this George made his will in 1739, "being aged and frail and infirm in body" he was presumably born between 1660 and 1670, which also checks up with the birth of his eldest son John.

All of these Georges must have seen very bad times in Ireland. The first one is said to have settled in Derry before it was called Londonderry, and therefore his son probably lived through the siege and no doubt his grandson, George, did also. The family records say that the third George did not marry till after his father's death in which case the father could not have long survived the siege for the son must have been married about 1695. Of the first George we know nothing, of the second, we know little more except that he was said to have married twice and had two sons. The elder was George, the emigrant, son of the first wife, and the second was John, son of the second wife.

#### GEORGE DUNCAN, THE EMIGRANT OF 1727

George the second is said to have lived at Ballymoney, a market town, some thirty-five miles east of Londonderry in the valley of the River Bann though not directly on the

river. It is ten or twelve miles from the sea in the northern part of County Antrim.<sup>4</sup> Whether he sailed from Londonderry or Belfast or some other port and whether he landed in Salem, Boston or Newburyport has not been recorded. He must have been a man of some property for he brought with him his second wife, Margaret Cross, and her six children of varying ages from two years to perhaps twelve or fourteen. His eldest son John by his first wife came at about the same time with his wife Rachel Todd and four children, the youngest of whom was born at sea on the way over. This John had a sister, a daughter of George's first wife, but she had died in Ireland. All told the migration consisted of two married couples and ten children of whom George's three oldest sons after John must have been full grown men. As all of these and seven more of John's lived to grow up, they must have been a pretty husky tribe.

Londonderry, the town to which they came was already well established. In 1718, after a petition for a grant

4 This account of the Duncans in Scotland and Ireland is admittedly not on a firm historical foundation. It is made up of family traditions and of statements in W. R. Cochrane's Antrim, E. L. Parker's Londonderry, Albert Smith's Peterboro, E. L. Merrill's Acworth, and Fred P. Well's History of Barnet, Vt. As most of these books were compiled nearly a century ago, the authors might very well have known and talked with the sons of the emigrants, or even some who emigrated as boys (James Duncan, Sr. of Haverhill d. 1818, was born in Ireland). Though they give no authority for their statements, they really have the validity of first hand evidence for the sons of the settlers probably knew where their fathers came from, and something of their history.

Mr. Frederick S. Duncan of Englewood, N. J. conducted a long correspondence with officials and interested antiquarians in both Edinburgh and in Londonderry and Ballymoney in Ireland, but unfortunately the net result was negative. Either the records were no longer in existence or they furnished no corroborative evidence, though they do not refute the traditions. Unfortunately the vital records of the Presbyterian Church of Ballymoney were all burned during the rebellion of 1798, according to Mr. James Hamilton, an historically minded attorney in the town, and the clerk of the district council says their records do not go nearly so far back as was needed to reach the emigrants.

had been sent<sup>5</sup> and after some correspondence with Governor Shute, about one hundred families from Ulster arrived in Boston in five ships, being largely the congregations of four Presbyterian ministers among whom Rev. James Macgregor was conspicuous. The General Court gave them permission to select a grant of land six miles square and a search was made along the coast and elsewhere, but finally a location was selected above Haverhill at a place then called Nutfield. Sixteen men at once went thither and built huts along a brook named the West Running Brook, which flowed into the Beaver River. Among these sixteen men were Captain James Gregg, John Morrison, James McKeen, and John Nesmith.<sup>6</sup> These sixteen were the real pioneers of Londonderry, as Nutfield was soon called, but many more families of the same type soon joined them and called Rev. James Macgregor to be their pastor.<sup>7</sup> He summed up their reasons for leaving Ireland as follows:—

1. To avoid oppression and cruel bondage.
2. To shun persecution and designed ruin.
3. To withdraw from the communion of idolaters.
4. To have an opportunity of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience and the rules of his inspired Word.<sup>8</sup>

There is no doubt but what agriculturally they left a richer for a far poorer country, for the valley of the Bann where there were friends and neighbors is excellent farming country, well-watered and with a far milder climate. They certainly did not leave Ireland for immediate physical betterment.

Of the first group James McKeen was the one who usually represented the settlement in its dealings with outsiders, but James Gregg was the first industrialist. Nevertheless the petition to the General Court of New

5 Two men, William Duncan and David Duncan signed this petition. Original in the N. H. Hist. Soc. Reprinted in part in C. K. Bolton, *Scotch Irish Pioneers*, pp. 324-330.

6 G. W. Browne, *Early Records of Londonderry, Manchester, N. H. 1911*, II, vi-vii.

7 E. L. Parker, *History of Londonderry*, p. 41.

8 MS. sermon of Rev. James Macgregor quoted refer., p. 34.



Hampshire asking for a confirmation of their grant signed only by James Gregg and Robert Wear, is a masterpiece of simplicity and force.<sup>9</sup> James Gregg alone had the right to build a grist mill and was one of a group of four authorized to build a saw mill on the Beaver River in 1719.<sup>10</sup> Moreover his lot on the West Running Brook extended back to another mill site a little below Beaver Pond.

The first meeting house was located at the northerly end of the double range of grants along the West Running Brook, but the settlement grew very rapidly as new settlers arrived from Ireland. They filled up a block known as Aiken's Range northwest of the original grants and then another block west of it called Eayer's Range. West and Northwest of this was the High Range and Moose Hill, and still further to the northwest was Canaday-great-swamp with three ranges known as Canada east, middle and west beyond. Just beyond the great swamp in the easterly range was a piece of land which had been allotted to Governor John Wentworth.<sup>11</sup>

There is no record of what ship the Duncans arrived on or what port they came to.<sup>12</sup> It has been generally stated that he arrived in 1727, but in the records of the early land grants there is no mention of a grant to any Duncan. The first positive fact that we know about the emigrant George is that he bought on September 30, 1727,

9 Quoted in Parker, *Londonderry*, pp. 53, 54.

10 G. W. Browne, *Early Records*, II, xviii.

11 See map of Jesse G. McMurphy. G. W. Browne: *Londonderry Records*, II, xxx vi.

12 According to the ship news in the *Boston Gazette* only three ships from Ireland are reported from Jan. 1, 1727 to Nov. 27, 1727, when George Duncan was known to be in Londonderry.

On July 8, 1727, Capt. Nathan Lewis entered from Ireland

July 24, 1727, Capt. Joseph Prince entered from Cork

Sept. 11, 1727, Capt. David Bell entered from Belfast.

That is all the entries from Ireland and no entries at Salem, Marblehead or Newburyport are given, though entries at those ports from other places are listed. If this is all, however, the best guess is that the Duncans came with David Bell from Belfast, but the chance of error is increased by the fact that Irish ships may have touched at Liverpool, Bristol or Halifax, and be entered as from those ports from which there are numerous entries.



one hundred and seventy acres of this Canaday Land from Gov. Wentworth for £100.<sup>13</sup> He probably built his house on this land and it would surely have answered the description oft quoted in the family tradition, that it was the "northwesternmost" house in New England; not the most northerly or the most westerly, but a salient jutting northwest into the unsettled Indian country. It must have been a long way—two or three miles—from the more settled district. This was the only deed of land to the Duncans and in the printed records of grants there is no mention of Duncans, but on the map of Rev. Jesse G. McMurphy an irregular lot at the north end of Eayer's Range and one on the High Range adjoining are attributed to John Duncan, and another adjoining one to George, but probably this was the son George.

Curiously enough George Duncan was put on a committee to propose a method for laying out the town lands at a town meeting in December, 1727. They already had a committee to assign lands and the appointment of this new committee to tell them how to do it, was hotly protested by the Proprietors. Perhaps this is why the Duncans had to buy their lands.<sup>14</sup>

A meeting house was later built about half way up Eayer's Range and a little west of it with a graveyard about it. That graveyard is now known as the Hill Cemetery and about 1000 yards due north of it, you would start to cross George Duncan's land. North of it and east of it was the land of John therefore. It was pretty poor land, now largely grown up to birch trees.

The lot which the father had bought from Governor Wentworth was the most exposed, but all of Londonderry was far from being a safe locality.

A road ran from the end of George Duncan's lot southerly to the Meeting House and the Hill Graveyard, and another easterly about a mile to the property of John

13 Deed in New Hampshire Historical Society at Concord, N. H. Furthermore there is a charter of a town not far from Dover, N. H. granted December 1, 1726, which was never settled in which a George Duncan is mentioned so he may have arrived in America by 1726, but it may be another George.

14 Proprietors Records, I, pp. 71, 72.

Bell and Andrew Todd, the most northerly farms in Aiken's Range. John Bell's wife was Elizabeth Todd, a sister of Andrew Todd and Rachel Todd, the wife of John Duncan. They were all the children of James Todd and his wife Rachel Nelson. James Todd died in Ireland, but Rachel Nelson Todd came over when sixty or more years old and died in Londonderry. Two of the Todd brothers had graduated at the University of Edinburgh but probably not Andrew.<sup>15</sup> The Bells and the Todds are all supposed to have come from Ballymoney as did the Duncans and all were no doubt neighbors and friends in the old country.<sup>16</sup>

George Duncan, the emigrant must have been a man of considerable ability and property. It was no slight undertaking to transport a wife and six children across the ocean and then be prepared to pay £100 for a farm. He was very early recognized as an addition to the town and took his place among the leading citizens. In December, 1727, he was appointed by the town meeting, as has been said, chairman of a committee of three to determine the method of apportioning the town lands.<sup>17</sup> This was a pretty controversial subject and it seems unlikely that an obscure man who had just arrived would have been chosen. The following March a George Duncan was made one of the seven road surveyors,<sup>18</sup> some of whom were among the first settlers, but this may have been the son George. By 1730, he was of the committee for settling a second minister along with Captain James Gregg, Captain Cargill and others of the earliest and most prominent settlers and is the only member of the committee of fifteen allowed the title of "Mister" except Mr. James McKeen.<sup>19</sup>

This is the last public record of the doings of George, the emigrant, but the tradition is that he was a man of education and standing and was a justice of the peace.<sup>20</sup> All this is borne out by the intelligent will<sup>21</sup> he made in

<sup>15</sup> E. L. Parker, *Londonderry*, pp. 262, 270, 307.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>17</sup> G. W. Browne, *Early Records*, I, p. 71.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.* II, 74.

<sup>19</sup> G. W. Browne, *Early Records*, II, p. 120.

<sup>20</sup> E. L. Parker, *Londonderry*, p. 270.

<sup>21</sup> Copy in N. H. Historical Society, Concord.

May, 1739, not long before his death. This will is interesting because it shows the old New England way of providing for a family where there was not much ready money about and where work was required to make property pay out. It must be remembered that of his six sons John and George were married and established in life in Londonderry, while Robert had already moved to Boston and married. Abraham who was soon to move to North Carolina was probably living with Robert in Boston. He had no doubt helped all the married ones to start in life and felt his obligation to them was largely discharged, but William, the third son, and Esther and James the two minors, were still at home.

To his wife Margaret he gave all his household furniture save what "always had been called Esther's," all the "cattle and creatures" and one third of all grain and hay raised during her life time and the westerly end of his dwelling house. She could leave this as she saw fit to Esther, or to the "dutifulest" of her children with the advice of his executors, but William and James were not to be cut off with nothing. William was evidently the working farmer for he was twenty-six years old, while James was but fourteen. These two were left all the real estate, but subject to their mother's third of the produce and a payment of £100 to Esther in lieu of any interest to her in the real estate. John, George and Robert were cut off with five shillings apiece "together with what they have already received from me." Abraham, who, one reads between the lines, was the problem child, got forty shillings with the money he had already received from his father through Robert. It did not matter for he soon moved to North Carolina, married a rich widow with a plantation and died young without issue.

The plan of the whole thing is clear. The elder sons were remembered by a token gift, but must be content with what their father had already done for them. William, the unmarried son, was to work the farm with the help of the boy, James, and provide a living for his mother and sister who was given what amounted to a dowry of £100. James is not advised but "ordered" point

blank to live with his mother till he is twenty years old. Robert, the Boston merchant, is made executor with John McMurphy of Londonderry who was the town clerk.

There is little enough that we know of this emigrant Duncan and it seems impossible to learn more. The glimpse we do get is of a strong man who did not hesitate in middle life to cut his ties with the old world and hew out a freer life for himself and his family in the new world, who at once became a leading man in Londonderry where there was a large group of able men. He had a keen sense of justice and firm and definite opinions of the eternal fitness of things—characteristics which still stick out in the family even in the sixth and seventh generations.







STREET WITHIN THE CITY WALLS, CANTON

From a drawing by a Chinese artist



MACAO, FROM THE FORTS OF HEANG-SHAN

THE DAILY LIFE OF MRS. NATHANIEL  
KINSMAN IN MACAO, CHINA

Excerpts from Letters of 1844

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Contributed by Mrs. Frederick C. Munroe

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(Continued from Volume LXXXVI, page 142)

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Macao 1st mo. 18th 1844

My dearest Sister—

I cannot let my husband's favorite ship the "Zenobia" leave without a few lines at least, though I have written within a week by the "Natchez," and a few days before to you all collectively by the "Delhi." . . . We spent the evening of the day before yesterday with our neighbor Mrs. Tiers. We had some fine music, one of the gents playing *splendidly* on the flute, said to be the greatest proficient on that instrument in the United States. He played too on the piano and accompanied it with his voice.

. . . Captain Lockwood of the "Valparaiso" arrived here the morning of the 7th. He has been up the coast for three or four months, having left here before we arrived. Capt. S. says he found the Chinese at the Northern ports much more civil and hospitable than those at Canton. Poor things. I should think the sight of a foreigner would be revolting to them—They seem however to have none but friendly feelings towards Americans. His wife dined with the wife and daughters of a *Mandarin* at one of the cities—Probably the first foreign lady whoever enjoyed such a privilege.

Young Americans abound here now. Messrs. Hooper & Walcott have just returned from a trip up the Coast, to the Northern Ports. They have given us very interesting accounts of their trip—They went in a small English Schooner, which was full of *Centipedes*, and in a fortnight, they caught in their little cabin, a large case bottle full, which we have seen, and with which the *children* were delighted. Fortunately they were bitten but once, and then not seriously. A son of Josiah Bow of New

York and a Mr. Waldron formerly of Dover, having come out in pursuit of business, intend establishing themselves as Commission Merchants or Agents at Hong Kong. F. Bush likewise proposes establishing himself at Hong Kong, in a similar way, the Houses at Canton all being full to overflowing already. . . . My husband leaves us for Canton in one or two days to enter upon his duties there. We shall miss him sadly. . . . I don't know how I should get along without Mary Anne; She is a great comfort to me—John too wishes to be particularly remembered to you all. . . . Mrs. Stuart, Mr. Lejée's friend, in course of conversation, mentioned Elizabeth Frye's being in France, with her brother, etc. She asked me if I knew Mrs. Frye? I said no, but her brother had been in America, etc. She immediately said she wished she could introduce me to Capt. Bruce of H.M. Ship "Agincourt," who is a connection of Mrs. Frye's and who has on board ship a grandson of hers. We had the pleasure of a call from the worthy captain. Friend Gurney he does not know, but Elizabeth Frye he seemed well acquainted with—J & K Backhouse too, he seemed to know—The time draws near when our friend Wm. Lejée will be leaving us—It will be a sad day to us for his kindness is unwearied. Mary Anne comes in for a liberal share of his favor. I have not said much lately about Mary Anne;<sup>1</sup> you will be glad to hear that I like her very much. I think as does her Uncle, she has improved very much since leaving home. There is a remarkable degree of self possession, about her, which is very striking, in one so young, and might be envied by many older persons. In entering a room and in the company of gentlemen this is particularly noticeable.

Macao, 2nd mo. 4th 1844

My beloved Parents, Sisters and Brothers—

. . . . After writing thus far I put on my bonnet and shawl and went out for our accustomed walk, it being about five o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was perfectly delightful, and I enjoyed the air and exercise high-

<sup>1</sup> Mary Anne Southwick, niece of N. Kinsman, who afterward married Mr. Ward of New York.



ly—While walking, I wished, oh how much, that some of my dear friends at home could *drop in*, and join us in our walk. How you would have stared, at some of the strange sights, that met our eyes—We first overtook and passed a French Padre or Priest, with two of his flock in earnest conversation—There are several of these French Catholic Priests here, and they are in general much better looking men than the Spanish or Portuguese Padres. They wear long flowing black cloaks or robes (of fine broadcloth apparently) which are very graceful, and a singular but not unbecoming hat upon the head, a much more becoming costume, than the scant gown, and close scull-cap, worn by some of the priesthood—There are many kinds of Priests here, as Dominican, Capuchin, etc, etc,—and each order has its own peculiar dress. They are (many of them) fine looking men, but do not *appear* to be much given to *fasting*, or if they are, there appearance does not bespeak it—Then we met Parsees in numbers. These people seem as fond of walking as ourselves, as we always meet them and I like always to see them. Their dress is extremely plain and simple, white in summer, but now they wear long coats of drab or brown cloth, made not unlike Father's *mandarin*, and without any collar; but the ugliest imaginable caps upon their heads made of *calico* & glazed highly. There are a great many Chinese from the North Country here now—They dress a little differently and are easily distinguishable from those residing here, being usually taller and finer looking men. They have a great fondness for birds, and many of them in walking out, take their feathered pets along, some in cages, and some attached to a little stick or perch, which they hold in their hands. This is certainly a very innocent and harmless taste, but they seem very much like grown up children, and well grown too, as they are tall stout men. The children are of course very much delighted with these birds, and the Chinese equally so with the children, and are very much pleased, to have them come up and notice their pets. China New Year (which comes somewhere about the 15th of this month I believe) is near at hand, which is a great occasion with the Chinese,

and is the cause of so many strangers being here just now—No business is transacted for a week or more, and their houses are thrown open to their friends, presents given and received, etc. I forgot to mention among the strange looking people we met in our walk the other evening, a Chinese Priest of the Buddhist Sect. He wore a loose robe or gown with full sleeves, of a dark slate colour, and a close cap upon his head. These Priests shave their heads entirely . . . . This not a pleasant way of living, the husband at Canton and the wife 70 miles from him, and it seems the more trying that a different state of things has existed for the last four years; during that period, every commercial house has had a branch here, and it seems particularly hard that a removal should have been thought advisable just now. However, we must make the best of it, and I console myself as well as I can by writing to, and hearing from him almost every day. We are reading Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," which we find very interesting.

Macao Second month, 14th 1844

My dearly beloved Mother—

. . . Three gentlemen, old residents in China, have embarked on board the "Akbar" for home—Their names are King, Hunter and Morse. They have all been here from 8 to 10 years. The first named, King, though still a young man returns home with a fortune of \$300,000—!! Only think of this. He has been uncommonly fortunate. Morse is an excellent young man and his departure is universally regretted—My husband likes him particularly. He knew him in China before. . . . Although the former co-partnership<sup>2</sup> ceased and the new one commenced the first of this month, yet as Samuel Wetmore has not yet arrived, and it would have been exceedingly difficult if not impossible, for Nathaniel at first to have performed alone the duties devolving upon him, Messrs. Couper and Lejée, the former partners have kindly offered to remain and assist him until S. Wetmore's arrival—This offer is a particularly kind one as it defers the period of their leaving for home, which they are of course very

2 Wetmore & Co. of New York.



anxious to do, having been long absent. We feel very anxious for the arrival of some ship, which shall bring us tidings from dear home—Our latest dates from you are to the 5th of 8th month. This is a long time ago—six months—What changes may have taken place in that space of time—However I am naturally very much inclined to look upon the bright side of things. There are several ships daily expected from the United States. The “Horatio,” the “Huntress,” the “Boxer” from Salem, the “Convoy” from Boston and several others. We are anticipating a very agreeable addition to our society by the arrival of Mrs. King (who has been in China before) and of two or three other ladies, the wife and sisters of a gentleman named Delano, who went home about a year ago; and who we understand is about returning, with the addition of a wife, a lady from Northampton, in our own State. . . . The weather today is very cold, the mercury stood at 42 but the sun is shining brightly, and the air is clear and invigorating, and seems like our weather towards the last of October. I was just interrupted by a call to the parlour to see some visitors, Mr. Sword and Dr. Parker. Does thee not recollect hearing Nathaniel speaking of Dr. Parker, when he returned from China in the “Zenobia.” He is a missionary here, and a physician too—So he administers to the moral as well as the physical necessities of his patients. He went to the United States about two years and took unto himself a wife and they live together at Canton—and have just come down to Macao for a little visit—I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on his good wife tomorrow. She came from Washington. . . .

After writing thus far last evening I had the pleasure of receiving several Salem newspapers, *Registers*, *Gazettes*, and *Mercurys*, sent in by Mr. Bush, from whom I have several times received similar favors. The latest date was August 1st. This was later than anything we had heard from Salem. They came by a vessel from Boston to Manila—when you hear of a vessel going to Manila, direct to care of Messrs. Peele, Hubbell Co. at that place—W. K. Osborn and N. Cook of Salem both belong to

this firm and will with pleasure forward anything to us.

William Robinson has gone to Hong-Kong. He remained here ten days but hearing that stores of all kinds were in great demand at the City of "Victoria," as the English settlement at Hong-Kong is called, thought it best to go over there with his cargo. We saw him frequently during his stay in Macao. He was very well liked—was thought gentlemanly, intelligent and unassuming, an agreeable contrast to some other specimens of our young men that have been here. I hope he will soon return, though that is uncertain as he is not decided on his plan of proceeding. . . . Our pretty neighbor Mrs. Tiers, of whom I have so frequently spoken, has been in Canton for six weeks or more and thinks she shall reside there permanently. Mrs. Ritchie, is now in Canton with her children, she went up a few days ago for a visit for the first time, although she has been here four years, so that Macao is almost deserted by ladies. . . . The "Huntress" also brought out the missionaries, Mr. & Mrs. Cole and a Doctor somebody. The etiquette here is when strangers arrive, the gentlemen call on the lady residents, who then return the call upon the stranger ladies if any there be. Accordingly, the said Mr. Cole, called with Wm. Lowrie, the Minister residing here, and the next day Mr. Lejée and myself called on Mrs. Cole. She is a pleasing and intelligent woman of about forty, from New Brunswick, N. J. . . . Mr. Lawrence, to whom I have already introduced thee has made a visit at Macao since I wrote last. He is a particular friend of Wm. Lejée, and when he is in Macao we see him frequently, and he is so well informed and agreeable that we are always glad to see him. . . . Mr. Coolidge, with whom Nathaniel once thought of going into business when in China before, has just left. He came to Macao to take passage in the "Antelope," Capt. Dumaresq, for Bombay. He goes home Overland. His wife is in Switzerland with her children, where he is to join her. She left China about four years ago, and was more admired here than any lady, English or American, who had ever been here. She was a granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson and

in addition to great natural abilities, has had the advantage of associating with the best society in our own country and in Europe, particularly in England. Her husband must be very happy in the prospect of joining her after so long a separation. He came to see me, and is gentlemanly and agreeable. We have now seen nearly all of the Canton community, or at least all the Heads of houses, with one or two exceptions.

I have sent in the "box" a model of a Chinese *foot*, which my friend Wm Lejée brought me from Canton the other day, thinking I might like to send it home. It will show you in what a strange way the foot is distorted and the toes bent under, and you will not wonder that the poor creature finds it difficult to walk. . . Nathaniel says he has ready to send, two cases, marked Nos. 1 and 2, each containing 2 boxes of tea. . . . No. 1 contains the nicest tea that can be secured, and costs here a dollar a pound. This is such tea as we have at this house—Wetmore and Co. have had it every year for I don't know how long, but a great while, of the same tea merchant. No. 2 contains Souchong Tea, very good but inferior to No. 1. He requests, dear mother, that thee will give a few papers from No. 2 to our friend, Saphronia Page. No. 5, he says, is a package containing two pretty round boxes of Souchong; one of which he wishes to send from me to Sister Anne, and the other to Mary Foote. I hope these teas will all prove good. No. 10 is a box of Yong Hyson for Mother Kinsman. He has directed these to the care of Samuel Wetmore in New York (the old gentleman who has had the care of his business ever since he came home in the "Zenobia") and requested him to pay custom house duties, freight, etc. and forward them to father at Salem—I hope they will all arrive safely as well as the three boxes of pictures, and one of knick-knacs and the two writing desks. Thee speaks of my sending you some Chinese Plants. I should rejoice to do so, but *here* I have as yet seen nothing to compare with our flowers at home. When I go to Canton I shall perhaps be able to give a different account. The Camelias and Tea Roses are fine, but no finer than at home. The Lotos and one

other flower whose strange name I have forgotten, are said to be the most beautiful productions of the vegetable kingdom in China, neither of which we see here in Macao. I have requested Nathaniel to procure at Canton some flower seeds for thee, but whether they will prove anything worth having, or the most common things, is quite uncertain. . . . I have dressed very warmly this Winter, quite as much so in the house as at home. My silk cloak became spotted and spoiled on the passage out. I have worn my broadcloth one occasionally, but usually a thick shawl with the wadded undercape, which Anna made for me, has been sufficiently warm. The children dress the same as at home. Ecce wears her merino wrapper and a little wadded bonnet like the one she wears at home. I have had an occasional supply of summer frocks made for them both. . . . Thee ask if I drink Ale or Beer? Yes, and have become very fond of it. It is English Beer and much lighter than that we get at home, and better suited to this climate—I drink half or two-thirds of a tumbler every day at dinner, and it suits me admirably. The water however I think is good, it tastes agreeably and does not disagree with any of us—it is brought (that which we use for drinking) from a spring outside the city. We have two wells in the yard, the water from which is used for Washing and other purposes. Do not be concerned about the children in connection with these wells, as one of them is kept covered and the other is protected by a high stone curb and the children never approach it. The “Wissahickon” arrived this morning from the North. She is a little vessel belonging to Robeson Moore, of Philadelphia, who I think I mentioned was here, when we arrived. He wishes to sell the vessel. Indeed I believe he brought her out here for that purpose, but not being able to obtain the price he wished, he made a trip to Java for a cargo of rice and from there to one of the Northern Ports to sell it, and has now returned. He dined with us and then left for Canton and Hong Kong on business. Have I mentioned receiving an invitation to dine with Mrs Ken? I really cannot recollect. However, we did receive one, which we accepted and the visit was made



yesterday. She is a pretty, intelligent young English lady, and her name is Emily Eva Ken (pronounced Kan)—is it not a pretty name? We went a few minutes before 7. The invitation mentioned that we were to come “in quite a friendly way,” and we met there only Mrs. Sword, Dr. Young and two young Englishmen, one of whom had a native Hindu servant, as his attendant, who with his turban, moustache, and national dress, presented a curious spectacle to me. You know we each take our own servant in going out to dine, so that the host is not obliged to provide any additional attendants. A dinner in China is pretty much the same thing at every house; regular courses of soup, fish, meats, puddings, etc., salads and fruits, being invariably served—but the old family plate, engraved with the Coat of arms is not so familiar a thing. The meat and vegetable dishes, covers, etc. were all silver. The dinner and dessert services of the most exquisite French porcelain (thee knows I have a particular fancy for these things). The host and hostess cheerful and agreeable, and we had a very pleasant visit. My husband’s company only was wanting. After dinner, the ladies retired, the gents, according to English custom, remaining over their wine. Coffee was served, and after the gentlemen joined us, tea was handed, and we had some pleasant music. Mrs. Ken had just received a present of a valuable new piano from one of her husband’s Parsee friends, so that was tried and its merits compared with her own instrument, etc. We came away about 11 o’clock. It rained, so we all three, Mr. Lejée, Mary Anne and myself went in our chairs. We get into them in our own entry, and get out in that of the person to whose house we go—so that there is really less exposure than in entering and alighting from a carriage at home. The ladies here dress very handsomely. They have bonnets and dresses sent out Spring and Autumn from England and America, and no expense seems to be spared—I shall not be unwilling to be singular in this respect. The Missionary lady, Mrs. Cole, dresses simply just as such a person should. *Third day 12th, 3d month.* I am thinking my dear Sister, thee will complain, and very justly, that I do not say enough



about the children. It is now toward evening after one of the most lovely days I ever experienced, and the children are out for their accustomed ramble. The thermometer has stood at about  $70^{\circ}$  today, a fine clear air, and pleasant breeze from the South. The dear little ones have been in the yeard and on the Verandah, enjoying themselves highly. Mary Anne and myself made some pumpkin-pies for dinner today, which were pronounced very nice, and I have taught our Cook, dear mother, to make first-rate cookies. He is a very intelligent nice looking young China Man. We have all the ingredients necessary brought up into the dining room, & he comes up, and looks on and assists. The boys too, are all very much interested, when anything of this kind is going on. We have been revelling in Oranges for the last few months. We have them in great abundance and variety, and the children each eat one, the first thing after they are dressed in the morning, and sometimes before. We have another fruit just now ripening, called the Loquot, which I think very nice. I have had the happiness today to receive a note from my husband, saying that he expected to leave Canton for Macao yesterday morning, so that I am in hourly expectation of his arrival. *Third day 3rd Month 19th, 1844.* . . . About nine o'clock my dear husband arrived from Canton. He took a violent cold coming down, and was quite sick for several days; as he was very feverish, I persuaded him to send for Dr. Young. . . . It is a great comfort to have so skilful and at the same time so agreeable a physician as our good Dr. Young, and to feel at liberty to call on him too, as we do, on every occasion. This is an advantage of paying him by the year. At \$5 a call, which is the fee, when not employed by the year, we should be apt to wait till we felt pretty sick before we called on him— . . . Nathaniel and all the clerks in the office are very busy, preparing letters, papers, etc. for the Probus; as soon as she is despatched, the whole office furniture, the desks, etc. etc. with the book-keepers & clerks are to be moved to Canton. Then we are to remove into the other end of the house; to occupy the rooms recently occupied by Messrs. Lejée

& Whitney, corresponding to the ones we now have, but which having a Southern instead of a Northern exposure, are cooler in Summer,—beside, that end of the house being farther removed from the kitchen and other out of door offices, is much more quiet. These removals accomplished, my husband will probably return to Canton, and Mr. Lejée will remain with us for a few weeks afterwards. Samuel Wetmore kindly invites us to Canton for a short visit, before the warm weather comes on, and is having the house painted and put in nice order for our reception, and we may possibly go up for a short time after Mr. Lejée leaves—however “can see, can sabe” as the Chinese say. I find myself unconsciously making considerable progress in this strange gibberish used here, called China English. When I first arrived, I thought I never could learn, but there is no teacher like necessity—I am fully convinced, more than ever before, that constant and agreeable occupation is the great secret of happiness. I am as *busy* as I can be, from morning till night, and this prevents my dwelling *too much*, on you, my beloved ones so far away. The afternoon has been rainy, so that the children did not get out as usual, but amused themselves instead by playing in the parlour and when they were tired of that, running through the dining room, & spacious entries—Nathaniel was *pacing* the parlour last evening, and he remarked that the whole floor of our Summer St. house might easily be put into that room, parlours, entries, closet & all. I called yesterday with Nathaniel to see Mrs. Ritchie, & from there, I went alone to call on Mrs. Ken, and finding her by herself, I enjoyed an hour’s conversation with her very much. . . . She remarked that I did not wear the *peculiar garb* of our Society (the bonnet & cap) but that she had been struck by the *simplicity* of my dress, and the plain & sober colors, which I always wore, & that she admired it. She then asked me my ideas about dress, with which she quite agreed—though she herself dressed *very elegantly*, and rather gayly. This however, may not be altogether a matter of choice, as her dresses, bonnets, &c, are all sent out from England by her friends. . . . I send, dear Sister,

a pattern for a slipper, which is exceedingly pretty, when worked in suitable colors, and is very easy to do. It should, however, be worked on that open kind of canvass, where the threads are divided two & two. . . . Our cow has entirely recovered her good looks, and is as plump, and sleek as possible. We have another old English Cow here, which Wetmore & Co. have had for 7 or 8 years, who is a very large animal, and you may remember that our Cow is rather small. These two occupy the same stable. They are not headed up, but each has a large apartment to herself, confined only by a bar across the entrance, and by putting their heads over these bars, they can touch each other. They seem to enjoy each other's society very much, and it is very amusing to see the matronly and protecting air, which the large cow assumes toward the small one, when they *walk out*, which they do for the *benefit of their health*, every day—They do not go to pasture as with us, as there is no good grass, and the sun in Summer, would be too hot for them to be exposed to it. The grass such as it is, is cut and brought to them, & they are fed morning & evening, with a warm mess, consisting of paddy & some other ingredients boiled together, I don't know what, of which they seem very fond. . . . Fourth day Morning, 3d Mo. 20th. I have risen earlier than usual this morning, my dear Sister, to add a few lines to my sheet before breakfast. The children are washed and dressed and I hear their merry voices, as they are playing on the Verandah with their father. They are delighted to have him here again. I have only time to say

farewell—from your own truly affectionate  
daughter and Sister  
Rebecca C. K.

(From her diary)

20th. The "Probus" sailed in the evening and her leaving China seemed like breaking a link which bound us to home.<sup>3</sup>

. . . The weather is now getting quite warm though we have constantly refreshing breezes from the South, which

3 The family came out in the *Probus*.

we are told, will continue to blow, through the summer months. One month of the rainy season has passed. We have had, notwithstanding very little rain here but the atmosphere is full of dampness, it is something like that of Newport in one respect, people do not take cold from it, but everything gets moldy—shoes, books, and almost everything else—Silks spot and it is necessary to have everything of this nature thoroughly dried by the fire and sealed up in tin boxes in the same way as for a sea voyage. Paper imbibes the dampness and becomes spoiled, unless very carefully wrapped in flannel and kept in tin or leaden boxes. We have *commenced* leaving off winter clothes, the children still wear their mousseline and plaid dresses, but have left off long sleeved tires . . . Mr. Lejée was in Canton, and returned bringing evidences that we have not been forgotten. Sissy a beautiful Hyeroglyphical Bible full of pictures, a pretty edition of Pilgrim's Progress for me, and Mrs. Segourney's letters to young ladies for Mary Anne. They were selected from an invoice of books someone at Canton had just received from the U. States. Mr. Cowper and Mr. Lejée go home together. . . . They have lived here together for nearly eight years. They were both partners in the house . . . I have had as yet no care of housekeeping, but now that Mr. Lejée leaves it will devolve upon me. . . . The new firm of Wetmore & Co. now consists besides Wm. S. Wetmore of N. York, of S. Wetmore Jr., N. Kinsman, Mr. Lawrence, and Wm. Moore. . . . Nathaniel is very busy dispatching a vessel. . . .

R.K.'S Letter.

Macao, First day, 4th Mo. 21st 1844.

. . . I wish you could have seen the process of moving (rooms in the house) There were some 6 or 8 coolies, and nearly as many boys engaged in the business, so that in the course of an hour, the whole furniture of our two rooms (which I assure you is not a little) was transported across the house, a distance of 120 feet. But the noise they made was almost deafening—such a noisy set of people as the Chinese I never imagined. Such jabbering and screaming was enough to craze one; the Compradore



superintending the business. John has a nice little room in the ground floor (communicating with ours by a private stair case) newly painted and white-washed, and comfortably furnished with which he seems much pleased. The Delanos have engaged a fine large house on the other side of us, from where they now live. They will have a very extensive garden and from the Summer house they can see our chamber windows, and they talk of establishing a set of telegraphic signals, with which we can communicate with each other. . . . Our next door neighbor is a pretty little Dutch lady, a Mrs. Rhineven. Her husband describes her as "a perfect bouquet." . . . It is very much the practice here to make calls on first day, I suppose, because it is the only leisure day business men have—but I think it is by no means a good one. . . I never sit down to breakfast without thinking of thee, dearest Sister—I think thee would enjoy these breakfasts so much . . . Delicious fish in great variety, eggs, currie & rice, often pigeons broiled, ham & eggs, and now that William Robinson has given me some very nice pork from his vessel, we have fried potatoes & rashers . . . I believe I have mentioned that we have excellent bread almost invariably—mutton chops & beef steaks occasionally—We usually conclude with very nice waffles of Indian Meal, and dry toast made of a sort of *Rusk*, baked by Portuguese Women here, which is extremely light & nice, and reminds me of the cake Cousin Rogers of Tewkesbury used to make, but not quite as sweet. Mr. Peirce was right about the butter here, it is not good, white and perfectly tasteless, I never eat it. We sometimes get it from the ships which lasts good for a little while. I don't know how thee would get along without the butter, but thee would probably get used to it, as we have done. In place of butter, we have Guava Jelly, which we get from Manila, and this reminds me of Mother, who I recollect used to be fond of it. . . . William Peirce is coming in to breakfast with us tomorrow morning, to taste our waffles. I ought to mention that for a keg of very sweet, nice corn-meal, that we are now using, we are indebted to the kindness of William Robinson . . .

. . . Mr. Lejée transferred his share in the book society



to us, which enabled us to become members without paying the "entrance fee," which is very considerable. . . . I long to hear from home again, but do not know when we may expect to have that pleasure, unless you write by the Overland Mail, as it would be getting out of season, for China bound ships to leave home.

Fifth Day, 16th., 5th Month. A lovely day. Went to Mr. Chennery's rooms by invitation from him. Met there Messrs. Sturgis and Rawle and Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Sword and Mrs. Parker. Some of the old painters' sketches of Chinese Scenery, and groups of Chinese variously occupied, are remarkably true to life, and display great talent. He is a remarkable old man, a very disagreeable one however, on account of his vanity. . . .

Third Day, 21st. . . . It rained all the afternoon and evening, with vivid lightning & heavy thunder. This rain is truly acceptable to the Chinese, who are said to have chinchinned Jos for it, all over the empire. Thy dream of me dear Sister, drest in white, was quite to the life, as I wear white almost constantly. And thee has commenced shopping for me—how kind, and soon we shall be expecting the box to arrive, oh, how delightful; we shall prize every bit of paper & twine I think, as coming from dear home. I should feel ashamed of having sent for so many things, but that every one else here does the same, only on a far more extended scale. The Delanos, who came out far better provided than we did, as Mr. D. had lived here so long, that he knew most of the wants which would be felt, say their first letters home were filled with orders for articles, and yet they seem to have everything that "heart could wish." The old residents here, have lists of articles, which are sent to them regularly, Spring & Autumn. It is thought however, that by another year, as there are so many English people, who have come & are coming to Hong Kong that there will be an abundant supply of most kinds of English goods. This is much to be desired. . . . Thee mentions that Beulah Hacker would like a dinner set. In my letter to her by the "Probus," I intended to offer to obtain for her anything she might wish. But I wish thee would say to her, either directly

or through A & Lydia, that I will get one for her with much pleasure, but wish her to give particular directions as to the kind of ware, Nankin or Common, blue or colored, the number of pieces of each article &c. Mrs. Tiers has been having a set made lately which is very pretty, each piece being painted with a different kind of bird. The dinner, dessert & tea set cost \$225—the nice kind of China costs a great deal—but I think it is beautiful. Beulah would probably prefer it being blue to painted in colors—I should. . . . We had the most beautiful daguerreotype here the other day that I ever saw. It was the mother of Dr. Kane, of Philadelphia, who came out with the Legation. . . . Mr. West, a young artist from Washington, who is attached to the Legation (and a very modest & agreeable youth withal) has a daguerreotype apparatus & has been very successful in taking likenesses—I have seen some he took of Com. Parker & his son, & several of the officers I knew, which were excellent. And one of an old beggar, who frequents the Praya Grande (with a huge excrescence or wen on the side of his neck, as large as an immense watermelon) which was true to the life. Dr. Parker has been very desirous to perform an operation on this man, & has several times got him to his house for this purpose, but he always runs away, saying “He makes his living by means of this wen, & if he were to lose that, he should be unable to live.” . . . No dear, we have no piano. I often wish we had—as so many of the ladies here play, it would be very pleasant to have music sometimes. Our house is very *simply* furnished. We have sent home by Mr. Lejée for a pair of sofas, and one or two rocking chairs, which he is to send us from New York; I have no wish to make a show, and am therefore quite content as it is, (or will be with these additions, which are really necessary for comfort) altho in point of elegance, our “fittings” do not compare well with those of most of the other ladies here, but we are extremely comfortable, having a fine airy house, and as pleasant a situation as any one,—but we have often regretted not having brought out our furniture, or at least a part of it. (After moving to the other part of the house)

I have now what I have always wished for, a spacious sleeping apartment—it measures 23 ft by 26—and we have a bedstead to correspond, 7 ft. wide & 8 long. We have a pretty mosquito-net for it, of white muslin, some we had of Mrs. Delano, whose husband ordered it out, when he was in England, just before his marriage, together with some pretty checked & striped muslins for dresses, several pieces of which she has kindly spared to us, and which are a great treasure. This buying things by whole pieces & numbers of pieces, when we get a chance makes one very extravagant. I think I have bought since I came here, as many as *18 pieces* of white material for dresses. It is not all made up yet to be sure, & I hope will be a sufficient supply for another Summer's wants, but such numbers of clothes, as are requisite here, I never imagined. And I always had a great dislike to an accumulation of things, but it seems necessary now, as the children must be kept looking nice, and we cannot depend upon the Wash-man returning the clothes oftener than once a week, & he sometimes keeps them longer if we have rainy weather.

Fifth day 7th mo 18th, 1844

My beloved Sister.

I commenced another sheet, as I have mentioned above, intending it for the "Convoy's" letter-bag, but as my husband thinks the "Sappho" & "Eliza-Ann" will both very likely arrive before her, I have concluded not to send anything more at this time—My best and most affectionate love to Father & Mother—Sisters & Brothers, Uncles, Aunts & Cousins, and other friends, whom I have not time to name separately, as my letter is now called for—Farewell, beloved sister, may we be preserved & permitted to meet again earnestly wishes & prays thy loving Sister

Rebecca—

7th Mo. Fifth Day, 18th. Dr. Bridgman took tea with us, and gave us an interesting acc't. of Mr. Brown's School for Chinese youth at Hongkong—(Later) (He) sent me 12 letters, to look at, written to him in Macao, by the pupils (Chinese) of whom he was speaking. They are well written and expressed, some of them remarkably so,

and are truly wonderful specimens of their improvement. Some of the pupils, he tells me, have been at the School 2 years, others 4, and their ages from 12 to 18 years.

First day, 28th (7th Mo.) Dr. Bridgman preached on Intemperance, a sermon much needed, I should think, but I fear it will not be much heeded. A call from Dadabhoy Byronjee.<sup>4</sup>

*Second day, 29th.* Walked late in the evening to the point, by a bright moonlight and saw a multitude of Portuguese enjoying the beauty of the evening.

(Letters) were received at 3 o'clock, and I had only time to break the seals of one or two, & glance at their contents, to ascertain that you are well, before dinner. We had company to dine—After dinner Mrs. Stewart came to see me for the first time, and people, one after another dropped in, so that we were not left alone to commune with our beloveds, *till half past ten at night*—was not this trying? Then we sat down, and I read thy journal aloud to my husband, as well as Mary Foote's letter, and it was at a late hour that our heads sought the pillow. We have been more than usually favored with books from the Society for the last two or three weeks—I have now on my table beside McCauley's *Miscellanies*, an extremely interesting tour among the Highlands of Scotland, Lady Chatterton's "*Pyrenees & Spain*," several reviews, &c&c. I was interested particularly in the comparison between the French and the Germans—very much in favor of the latter. The Dec. 1843 No. of the *Foreign Quarterly* contains a very interesting article, "*Biography of German Women*," and a review of "*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*," in which we are very much interested. . . .

*8th Mo., 3rd, 1844*

My dear Father—

The weather is now very warm, and I often think how much thee would enjoy it,—for two months to come we may expect the warmest weather of the season, and then comes October, the month in which we arrived, when the weather is truly delightful. We have as yet suffered very little from the heat, there being generally cool breezes

<sup>4</sup> Business associate from India.



from the South & west the latter part of the day, say from twelve o'clock, even when the forenoons are oppressively warm. The *punkah* is one of the luxuries of a warm climate. It is a large frame, covered with white cloth, or sometimes I believe with paper & whitewashed and a ruffle or flounce of white cloth nailed along the lower side. This is suspended in the dining room over the table, and a rope attached to it, which passes thro' a pulley, and into the room below, where the coolies stand to pull it, and we are thus rendered cool & comfortable while at meals, the time when in hot weather at home, we often feel the heat most. . . .

Macao Second Day—8th Mo., 5th, 1844

My dear Sister:

. . . The Delanos dress as thee describes the fashion, low neck, very short sleeves, short gloves, & brilliant jewels, particularly bracelets, but the lovely bride is none the more attractive in this evening costume, than in her unadorned morning deshabelle, in which I often see her, as we are on very familiar & agreeable terms. . . . Thee asks how much is the postage of a letter overland? Thee will observe I have asked the same question in a previous letter. All letters sent to W & Co. have the postage paid in London by their Agents there, and the amount charged at the end of the year, so that it makes little or no difference how many letters we receive in that way—the charge will be sure to be large enough to cover all—I cannot tell exactly how it is in regard to letters going from China, but, presume all expenses are paid from here to England. From there, perhaps it comes upon the receiver—I shall be glad to know how much you are obliged to pay. I should have added last evening, when mentioning how we were all employed, that John was in the yard, seeing the Cow milked, for since we have but one cow, (the one they brought over died June 1st.) to ensure her milk being undiluted with water, John sees the operation performed morning & evening. Formerly, we were often annoyed by having our milk abstracted, and water put in to make up the quantity, but we have now a new cowman, who, I hope, is more honest. The temptation to sell



milk, I suppose, is very great as it commands a very high price. . . . Dr. Ball an American missionary from Hong Kong with his family of three or four children, came over for the benefit of the health of the youngest, a puny child of 2 or 3 years, whose mother died some months since—the family now being under the care of the oldest daughter, a fine girl of 16, an excellent Chinese scholar, it is said—Macao is the resort for invalids, from H Kong, Canton &c, and our pretty Protestant burial place here, has received many accessions to its members, from the victims to that fearful H Kong fever, who finding they could not recover, came here to—die. I had never seen this burial ground, till one evening, when I was out with Capt. Gore & his wife, at the Camoens' Cave Garden, I proposed to them to go in, as it is very near—and we were very much pleased to find it a sweet, shady, secluded spot, containing many handsome monuments. . . . The fever is not nearly as prevalent as last year, and it is thought will be still less so, another, as the new houses become more thoroughly seasoned. . . . I am glad thee gave me that beautiful quotation from Carlyle, on the Chinese custom of visiting their graves, yearly, in the flowery spring-time, and of the Emperor holding the plough with his own hands. Thee will recollect Davis mentions these things in his work on China (By the by, does thee know that Davis, the Author, is now Gov. Davis of Hong-Kong?) Thee asks me to give thee some of my observations on these customs & observances—But here in Macao, we see very little of Chinese customs. We see only the lowest classes of the people—Tradespeople of humble pretension, servants & boat men & women. However, even here, we have seen enough, to feel the truth of one part of Carlyle's description—"with their tumultuous brayings making night hideous"—for so noisy a race, I believe, nowhere exists. The "dragon festival" has lately been celebrated—for two or three days & nights, there were boat races, processions, & chinchinning or worshipping, with every horrible noise of shouting, beating of gongs, & drums, &c&c. The fishermen had a celebration one day; a long procession of wicked looking wretches,

carrying *tridents*, or three pronged instruments, and various others which were nondescript, with transparent figures of fishes, of various kinds, &c&c. Boat races took place every day, long, narrow boats, 40 feet long, and as narrow as can be imagined for a man to sit in, gaily ornamented with crimson streamers, & containing from 40 to 50 men rowed backward & forward at their utmost speed, with gongs beating, and in the evenings long processions paraded through the city, attended by the same deafening *music*. These processions were very long, & were attended with various accompaniments, banners, &c, ornamental & I suppose emblematical—Small cars, or platforms, borne on men's shoulders, on which were pretty little girls, of 6, 8 or 10 years old, supported by some invisible means, but apparently standing in mid air, surrounded by flowers, but so sleepy, that I really feared the poor little things would fall from their giddy height, and they fanned themselves incessantly to keep awake—but the principal ornament was the Dragon, a huge transparency, borne high in air, filled with lights, and full 30 ft. long. It was so constructed that the men who bore it (on poles, high above their heads) gave it the sinuous motion, peculiar to the animal, and it writhed precisely like a serpent. Its forked tongue rolled from its fiery mouth, and its tail emitted flames. Every here & there were men & boys, 3 or 4 together, with hollow instruments of copper, on which they pounded, as if life depended on the weight of their blows, and drew forth the most hideous, deafening sounds. At Canton, the celebration was on a much grander scale. . . . Thee asks about *typhoons*. (The two words *ty* & *foong* mean great wind) I suspect they must be very fearful—and I have thought I might be able to give thee a description of one, as the Chinese have been expecting one this summer, though many people thought our having much thunder and lightning would keep off a typhoon, and if it does not come soon, we shall probably escape it altogether, as one has never been known to occur, I believe, later than the 18th of August. It is now 3 years since they had one. There are always indications of their approach, not to be mistaken, and the houses are barri-

caded, and closed in every direction. Such is the force of the wind, that the water is often thrown entirely over the roofs of the houses, on the Praya Grande. Roofs are sometimes taken from houses &c, but lives are seldom lost, on shore—At sea, exposed to their fury, it must be fearful. The Mr. Sturgis, of whom Mrs. Cleveland told thee, was probably a Mr. Forbes, brother of Bennet Forbes of Boston, and of Paul Forbes, the U. S. Consul in Canton, who was lost in a Typhoon, while going in a small boat, from this place to Canton, many years ago. He was repeatedly warned against making the attempt, being told that the indications of the approaching hurricane were not to be mistaken, but he persisted, and his death was attributed to his own rashness. . . . How thee would like to see Natty drest in white, low neck & short sleeves; I often think I wish thee could see us all on the Verandah, in an evening, such a pretty summer picture—Husband, wife, niece, children, & visitors if any, all in *white*—John, too, dresses entirely in white—pants & jackets. Nothing else bears the washing. My pretty purple lawn, that Sophia made me, and of which I have been very *choice*, so that it has not required washing till now, came home the other day, entirely *faded out*—I was so sorry. Another time, I shall let John *wash* the coloured dresses, and then give them to the Wash man to starch & iron.

First day—9th Mo.—1st., 1844

My dear Sister,

. . . We have heard of something that I must regret, viz: that the "Convoy" is ashore on the Island of Luzon or Luconia, the same island that Manilla is upon, . . . The letter sent by her if not lost will at least be very much delayed . . . That day we had "Custard Apples," at dinner, for the first time, as they had gone (or as the Chinese say "finishy") when we arrived last year. It is considered the nicest fruit here, about the size of a large russetin apple, the outside rough like the coat of a pine tree, the inside full of black seeds covered with a soft sweet pulp. I think them very nice but it is very laborious eating them as the pulp adheres to the seeds, and they are somewhat expensive, 5 cts. apiece. Our old acquaint-

ance, Robeson Moore, returned that day in his little brig "Wissahickon" from Bally near Java with a cargo of rice. 2nd day 26th I called on my new neighbor Mrs. Barrette. They have recently moved next door. She is a Spanish lady from Manilla, young and extremely pretty. . . . She cannot speak a word of any language but Spanish so I could do nothing but look at her (it was fortunate she was agreeable looking and intelligent) but her husband, who was educated in England, speaks the language with much fluency and he was very social, so the call passed off very agreeably.

*First day evening 9th mo. 8th*

A whole week since my last date. On second day the 2nd, the Delanos with their guests all set off for Canton, in the "Antelope," very imprudently as I think, as the weather was very warm and the sweet Mrs. D. not well. They had a perilous and very uncomfortable passage up, as the wind blew a violent gale, almost a typhoon, on third and fourth days. We have as yet, only heard of their safe arrival, but no particulars. Mr. Ken was out during the gale in a fast-boat, going from Canton to Hong Kong, and was in so much danger, that at one time, they quite gave up all hope of being saved. Mr. R. was likewise in great danger, being out through the gale in a fast-boat, between Macao and Canton, and I have just now heard that Mr. Stewart left Macao for Hong Kong and was obliged to put in at some island, until the gale had abated;—his wife for several days, before anything was heard from him, being in a state of terrible anxiety. I think these people were all very imprudent to set off when they did, as the sky wore a most threatening aspect and the mercury in the barometer fell constantly, a sure indication of bad weather. The Catholic bishop has died and been buried this week. He left one of the northern ports to come to Macao, to consecrate a bishop here, but being discovered (they were obliged to travel in disguise) secreted himself in a cave for nineteen days, during which time he had nothing to subsist on, but a little chocolate which he had with him, and when that was gone he lived on grass and roots. He finally reached Macao, to die



from the privations he had undergone. He was buried with considerable pomp, his body dressed in pontifical robes, glittering with crimson and gold, was borne on an open bier entirely uncovered, a fine looking middle-age man. The zeal of these Catholic missionaries in spreading a knowledge of their religion, and making converts to it, is worthy of Protestant imitation. They are said to have made a vast number of converts among the Chinese. On 5th day evening the 5th inst. the "Howqua" arrived, after a passage of 97 days . . . Nathaniel went next morning to W. H. Low, the Supercargo who kindly allowed him to open Wetmore & Co's package of letters, trusting to his honour that he would take none that he was not quite sure were for me. . . . It often happens that business letters are retained, while ladies' letters are delivered immediately after a ship's arrival. . . . Quite a sad event has occurred today, the death of Mr. Waldron . . . . He was originally from Dover and came to China very soon after we did, and was appointed American Consul and Government Store Keeper at Hong Kong. When the "George Hallett" arrived a few weeks ago Commodore Parker preferred having the provisions etc. which she brought out for the navy, stored here, so he came over to Macao, (in the capacity of Government Store Keeper) and was perfectly well until last evening between nine and ten, when he complained of pains, which increased until twelve, when Dr. Anderson was sent for. On his arrival at one, he found him in the "collapsed state" of Asiatic cholera, and he died this afternoon at half past three . . . This is the first instance of Asiatic cholera, which our physicians have ever known in China. . . .

Capt. Allen in the "St. Paul" arrived here on first day, he is a very pleasant man. He has brought us our barrel of pork and box of leather, for which many thanks to you all—particularly dear Father for his attention to the pork, which I do not doubt will prove to be very nice. The leather is just the thing. What a fortunate opportunity to send them, leaving, as it were, your own door, and coming directly to ours. Capt. Allen has given us some rye-meal, which is very valuable, as it enables us to



have some nice home-like hasty pudding. I believe I mentioned that we got some very nice sweet Indian-meal from the "Montauk." Capt. A. likewise brought some delicious Guava Jelly from Manila, for which Nathaniel wrote sometime ago. It is an excellent substitute for butter and the children are very fond of it. Our friends, the Delanos, returned this evening from Canton, and I am really glad, as I felt a little anxious about Mrs. D. Elle attend son (?) accouchement le premier d' Octobre—I have been cleaning my desk today of an accumulation of notes, and I thought as I did so, they would perhaps give thee an idea of the writers of them—I will enclose some. They will at least serve to show the pleasant and kindly feeling that subsists between us here, and this I know will please thee.

6th day 13th, 9th mo.

—a letter was handed to my husband from Canton, dated on the *outside 3 o'clock* of the *previous* morning—on opening it, he read of the sad intelligence of the death (by drowning) of Wm. a Lawrence, whom thee may recollect I often mentioned in my earlier letters. He was one of the firm of Wetmore & Co. and joined the house when Nathaniel did. He with others, was on his way to Whampoa in a fast boat (he was going to look at the "Montauk") He was sitting on the deck (which is a dangerous place, without railing) in one of these Chinese Straw chairs, when the boat happening to rock, his chair tipped and he fell backward into the water. Every effort was made to save him, but in vain. We think he must have struck his head in some way and been stunned, as he was known to be an expert swimmer. (from her Diary) It is a singular fact that all persons (almost without exception) who fall into the river near Whampoa are drowned, however expert swimmers they may be. There is thought to be an undercurrent which sweeps them away. (Letter continued) Thee will (I think) recollect my expressing my admiration of him last winter, when he was a good deal in Macao.—He was a very accomplished scholar, & perfect gentleman, and his conversational powers of a high order. He was one of the *few men* who

treat women as *equals*, not lowering the tone of their conversation, as if in condescension to the capacity of their listeners. A universal favorite and his untimely death is deeply mourned and regretted. Funeral services were performed that afternoon on board the ship "Montauk" and it is said to have been one of the most solemn occasions ever known at Whampoa. All the ships in port, both English and American, lowered their colours to half-mast, minute guns were fired from the "Paul Jones" and a long procession of boats, English & American, followed his remains from the ship to French Island, where they were interred—temporarily, I hear, with the idea of their being sent home. My husband has felt Wm A Lawrence's death very much indeed, more than I ever knew him to, anything, except the death of his own brother.<sup>5</sup> . . . He was very much attached to him, as was every one who knew him, and had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in his society, when he should take up his abode in Canton. As a partner in business, he was invaluable, and his death will undoubtedly cause an additional charge to devolve on Nathaniel. He was the Corresponding partner of the House. Our old friends, the Bucklers, Uncle & Nephew, have come out in the "Lady Adams" a brig from Baltimore, the elder as Supercargo, the younger, clerk. Thee will recollect my mentioning these gentlemen who were here last year. It is just nine months since they left Macao for home, and here they are again . . . Quite a serious accident occurred to me at breakfast time today, nothing less than the loss of a tooth. It is one of the most serious evils of living in China, I think, the want of a Dentist.

### *Diary*

Third Day 20th 8th Mo. (1844) Took tea socially at Mr. Delano's. Weather toward evening looked threatening and the Chinese feared a typhoon, everything in the shape of a boat, went into the inner harbour, & all the vessels in the roads, with the exception of 4 or 5 large ones went to the Typa. The praya looked beautifully clear & quiet—nothing however ensued tho' the mercury in the barometer fell very much.

5 Joshua Kinsman died at sea.

Not a vessel or boat of any kind to be seen in the roads this evening except a single Schooner, which seems determined to brave the worst.

Fourth day, 4th, 9th Mo. Very high wind & raining thro' the day—barometer falling. The single Schooner left the roads for the Typa, not a boat to be seen for the day. The theatre near the Point *again* blew down—Toward night all the front Venetians were barred up & things looked gloomy enough. Mrs. Tiers proposed going to Mrs. Ritchie's to pass the night, as her own house is very old, & very much exposed to the violence of the gale. After the lamps were lighted, things assumed a more cheerful appearance, still as owing to the violence of the wind & rain, the front of the house was necessarily closed, the air was close & oppressive.

Third day 17th. I went out yesterday after dinner to call on Mrs. Stanton, the wife of the Government Chaplain at Hong Kong—She is a great invalid, as well as her husband, and they have come over to Macao, hoping to derive some benefit from the change of air—She came to China last 12th month, two months after we did, and when she left England, was, she says, a stout healthy woman, but they had a very long passage out (7 months) during which she suffered very much, and has not been well a day since. She is a very interesting person, and reminded me, tho' I hardly knew why, of our friend Elizabeth Peabody. She says there is an elasticity in the air here, very perceptible and delightful in coming from H. Kong.—that the rents at H. Kong are enormously high, a single room, and not a good one either, rents for \$25 a month. That being unable to obtain a house, they were very glad to take four rooms in a house with another person, for which they pay \$100 a month—\$1200 a year. . . . I have just come from the Bath, and feel much refreshed. These daily baths are a great luxury, but do not fancy them according to any preconceived ideas of Oriental luxury, of marble, in elegantly arranged apartments, or anything of the sort. A simple tub made of Staves & hooped, painted green outside, white within, and a *red* stripe around the top, answers the purpose, and the water

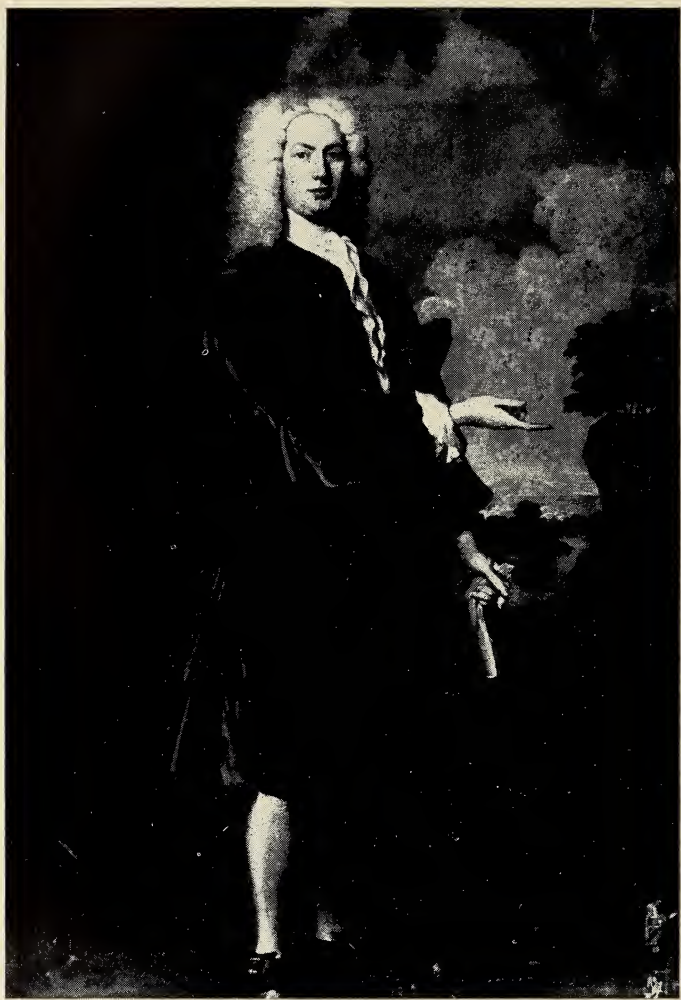
unfortunately is none of the softest. Still they are refreshing and healthful. . . . Yesterday morning, we heard that it (a box from home) was at the Custom House and my husband immediately sent his Portuguese Clerk, had it regularly cleared, paid the duties and the box was brought home. It was a little vexatious to have the box opened at the Custom house, and its contents examined & appraised, before we had seen them ourselves, but the authorities here are extremely strict just now, (being much in want of funds) and seize & condemn everything they can lay hold upon, which is not carried to the Custom house, and rather than run the risk of losing the box, we preferred sending it there to be inspected. A short time ago, a box which was landing from a boat in front of our house was *seized* & carried off, and is now advertised for sale. It contained "*Buffalo humps*" salted (esteemed a great luxury) and Chetna Sauce which Wm. Moore sent from Calcutta. Was it not too bad? For the contents of the box, dearest Sister, many many thanks to thee and all those who assisted thee. The dresses are beautiful and fit perfectly. I admire M.A.'s balzorine (?) rather more than mine, because it will be a more useful dress; mine is extremely pretty, but will, I fear be likely to spot in this climate. The lawns are beautiful, so are the Mousselines—mine a little too dark, and a little too much like the new one I had when I left home, but as it is like thine, I am glad thee got it. I made these remarks, only because thee asked me to *say just what I thought* of them for I admire them all exceedingly—I think this supply ought to last us all the time we are here. The gloves, ribbon, crewels & canvass &c&c all just right . . . I did not find, mention the babies, as among the contents of the box, for Ecce is very much delighted with them . . . Mary Anne and I will dress the other one, as soon as the wax dolls' dresses are completed . . . The dolls' heads, which I requested sent, in a previous letter, must be of a smaller size.

(Letters, Sept. 1844)

(*To be continued*)







HON. WILLIAM BROWNE OF SALEM  
who built the famous "Browne Hall" on Folly Hill, Danvers

## RECORD OF BROWNE FAMILY PORTRAITS

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Which Hung in "Browne Hall" on Folly Hill.

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BY GILBERT BURNET LEWIS

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The Historical Collections of the Essex Institute Vol. XXXII July-December, 1896 contains an article on the Browne family of Salem, Mass., followed by an interesting correspondence on the whereabouts of the original portraits of William Browne of Salem and Mary Burnet, his wife, with a picture of their portraits.

There were other portraits at "Browne Hall" one of Sir Anthony Browne<sup>1</sup> of England being a copy by Gabriel Mathias of London of the original by Hans Holbein and another of Hon. Samuel Browne of Salem, by John Smibert, father of the above William Browne. On page 232 the question, "Where are these pictures now? Were they still in existence?" The answer is "Yes."

The portraits of William Browne and Mary Burnet, his wife, at this date are on deposit with the Baltimore Museum of Art<sup>2</sup> property of Johns Hopkins University bequeathed by will of the late Dr. William S. Halsted. The portrait of Hon. Samuel Browne<sup>3</sup> is owned by Mrs. Standard R. Funsten of Pasadena, California, and that of Sir Anthony Browne by Mr. Philip Wallis of Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, both the latter owners are descendants of William Browne and Mary Burnet, his wife.

The history of these portraits may be with some minor corrections summarized as follows:

They were for some years prior to 1750 at "Browne Hall" near Salem, Massachusetts, the property of Hon. William Browne who bequeathed all his property by will

1 On the back of the portrait of Sir Anthony Browne there is written a brief history of the origin of the portrait and the early Brownes.

2 Authority letter from Curator of Fine Arts, Johns Hopkins University.

3 Authority letter from Mr. Philip Wallis, Cynwyd, Penn.

dated October 24, 1750, to his son, William Burnet Browne, 1738-1784 (latter married Judith Walker Carter of "Cleve," King George County, Virginia). He sold "Browne Hall" and about 1767 bought "Elsing Green" in King William County, Virginia, where he resided until his death May 6, 1784; his wife and three daughters survived him. The will of William Burnet Browne dated March 12, 1784, provided that "Elsing Green" and its contents should be inherited by his first grandson, William Burnet Claiborne (1782-1833)<sup>4</sup> provided the latter change his name to and be called William Burnet Browne, which was made legal by Act of Virginia Legislature in January, 1804.<sup>5</sup>

This grandson<sup>6</sup> sold "Elsing Green" December 20, 1820, to William Gregory and bought "Windsor Shades" in King William County where he lived until his death October 14, 1833. The portraits remained there until his widow, Mrs. Louisa Booth Browne, moved to Williamsburg where they were at the time of her death August 21, 1838.<sup>7</sup>

From Williamsburg they were moved to "Rosewell" in Gloucester County, the home of Thomas B. Booth and no doubt the home of the Browne children where they remained during the War between the States, and until about 1881 as stated in a letter of Mrs. Anna M. D. Smith,<sup>8</sup> daughter of Josiah Lilly Deans II, owner of "Rosewell" from 1856-7 until his death in 1881. After his death there was a division of the portraits; those of William Browne and Mary Burnet, his wife, passed into possession of Capt. Junius B. Browne, C.S.A., oldest son of William Burnet Browne and Louisa Ann Booth, his wife, and were moved to his home "Roaring Springs"

4 Son of Herbert Claiborne and Mary Burnet Browne.

5 Shepherds Statutes at Large, Vol. 3, page 57.

6 William Burnet (Claiborne) Browne married first Elizabeth (Betty) Claiborne, his cousin, no issue.

7 Herbert A. Claiborne copied the inscription on back of the portrait of Sir Anthony Browne when on a visit to residence of Mrs. Browne in Williamsburg, Va. His copy filed with the Claiborne papers with the Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

8 Essex Institute Magazine, Vol. XXXII of 1896.



MRS. WILLIAM BROWNE  
( Mary Burnet Browne )

Daughter of Governor William Burnet





to which the owner had invited Mrs. A.M.D. Smith to have them photographed.<sup>8</sup> No doubt these two portraits passed to the ownership of Junius Browne, son of Capt. Browne, who in turn sold them to a dealer from whom they were purchased by Dr. William S. Halsted who willed them to Johns Hopkins University, their present owner.

The record of the other portraits is equally as interesting. After the death of Josiah Lilly Deans II at "Rosewell" in 1881, these were divided among his heirs. That of Sir Anthony Browne became the property of his daughter, Betty Carter Deans, the wife of Rev. David Watson Winn, and that of Hon. Samuel Browne to another daughter, Mary Virginia Deans, the wife of Lewis Mayer of Baltimore. This latter portrait was inherited by their daughter, Mary Deans Mayer<sup>9</sup> who married James T. Wallis. Mrs. Mary Deans (Mayer) Wallis later purchased Sir Anthony Browne from her aunt, Mrs. Betty Carter (Deans) Winn, and later these two portraits became the property of Mr. Philip Wallis and Mrs. Standard R. Funsten, son and daughter of Mrs. Mary Deans (Mayer) Wallis. Thus ends a brief record of the life size portraits once at "Browne Hall" near Salem, Mass. The writer with the assistance of other descendants of William Browne and Mary Burnet, his wife, has compiled this information with the hope it will be of interest to others.

<sup>9</sup> Mrs. Mary Deans (Mayer) Wallis at this date resides in Philadelphia, Penn., and furnished some of the above information.

## SHIP ROCK

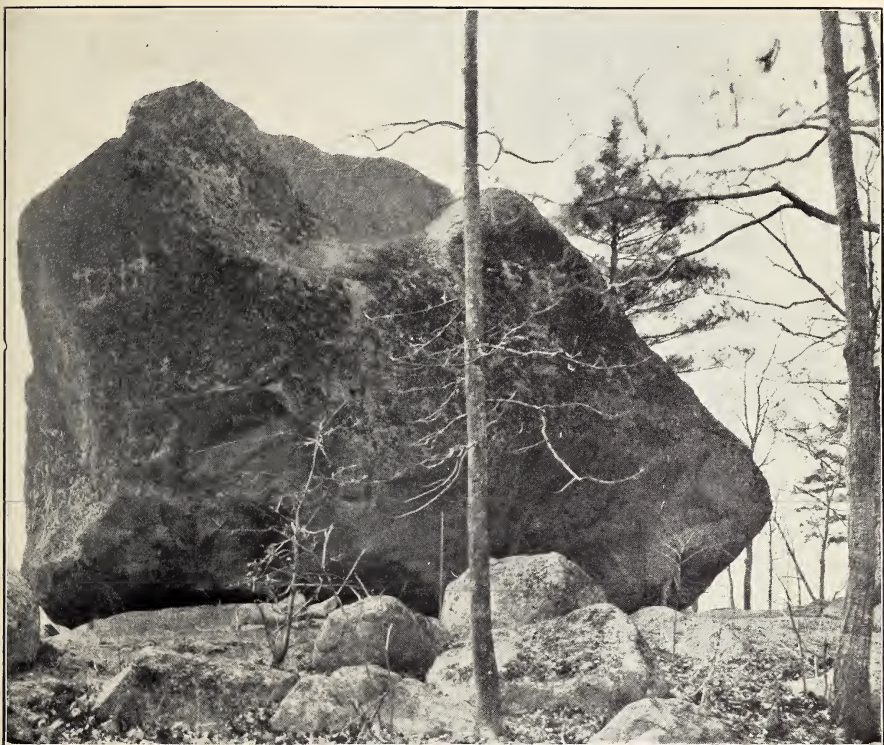
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### REPORT OF RUSSELL LEIGH JACKSON, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, REGARDING THIS PROPERTY OWNED BY THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.

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In accordance with a vote passed at the March 14th meeting of the Council, viz: that "the director inspect Ship Rock in West Peabody and . . . report on the conditions surrounding it as well as the rock, itself," I visited the area referred to on the afternoon of April 4th, 1950, and would report from personal observation that considering the fact that the period between winter and spring is usually a bit weather-beaten, the situation seemed to be in fairly presentable condition. If the Institute cared to go to the expense of cleaning up the area surrounding the rock (which incidentally comprises just an acre of land) it would, of course, present a much more attractive appearance. Obviously, someone had lighted fires under a portion of the rock which have apparently done no harm. Near the base of the iron ladder that goes to the top of the rock, there is a tree that is dead and in an unsafe condition, which will be aggravated as times goes on, and this tree I would recommend removing. The person who lives in the house at the foot of the hill, one Andrew W. Spakos, tells me that he would be willing to remove the tree in return for the wood and I would strongly suggest letting him do it. He has built at his own expense, the road leading from Lynnfield street to the hill and has constituted himself something in the nature of an unofficial caretaker. He tells me that there are on the average one hundred persons who visit Ship Rock during the year. Previous to his building the road, it was somewhat difficult to get to the rock and it required considerable walking.

On Saturday, April 8th, I made another visit to the Rock accompanied by Councillors Hussey, Jenkins, Waters, Stephen Phillips, Emerson, Nichols and Tapley.



SHIP ROCK, WEST PEABODY

Owned by The Essex Institute



We gathered at the Salem Country Club where we were the guests of Mr. Hussey at luncheon, following which we motored to the rock where a careful inspection was made and Mr. Phillips took some pictures. It was a much better day than the preceding Tuesday and the spot did not look so weather-beaten. It proved to be a most enjoyable afternoon.

Pursuant to the subject, it may be interesting to give a few facts in connection with the property. It came into the possession of the Essex County Natural History Society on November 3, 1847, by deed from Caleb Osborne and wife. (Registry of Deeds, book 390, p. 19). The description is imperfect, the easterly boundary being omitted. The intent of the grantor was evidently to convey an acre (10 rods by 16 rods) adjoining and north of the old wall, which passes south of Ship Rock, the whole being a part of the lot purchased by Osborne from Amos Trask, Jr., June 27, 1831. (Registry of Deeds, book 261, p. 16). The deed also conveys a passage-way to the property on the westerly side through Osborne's land "where it can be most conveniently found without essential injury to the growth." "Also for an additional sum of \$30, I sell the remarkable boulder on the premises called Ship Rock," says the deed.

"N.A.H." (whom I take to be Nathaniel A. Horton) writing in the July, 1859 issue of the Collections, says that "like most of the natural wonders which are named for real things, its resemblance to a ship can be perceived only by a compromise of facts with the imagination, which, having been duly accomplished, the visitor can easily distinguish the bow from the stern, and perhaps trace out to his satisfaction, a tolerably fair model of a hull. The rock rests upon a very small base, a large part of it extending along parallel with the ground, yet a few inches above it; in one place the space being sufficient to admit the passage of a small child."

What with one hundred persons visiting this site every year, I would suggest that it still retains a certain popularity.



## BOOK REVIEWS

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THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1861-1865. By E. Merton Coulter. 1950, 643 pp. octavo, cloth, illus., Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press; and the Littlefield Fund for Southern History of the University of Texas. Price, \$7.00.

This volume is the seventh in the series of books on Southern History, which is sponsored by Louisiana and Texas. The previous works deal with the early history of their part of the country and it will be followed by the Reconstruction period. The war years in the South were a time of heroism, self-sacrifice, despondency and destruction, so writes Professor Coulter in his preface. No one can deny that. The author does not deal with the war years in terms of campaigns and generals, but in its perspective as an aspect of the life of a people. The attempt to build a nation strong enough to win independence naturally drew Southerners' attention to such problems as morale, money, bonds, taxes, diplomacy, manufacturing, transportation, armaments, religion, labor, race problems and political policy, all of which are well balanced in this exhaustive book. The illustrations are numerous and there is a full index. Recommended to all libraries.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, American Patriot. By Margaret L. Coit. 1950, 593 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$5.00.

Readers everywhere have received with acclaim this new biography of Calhoun, the profound political thinker of the nineteenth century. The same problems confronted him as are now confronting us, that is, how in a democracy, can we combine liberty for minorities with the rule of the majority and yet maintain a government strong enough to function in a crisis? In this excellent work, Miss Coit has answered these and many other questions. This great South Carolinian, as portrayed in all stages of his life, is very human. His papers, deposited in the Clemson Agricultural College, have been available to the author and she has made good use of them, and further help has come from descendants of the Calhoun family. All in all, it is a well-rounded story of the life of one of our greatest statesmen. Miss Coit is a resident of West Newbury. Strongly recommended to all libraries.

**THE YANKEE EXODUS.** An Account of Migration from New England. By Stewart H. Holbrook. 1950, 398 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$5.00.

With eight generations of New Englanders for his background, the author shows in a most readable book what a large part of the United States owes its character to the migration of New Englanders westward since the latter part of the eighteenth century. These energetic Yankees, two thousand of them, are described, and these include Moses Cleaveland, who laid out part of Ohio; John Noyes, with his strange sect, the Perfectionists; Horace Mann, who founded Antioch College; Hetty Green, with her fabulous stock market activities; Luther Tibbetts, whose seedless oranges started a California boom; Philip Armour, Marshall Field, Josiah Bushwell Grinnell and a host of others. They were settlers of towns, school teachers, cutters of timber, builders of railroads, founders of colleges, governors and senators. This fascinating story will have a long life among lovers of Americana. Strongly recommended to all libraries.

**SOME EARLY TOOLS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE.** An Account of the Early Scientific Instruments and Mineralogical and Biological Collections in Harvard University. By I. Bernard Cohen, with a Foreword by Samuel Eliot Morison. 1950, 201 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. Price, \$4.75.

Science played a far more important part in the culture of America during the Colonial and Federal periods than has yet been realized. Just how important a part it played, Mr. Cohen graphically shows, by facts and pictures, in this most impressive book about Harvard's early scientific instruments and how they were used in teaching and research. The collection of scientific instruments at Harvard, photographs and descriptions, have been arranged by Mr. Cohen, and Mr. David P. Wheatland, the latter being the curator of scientific instruments at Harvard. In the late eighteenth century, Salem boasted a group of scientists headed by Rev. John Prince who contributed not a little to this department. Harvard's collections, its Philosophical Apparatus, were certainly the best in America, and they were equal if not superior to similar collections in many European colleges. Scientists everywhere will be much intrigued by this book. Strongly recommended to all libraries.

**THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS.** Their Articles, Essays, Poems and Addresses. An Anthology, edited by Perry Miller. 1950, 521 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. Price, \$6.50.

The Transcendental movement of the nineteenth century was a most energetic and extensive upsurge of the mind. Selections from the writers of that period are given more in detail than have been brought together before. They are chronologically arranged and represent the work of religious, political and economic radicals of their day. Recent years have brought out the importance of Transcendentalism in the history of American life, and there has been increasing interest. This book tells the full story for the first time, and those interested in the intellectual, literary or religious history of America will be glad to read the writings of these people of unusual abilities. Recommended to all libraries.

**JEFFERSON AND MADISON.** The Great Collaborators. By Adrienne Koch. 1950, 294 + XIV pp. octavo, cloth, illus. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Price, \$4.00.

The author, who is a Professor of Philosophy at New York University, has given a remarkable and revealing account of the great friendship of two philosopher statesmen, who decisively influenced the shape of American ideas and principles. She has had access to the voluminous correspondence of Jefferson at Princeton University as well as other manuscripts in the Library of Congress. Especially she evaluates the political and philosophic significance of their views on federal authority, the French Revolution, the two-party system, the Alien and Sedition Laws, the public debt, the Supreme Court and the location of the Federal capital. These two men were joined in an intimate and congenial partnership for nearly fifty years. This is an interesting study and will be read with profit by all seekers after facts about two of the early Presidents of our Republic. Recommended to historians everywhere.

**JAMES MADISON.** Father of the Constitution 1787-1800. By Irving Brant. 1950, 520 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc. Price, \$6.00.

The author advances much new and hitherto unpublished material to build up Madison as a more important figure than previous historians have rated him. As a founder of

the Democratic party, he opposed the Federalists, especially Hamilton. Mr. Brant discloses that the framers of the Constitution were far more partial to federal power, far more hostile to state sovereignty than they were willing to admit. In fighting the Jay treaty Madison wrote: "The people everywhere have been made to believe that the object of the House of Representatives in resisting the treaty was war. . . . The New England States have been ready to rise in mass. . . . Such have been the exertions and influence of Aristocracy, Anglicism and Mercantilism in that quarter, that Republicanism is perfectly overbalanced, even in the town of Boston." The author has done an extremely good research job, even those who do not always agree with his deductions will concede. Recommended to all libraries.

**EARLY HOMESTEADS OF POMFRET AND HAMPTON.** By Susan Jewett Griggs. 1950, 275 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. Price, \$10.00. Address Mrs. Susan J. Griggs, Abington, Connecticut.

This history of folklore and firesides in these two interesting towns is an informative and entertaining book containing complete authentic stories about the men and women pioneers of this section of Connecticut. Pictures of old homes number 266 and the author has spent a lifetime in collecting them. Very complete indices and a large map enables one to find any building in the towns. A fine contribution to New England history.

**LAFAYETTE BETWEEN THE AMERICAN AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1783-1789.** By Louis Gottschalk. 1950, 461 pp. octavo, cloth. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Price, \$4.50.

This book which has been awarded the James Hazen Hyde prize of the American Historical Association for the best study of the year on Franco-American relations, is written by a Professor of History at the University of Chicago. Three previous books on Lafayette by the same author cover quite well all that we can know about this friend of American patriots. Apart from his military career, a large part of the volume is devoted to the curious part played by Lafayette as a symbol of American federal unity. The author presents the challenging view that the American and the French Revolutions were intimately connected. Dr. Gottschalk has done an outstanding piece of work of permanent value. Recommended to all libraries.

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE. By Annie Balcomb Wheeler.  
1949. 90 pp. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. Price,  
\$2.75.

This is Mrs. Wheeler's third book of poems and lovers of regional poetry have hailed this as one of her best. A native of Salem, she writes of the clipper ship era, with such topics as "Captain's Walks," "Old Wharves," a "Seaside Cemetery," "Old Salem Doorways," "Marblehead Gardens," and many other localities further away. Recommended to all who love the North Shore.



THE  
ESSEX INSTITUTE  
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

VOL. LXXXVI—OCTOBER 1950

ISSUED QUARTERLY



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SALEM, MASS.

PRINTED FOR THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

# Essex Institute Historical Collections

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# ESSEX INSTITUTE

## HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

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VOL. LXXXVI    OCTOBER, 1950

No. 4

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### THE ESSEX INSTITUTE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

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For over ninety years the Essex Institute has published a quarterly magazine containing articles of great value to persons interested in the history of America and especially Essex County, Massachusetts; no historical society in this country has published a quarterly magazine without interruption for so long a period. It does not deal exclusively with Salem. Every city and town in the County is entitled to representation in its columns, but it does restrict itself to the County though in a pretty broad and general way. Every member of the Institute is entitled to a copy if they file a written request that they be sent.

Its first object is to print valuable and useful source material about the county found either in its own or other manuscripts collections which have a distinct historical interest and if lost or destroyed, would be irreplaceable. This includes town records, personal journals and diaries, letters written home by Essex County people from distant points provided they are of historical or social interest, log books, and even ships' accounts, letters of instruction to captains and letters home from captains, commissions, bills, broadsides, in fact anything which leads to increased knowledge of earlier times and the relation of Essex County to the outside world. So printed this material is much more easily used by scholars than if buried in manuscript vaults and it is also surprising how many of the journals, letters, etc., in private hands have disappeared since they were published and would now be lost if they had not been printed.



Another kind of material offered consists of studies currently made by antiquarians of subjects of interest to the County. These would not be printed at all if the Institute did not gather them up and put them in permanent form. While today we may not think of much importance what our contemporaries may write of the happenings in the last decade of the nineteenth century, if we look back at the *Collections* in the sixties of the last century we find that the reminiscences presented by antiquarians of that day have the value of source material of what occurred in 1800. History is a continuous performance. What is commonplace knowledge now becomes unknown tomorrow unless someone gathers it together and writes it down. In spite of all that has been printed, it is mighty little we know of the details of how our people lived in 1700. What time did they get up, when did they breakfast, dine and sup? What did they eat? How warm were their houses? About when did they stop walking and riding horseback and take to carriages? Not one person in a hundred can answer these questions as to any date in our history back of fifty years. That is why it is worthwhile to write down what is happening now for the benefit of the people of the future. Persons writing of a period back of their own personal knowledge can greatly enhance the value of their articles to historians and add weight to their statements by giving references to the source of their knowledge.

It also seems appropriate that Essex County men who have gone out into the world and done interesting things should be noticed. There are many Essex men famous far outside their city. As well as scientists and authors like Nathaniel Bowditch, John Pickering, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, there were men of action like Gen. Ward in China, Stephen P. Webb in the vigilance committee in San Francisco and many others, Timothy Pickering and Joseph Story in Congress. Their records are part of the history of Essex County.

Then there are the records of societies and institutions which have influenced the life of the community. Some are still prosperous, others have served their day and gen-

eration and passed out. Church and charitable organizations in some cases have come and gone, others are still serving in full strength and usefulness. Musical societies and military organizations have come and gone. The same is true of banks, insurance companies and industrial organizations. All are part of the record of the County and most of them you will find noticed somewhere in the *Collections*.

Who can write for the *Collections*? Anybody who has something interesting and valuable to record about the County or its people along the lines suggested above. What do they pay for articles? Nothing—you must work for the joy of working—a strange idea now-a-days but that is all you will get. Why aren't the edges neatly trimmed like a telephone book? Well, there are two reasons. Anyone who knows and loves fine books knows the joy of cutting the pages and feeling that you are the first to peep into its pages. If you are a pure utilitarian remember that many of the *Collections* are bound year by year in public and private libraries and if they are trimmed once when issued and again when bound as they must be, the margins of the bound volumes are pretty meagre.

Every volume contains an index and there is a brief combined subject index for the years 1859 to 1931 and a very complete index for the years 1931-1950 is in active preparation. Order it at once for the edition will be small. It may be possible to go back and index the earlier volumes more fully. Many of the articles which on account of length have had to be spread over two or more numbers have been reprinted in book form and some are still available through the Institute. There are reprints of some of the special articles.

Essex County is a very important locality in American history. In 1640 more English speaking people lived along the old Bay Road than anywhere in the New World. Its fishing ports gave Massachusetts the first and most valuable staple commodity for foreign trade. It supplied about fifteen percent of the volunteer navy of the Ameri-



can Revolution—the privateers commissioned by the Continental Congress.

Salem was the sixth city in size in the Census of 1790. In 1800 one twentieth of the nation's revenue came from the Salem Custom House. Salem, Beverly and Newburyport did more to expand the foreign trade of the United States in this first fifty years than all other American ports combined. Gloucester and Marblehead have been the greatest fishing ports of the nation. Gloucester still is, while Marblehead is now the greatest yachting center. Haverhill was the frontier post of the Indian Wars and suffered some of the worst Indian massacres. Lawrence was the first great manufacturing town to harness and use a greater water power. The great shoe industry of America started in Essex County.

All this and much more can be found in the Essex Institute Historical Collections now in their eighty-sixth year. All the older more important libraries have full bound sets. No library for students can afford to be without them. No historian or student of American history can afford to disregard the history of Essex County.

THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE





WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, EAST HAVERHILL

Courtesy McKeen Studios

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER AND HIS BIRTHPLACE

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By DONALD C. FREEMAN

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Today in Haverhill you are surrounded with as beautiful country scenery as the world affords. If the mighty Merrimack, loved by Whittier, no longer supports ships, or sturgeon and alewives, but instead carries the pollution of the waste of man and machine from the cities on its shores, it still offers long vistas of almost virgin charm as it flows through this green and wooded valley to the sea.

This is an anecdotal talk; it has a crazy-quilt pattern, perhaps, but, nevertheless, there *is* a pattern or theme—namely, to show something of Whittier in his local environment; to give something more of human meaning to the scenes you will visit. For, although Whittier wrote for the world and his sympathies were universal; although he has written, too, of scenes and of people that are a peculiar local heritage of other towns, his roots were strongly local—and much of his writing is best understood accompanied by annotation or a visit to the Merrimack Valley.

In *Yankee Gypsies* he wrote: "The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south and green meadows to the east; the small stream which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden-wall and softly lapping on the fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak-forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage-path with its rude and crazy bridge—the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture which I have borne with me in all my wander-

NOTE: These are extracts from a talk given at Bradford, Mass., on June 17, 1950 before the Bay State Historical League.



ings." If you broaden that memory picture to cover an entire community; include with it a vivid interest in historic and legendary lore of the days of his forefathers, you have the basis of much of his writing. It is worth noting in passing that he displayed interest in colonial lore before either Longfellow or Hawthorne, and as you may know, he once started a history of Haverhill, which he was forced by pressure of abolitionist work to leave for some one else, to whom he turned over his notes to finish.

Referring to his forefathers again for a moment—a rather remarkable genealogical fact is interesting. From the birth of Thomas Whittier, his great-great-grandfather and the founder of the line in Haverhill, to the death of the poet there is a period of two hundred seventy-two years, but instead of a *normal* ten or twelve generations, only five; Thomas was forty-nine when Joseph was born; Joseph, forty-seven when his son Joseph was born; Joseph, forty-five when John, the father of the poet was born; and when the poet was born, his father was forty-eight and had been married at forty-four.

This is not an attempt to explain why Whittier himself did not marry. Certainly Whittier was attractive to, and attracted by, women. Among the explanations, of course, are his aversion to marrying out of Society. He gives the necessity of caring for his mother and sister under adverse financial circumstances. Most of his adult life, too, he was in poor health. Certainly he believed in marriage, and strongly. Once he wrote (to James T. Fields) "—let me congratulate thee on thy escape from single misery. It is the very wisest thing thee ever did. Were I an autocrat I would see to it that every young man over twenty-five and every young woman over twenty was married without delay. Perhaps on second thought it might be well to keep one old maid and one old bachelor in each town by way of warning, just as the Spartans did their drunken Helots!"

Although Thomas was in trouble with the authorities



for protesting harsh punishment of Quakers, Quakerism was not brought into the family until the marriage of Joseph to the poet's great-grandmother, Mary Peaslee, whose home was the *Old Garrison* or *Peaslee Garrison House*. It was built before 1675 with bricks brought from England.

A visit to the Birthplace<sup>1</sup> for the first or for the twentieth time will be worthwhile. As one strolls about the grounds at the rear of the house, he will be led to think—had none of these scenes been immortalized by *this* poet, here is a setting to delight the heart and challenge the skill of *any* poet or *any* painter. On the rise behind the house is the small family cemetery where lie the bodies of Thomas Whittier and other ancestors of the poet. Here, too, his father and uncle Moses were interred, but they were later moved to the lot at Union Cemetery, Amesbury. The enclosure is guarded by a stone fence and is also protected by a cover of poison ivy. Since a sign requests people to remain outside, anyone who complains of ivy poison after a visit merely incriminates *himself*.

Nearby may be seen the Whittier Elm. The poet, as you know, loved trees and frequently wrote of them, individually and collectively. However, this tree has special significance, for *under* and *in* it the poet played, read, and wrote as a boy. When fatigued from labor or wearied of sport, he would sometimes climb to a platform built in the tree—to enjoy as a pastime what later was to make him as famous as once, while still a farm boy, he expressed a wish to be. The tree was spared to our generation when a later owner of the farm in lieu of cutting it for wood accepted for several years a yearly payment from a Whittier playmate, who had a providential streak of sentiment.

Whittier's first separately printed poem was an ode for the dedication of Haverhill Academy in 1827. In 1894, Pickard in his biography of Whittier, stated that no copy of the printed program was extant. In 1936, Mr. J. Harlan Chase, Ward Hill, cleaning house preparatory

<sup>1</sup> His birthplace at East Haverhill has been preserved by the Haverhill Whittier Club and is open to visitors.

to moving, found considerable printed material which he brought to the Public Library. Miss Pulsifer, present librarian, busy then on a leave of absence to assist Mr. Currier, Harvard University, in compiling his fascinating—and useful—Whittier Bibliography, thrust the material into her desk. Mr. Currier had stated he was sure that a copy of the program must exist somewhere—finally, after long search, Miss Pulsifer discovered that it did exist—in the miscellany that had been brought by Mr. Chase. When informed of the discovery, Mr. Currier excitedly demanded she immediately bring it to Harvard for photostating, and a copy appears in his book. Later another copy turned up at the Historical Society. These two are the only known copies of one of the rarest collector's items in American literature.

A Whittier notation in connection with the dedication is amusing. It is in a letter found among the papers of Clarence Erskine Kelley, who was long secretary of the Whittier Club. It reads as follows:

Oak Knoll

Danvers

Oct. 7, 1890

Dear Friend

I am greatly obliged to Miss Tompkins for the photograph portrait of my old friend and neighbor and schoolmate—one of the brightest of our East Parish sons.

I am glad to see the very beautiful volume which chronicles the Haverhill Academy and High School. I don't think my rather grandiloquent verses of 1827 have improved at all by age. I think I shared the poetical honors of the occasion with Dea. Dinsmore of Windham with whom I walked in the procession.

I wish the frontispiece had been a photograph of us both, the boy shyly blushing with an overwhelming sense of the honor; the good old Deacon a little unsteady in consequence of the "brick in his hat."

I am very truly thy friend

John G. Whittier

In case you are unfamiliar with the slang of the day, "brick in his hat" is a highly descriptive euphemism for *drunk!*



MERRIMACK RIVER JUST BELOW HAVERHILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Photograph by Donald Freeman



Incidentally the bell that originally hung in the cupola of Haverhill Academy is now in Tenny Hall at the Buttonwoods. Those who have heard it, testify that it has a voice of unusual sweetness and of great duration.

While we are on the subject of letters via attics, here is another Whittier letter that has come to light only within the past month, and was presented to the Historical Society by L. Earle Winn. This is its first public appearance. It is evidently in answer to an inquiry concerning the schoolhouse of *In School Days*, and is dated 1st mo., 14, 1881:

Oak Knoll, Danvers  
1st mo. 14, 1881

Edith F. Glines

The old school house in East Haverhill where I went to school, was burned several years ago. [1871] It is on the *old* road from Amesbury to Haverhill village, about half a mile from our farm house, near what is called Great hill. It stood partly in the road and partly in a pasture, amidst sumachs and blackberry vines. It was small unpainted, with three small windows, and an open fireplace in the corner. We boys took turns in making the fire, we had no wood shed and had to dig the wood out of the snow.

In the very cold weather we could not get the house warm till noon. Our school lasted from 12 to 14 weeks. Our teachers were very poorly paid, and with few exceptions were not worth much. There was a good deal of whipping and the ferule was not idle. I never was punished but I think I sometimes deserved correction.

I do not know as I can give any further account of the school house and school. I am glad the new generation have better opportunity of learning.

John G. Whittier

This letter has a secondary value, as establishing the length of the school term in those days.

Such experiences, doubtless repeated as a teacher in the winter of 1827-28, may have been what led him to accept during his first month as editor of the *Essex Gazette*, in the issue of January 23, 1830, a story called *The School Master* and containing these lines: "His place [The



School Master's] is often comfortless as the open air itself—smoky, old, delapidated, with cracks yawning fearsome welcome to winds which sweep across broken and crazy benches, powdering with snow the uncombed locks of shivering urchins, and scattering their blurred and ragged specimens of chirography in every direction."

Some people find it hard to associate the fiery laureate of the anti-slavery cause with an easily aroused sense of humor; yet intimate friends all have testified to his merry face and twinkling eye—his enjoyment of humor in company—during which although he never laughed aloud, he would silently double up with mirth—mirth that he apparently felt was like children, "to be seen and not heard."

To a friend he once wrote from Saratoga Springs, "I wish thee was here that we might laugh together at the ten thousand ridiculous things which are constantly occurring around us; as it is I laughed alone, and that is hard business." His prose works' such as *Literary Recreation* and *Miscellanies*, *Margaret Smith's Journal*, and *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, evidence a delightful and whimsical humor, which if not so pervasive, is worthy company of that of Holmes or Lamb.

His occasional humorous poems for and to friends, although not collected, frequently appear. In the Haverhill Public Library there is a sea shell inscribed in pencil by Whittier and three friends, one Lucy Larcom. [Punctuation the author's]

"My Willie's on the dark blue sea  
If he is there, there let him be.  
Let him marry a mermaid and cultivate fins  
When I look at him he always grins  
Keep safely oh sea dear Willie for me  
The fires of the Mermaid found in the Sea  
I shall be wretched to live without he.  
Now listen oh haddocks and codfishes all  
Don't nibble the fellows that overboard fall  
Capsized by Whiskey or struck by a squall."

By the handwriting we judge that the third and the last three lines were written by Whittier. The prevailing motif here is not exactly dignity, nor even dignified hu-

mor. The mood is rather absurdly nonsensical—and therefore human.

Another humorous poem has a special interest as it comes to us by way of Augusta, Maine, the place of my nativity. In 1833 there was a music teacher in the Academy in Augusta who had an autograph album, among the contents of which was a poem, written, according to her, by a “very prosy, awkward young man” who had boarded in the same boarding house as she at Boston. She had apparently attempted—and successfully—to make his life miserable by teasing. On her leaving, he wrote the following lines in her album:

Thou art going hence—God bless thee!  
Thou art going hence—farewell  
May the devil ne’er distress thee  
May the wide world use thee well.

Thou art going hence forever,  
And thou sheddest not a tear!  
'Tis well, for tears shall never  
Lament thy leaving here.

Yet some will not forget thee,  
A torment as thou art;  
And some will e’en regret thee  
Who do not weep to part.

They will miss thy merry laughter  
As the schoolboy does the rod.  
And the jokes that followed after  
Thy visitings abroad.

Farewell! the Lord be near thee!  
In thy future goings on,  
And the pious shun and fear thee  
As thy Quaker friend hath done.

Thy life—may nothing vex it  
Thy years be not a few  
And at thy final exit  
May the devil miss his due.

John Greenleaf Whittier  
18th of 4th month 1830

His propensity for writing humorously grateful rhymes in acknowledgement of kindnesses is common knowledge.

It is schoolboy history that Whittier was more than once in danger from mobs, the most serious being at the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia. However, some early escapes from death may not be so well-known. He was once rolled, as an infant, down a flight of stairs by his sister Mary, two years older, after she had wrapped him in a blanket. The experiment was an interesting one, but it was without bad consequence. There was also a narrow escape on the highway, version 1808-9. On a winter drive to Kingston, N. H., his parents wrapped him so thoroughly in blankets to protect him from the cold that he nearly suffocated. In fact, for a time he was thought actually to be dead, but after long and nerve-racking treatment, in a farmhouse they were passing, he was revived.

Again—as he once recalled—he narrowly escaped death when “Old Butler,” a favorite ox he was “salting,” rushed so wildly down the steep slope of Job’s Hill that he could not stop his momentum as he closed on his master. Instinctively—or perhaps with innate wisdom—he leapt over his master’s head, thus saving the boy’s life.<sup>2</sup>

That story reminds us that in Whittier’s day, as he recalls in the letter about the schoolhouse, the Amesbury Road, the main highway by which you now approach the Birthplace was non-existent, and before the leveling process involved in its construction, Job’s Hill rose steeply three hundred feet from Fernside Brook.

One other geographic and historical reference—As you approach the Buttonwoods,<sup>3</sup> note the last of the trees that inspired one of Whittier’s finest poems—*The Sycamores*.

2 The three “escapes” just related, and which are a part of local Whittier lore, are given in more detail in *Whittier-Land*, by Samuel T. Pickard, published in 1904. This book is the best source for anyone wishing information connecting Whittier and his life and poems with the Haverhill and Amesbury area. The same author’s *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* is considered by some to be the best “life” if not the most critical study, of the poet.

3 The Buttonwoods is the home of the Haverhill Historical Society.



LAST OF BUTTONWOOD (Sycamore) TREES

John Ward House and Haverhill Historical Society

Photograph by Donald Freeman







It is the last of a row planted by the Irish servant of Colonel Richard Saltonstall in 1739, of which twenty were standing in Whittier's day. Hugh Tallant was an Irish gleeman whose virtuosity as fiddler and raconteur made him popular with the young people. After the poem was published, with its biographical references to Hugh, Whittier had an interesting correspondence with a collateral descendent who had lost track of Hugh. Tallant was one of the first of the great stream of Irish immigrants to this part of the country.

As a student in Haverhill Academy, Whittier is said to have often studied with a schoolmate in the shade of these trees while the Merrimack smiled below in the sunlight.

Anyone from Marblehead will be particularly interested to know that under these trees he began *Skipper Ireson's Ride* in 1828—although he did not finish it until thirty years later. Also in the shade of these trees the father of our country paused for a few moments and exclaimed—as paraphrased by Whittier—

"I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land."

Referring to Whittier's studying, it might be well to recall that his opportunities for getting an education (while more extensive than Lincoln's), were very limited compared with those of his contemporary writer friends. He did, however, supplement his brief school term with assiduous study of the Bible and the few books of the home; and having access to a library for the first time during his student days at the Academy, he eagerly availed himself of his opportunities. In fact, his poems and his prose show a not inconsiderable literary background, a surprising knowledge especially of French literature.

According to an account by a schoolmate at the Academy that indicates Whittier was not what is now called a "greasy grind," a Mr. Wingate writes, "I remember of seeing his slate going about from hand to hand with some little poem that he had struck off in school . . . I do not remember that Whittier ever approved of the proceedings

. . . It was generally the result of a breach of confidence on the part of his particular friends who sat near him. These verses were often of a humorous nature and often had as subjects things to be found in the school room. Many, however, were of a more serious and thoughtful character." Whittier, apparently, was somewhat of a cartoonist in verse!

The fine picture of Whittier in the Public Library, painted in 1855 by Harrison Plummer at the instigation of his classmates at the Academy, has, (if pictures may have sequels) an interesting one. A local citizen, a Mr. Wadleigh, had Mr. Plummer, for a fee of \$500, paint a copy of his original attempt, and the copy is thought by many to be better than the original. This second portrait, or copy, now hangs in Whittier College in California. When the town of Whittier, California, was founded, Whittier was sent the deed to a lot of land. What is the subsequent history of that lot?

The Whittiers were devoutly active Quakers (although at one period the lack of Abolitionist enthusiasms on the part of many Quaker groups bothered the poet considerably). They often at the Birthplace entertained Friends going to and from New England Yearly Meeting at Newport, R. I. Whittier himself attended Yearly Meetings religiously. Later the Meeting met at Providence, and as Quakerism became stronger in Maine, the Yearly Meeting met in alternate years at two Quaker schools, Moses Brown School in Providence and Oak Grove Seminary in Vassalboro, Maine. As a student at the latter school, the writer recalls twice staying after the school year was over to attend the Yearly Meeting sessions lasting a week. Since the meetings in Maine were after Whittier's day, it is questionable whether Whittier ever went farther into Maine than Portland. The yearly meetings are now held at Andover, Massachusetts.

His Quarterly Meeting was held in Amesbury in May of each year and for more than fifty years he never allowed any engagement to interfere with his attendance. His mother and sister were equally interested, and the Whittiers annually entertained a host of Quaker friends.

Although some know his hymns, people seldom think of Whittier as a song writer. It may be recalled, however, that one of his anti-slavery songs caused such an uproar when sung by John W. Hutchinson and his family of singers in an army camp that they were forbidden by General Kearney to sing in camps at all. Finally President Lincoln himself intervened, saying that these "were just the songs he wanted his soldiers to hear." An incomplete listing by Currier of his poems in sheet music form, contain 68 musical settings of 37 poems; also Currier lists nearly 100 hymns from 60 different poems.

Whittier's love of natural beauty is well known, of course. It pervades his poetry. It was a love his mother and his sister Elizabeth shared with Greenleaf, as they always called him. His mother always had a flower garden at the Birthplace—and that garden has been in the last year restored as nearly as possible by the trustees. The weather, however, has not been cooperative.

Their garden at Amesbury was a place in which to live. It is not by chance that his favorite room, his study, looked out on it and is called even today "The Garden Room."

Somehow the thought of flowers brings up an image of his sister Elizabeth. Perhaps no brother and sister were ever more devoted, more intimately tuned to the same spiritual symphonies—not even Dorothy and William Wordsworth. To her lively talk and delightful wit he loved to listen, and she sometimes suggested those slight changes in lines that made the difference between mediocrity and excellence. As long as he lives in memory, she will live—and how vividly she does live in *Snow-bound*.

This quotation from Whittier is almost a benediction on the work that Historical Societies are carrying on. It is from *The Boy Captives*, one of the frontier accounts in *Literary Recreation and Miscellanies*: "Amid the stirring excitements of the present day, when every thrill of the electric wire conveys a new subject for thought and action to a generation as eager as the ancient Athenians for some new thing, simple legends of the past like that which we

have transcribed have undoubtedly lost in a great degree their interest. The lore of the fireside is becoming obsolete, and with the octogenarian few who still linger among us will perish the unwritten history of the border life in New England."

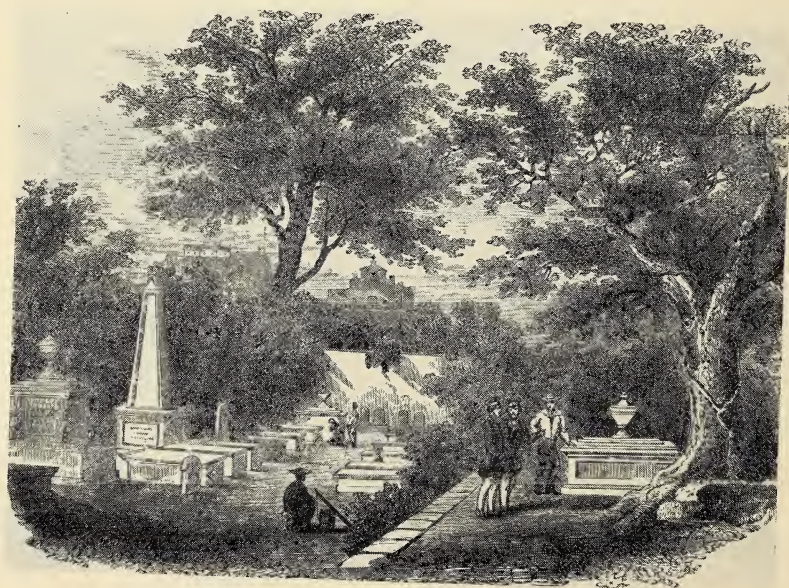
That must not happen. The heritage of our local social and political units, the day-by-day, humanizing details of the lives of our great men—men like John Greenleaf Whittier—must be preserved as an anchor against the uncertain "wave of the future."







HONG-KONG FROM KOW-LOON  
 Sketched by Capt. Stoddart, R. N.



THE PROTESTANT GRAVEYARD, MACAO  
 In which Nathaniel Kinsman was buried

THE DAILY LIFE OF MRS. NATHANIEL  
KINSMAN IN MACAO, CHINA

Excerpts from Letters of 1844

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Contributed by Mrs. Frederick C. Munroe

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*(Continued from Volume LXXXVI, page 284)*

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I am sorry thee sent Mary Foote's letter by the "Pac-tolus," as she goes to Sydney first and we hear will be sold there, if any body will buy her—so there is no knowing how long we may be obliged to wait for the letters. Thee asks what the interesting secret is that I mentioned intending writing in my next letter. I concluded it best to say nothing more of the matter afterward, and was sorry I had made any allusion to it, as it did not eventuate in anything serious, tho' thee was not far from the mark in thy guess as to the subject—The person in question<sup>6</sup> is as yet too young, and quite too much of a child to think of matrimonial subjects. Je pense, quoiqu'elle a plus d' abilité que sa soeur, qu'elle a moins de jugement, et moins de sagesse—Mais J'espère qu'elle deviendra plus sage en temps. . . . Wm. Robinson is now absent. He has gone, I believe, to Bally for rice, tho' the place of his destination was not made known when he left here. . . . Thee wonders what we will do for bonnets—and well thee may if I have not told thee. We sent by Mr Lejée to Philadelphia for them. He kindly offered his sister's services to procure them for us, and so I thought I would let him, as I had already given thee so much trouble. They are to be sent out in readiness for next spring, of drawn silk—one for me, one for Mary Anne, and one for Ecce. Ecce's (I think) was to be of col'd lawn. . . . John was very much delighted with thy message of remembrance. I shall be very glad if thee will send him some token of remembrance, a book will be the most suitable thing, but let it be adapted to his comprehension—simple of course. Eliza sent him a message from one of her

6 Mr. Lejée was very attentive to Mary Anne Southwick.

young friends, which seemed to make him very happy, and he asked Mary Anne to write a note to the young lady, to thank her for it. My love to Family servants—Thomas & Betsy, who I hope & suppose are still with you. . . . Second day 23d (Sept). Now is the season for ships to arrive, in two or three months, they will begin to depart . . . . This Mr Gillett is from Baltimore, and Mr Wetmore has engaged his services in the tea department. He strikingly resembles Attmore Robinson. . . . Dora Delano brought me down a beautiful & fragrant bouquet the other evening, a strange thing here, where the flowers have usually little or no fragrance. It consisted mostly of geranium & roses, but there was one flower I had never seen before, the Snail vine, the flower very much resembling a snail—it was very sweet—and I will try to get some of the seeds to send thee. . . .

Letter from N. Kinsman  
Per "Paulina"

Macao 7th October, 1844  
Monday

My dear Father & Mother:

By the "Paul Jones" which sailed from this on the 27th last month, you will receive very full accounts from us up to that period, and since that time an *event* has brought an accession to our family. . . . a fine plump and hearty boy. . . . Wife and child are both doing remarkably well—I never knew Rebecca to be so well so soon after a confinement. She of course misses the kind and assiduous attentions of her Mother and Sister—but except these, she has everything else to make her situation comfortable. Dr. Anderson, one of the best of his profession, a good nurse, though not equal to Aunty Groves, and the kind attention of Mrs. Ritchie, who is almost like a sister, and though last but not least, her *husband*, who you know, is a *host* of himself, in a sick chamber. Ecce and Natty are delighted beyond measure with the little stranger and puzzles us with their inquiries in relation to this, to them, strange & unaccountable addition to our numbers. When Natty was first informed that he had another Brother, he inquired with much interest, if it was *alive*, this question was no doubt in consequence of his having been dis-



appointed, on several occasions of late, to find that his rocking horse, Rebecca's wax dolls &c were not alive . . . I cannot launch out into expression of ecstasy with regard to the beauty of our little new comer, as Stephen would say, he is a fair and comely babe. I don't know yet who he most resembles, but upon this subject you will be kept constantly advised, as the progress of improvement and development of the "Chino-Americano" will not doubt be a fruitful theme in wife's future letters. . . . The July mail from England is not arrived, or only a portion of it. We have only one letter from the U. S. dated Boston 15th June. The ship having the mail on board is momentarily expected from Bombay . . . We are now waiting impatiently for Willie's picture. The time draws nigh when I leave to be absent for several months (for Canton) though I may have a chance to run down occasionally for a few days. Only think of it, one third of the period of our sojourn in this country has already passed . . . and with what glad hearts shall we make the necessary preparations to leave this land of long tailed rascals, to join our beloved friends at home. The "Coquette" from Boston, 26th June, arrived here yesterday and we received a P.S. in the handwriting of Edward, which announced the gratifying intelligence that Willie's picture would be put on board the "Coquette." Immediately after breakfast this morning, I despatched a boat with an order for the box containing the precious and much longed for treasure, with my glass I watched the progress of the boat to the ship, saw the case handed into the boat and did not lose sight of her until she reached the beach in front of our house, the coolies seized it and in a moment of time it was put down in my room, where Johny, agreeable to my directions, had a hammer and chisel all ready. The Box was soon opened, and without removing the cloth with which the picture was covered, I took it into Rebecca's room that she might enjoy the first sight of the features of our dear absent boy. We all admired the picture very much, and although it is not a striking likeness of Willie as last we saw him, still we have no doubt that the likeness is correct, for from all accounts he has very much changed and improved

in appearance since we left home. Still the picture is so beautiful, that really I can hardly help thinking that Mr Osgood has flattered the original, I find it difficult to realize that I am the father of such a beautiful child. I don't know how many times I have been into the parlour to feast my eyes upon the painted features of my precious boy. I hope you have long ere this received the portrait of dear little Ecça. Capt. Webb and Mr Pierce both think the likeness excellent (of Willie). Mrs. Delano was last evening confined with a daughter and is doing well, a great time for babies just now. . . . (written across) I don't know that you will care to have this sheet plaiced, but as the letter will already be a double one I am unwilling to add another sheet, for as it contains important intelligence I should send it by mail and not as heretofore through Mr Wetmore. I wish you to give to Willie our best love and tell the darling boy how much we admire his portrait . . . John was delighted with the few lines which Willie addressed to him in one of his letters to his mother. I hope he will write him an entire letter and direct it to John Alley. Johnny is always gratified to receive messages of remembrance from you all. Lamqua did not do justice to Ecça, for she was more beautiful than her picture; no artist can copy her soft but brilliant eyes. The little darling has grown astonishingly of late and is not, I think, quite as pretty as when her portrait was painted. However, as the Chinese say, "She can *pass*" even now and does not suffer in comparison with her playmates. Morning and evening Ecça and Natty say to the portrait, good morning, and good night my dear brother. Is it not pretty in the darlings? Although I say it, it is nevertheless true that no lady in Macao is more respected or held in higher estimation than your beloved daughter, and our countrymen, as well as the English, consider Rebecca a good specimen of her countrywomen.

Macao 11th mo 3d. 1884.

My dearest Sister.

Nathaniel's last letter by the "Paulina" will have informed you of the event which has taken place in our



family, and the consequent addition to my cares as well as my pleasures. My good nurse "Johanna," goes away tomorrow, and I feel really sad at the idea of parting with her, but she promises to come back at night, and stop to wash and dress baby in the morning, for another week, till the "Ayah" or Portuguese nurse who is to take her place becomes accustomed to him. This woman's name is *Maria*, pronounced *Marea*; she is quite dark in her complexion, has fine teeth and a pleasant smile, and comes to me highly recommended having been four times to England, as servant or ayah to families going from here . . . . What shall I say about the dear little one—as yet he has no name. I believe my husband told you he was a very pretty baby. I thought so at first, but since then I have not thought him very pretty. He has a high forehead, a high head indeed, and strongly marked features . . . but I dare say he will be a good looking boy enough by & by . . .

Capt. Engle of the ship "Valparaiso" arrived here on the 22nd of last month and Nathaniel, hearing that he was ill & very desirous to be brought on shore & to come to this house ("the house of his old friend Kinsman") sent a fast-boat to the ship, with an invitation for him to come here . . . He grew gradually worse, and died last first day night. The first few days he had a Portuguese man to take care of him, afterward, when he grew sicker, we were so fortunate as to obtain an excellent nurse, in the person of a tall *jet-black, wooly-haired* woman. She was indefatigable in her attention, never wishing to be relieved. The Steward of the ship, for whom my husband sent, arrived (from Whampoa) a few days before Capt. E. Died. The Portuguese are very superstitious about death, and even this good nurse, who had been so faithful while life remained, refused to render the slightest assistance after death had done its work—and as to Chinese, they have a perfect horror of a dead body, & everything associated with it. Nothing would induce our Coolies to touch the mattress on which Capt. E. Died. . . .

I have not mentioned dear Mrs Delano's little baby. She has a little daughter just one week younger than mine,

the prettiest little creature I ever saw. It was brought down for me to see when it was ten days old.

Fourth day 13th. I mentioned a lady who is staying at Mrs. Delano's. Her name is Curtis—the wife of Capt. Curtis of the ship “Paragon.” This ship came from somewhere in Maine . . . She was an old vessel and in coming from Manila to China, with a heavy cargo of rice, foundered in a violent gale and went down. The crew took to the boats, and for three days were tossed about and almost miraculously preserved, the gale still continuing, & the sea running “mountains high.” On the third day, the large boat, in which were Capt. C & wife, gave out, and they found she could hold together no longer. Fortunately just then some Chinese fishing boats came in sight, and with great difficulty all succeeded in getting on board one of them, except the mate & four of the strongest sailors, who took the small boat & determined to try to reach Hong Kong, from which they judged themselves about 100 miles distant, and which they finally reached in safety. These Chinese fishermen are little better than pirates. They objected very much to taking them on board their boats, and after they were on board, robbed them of every thing that the sea had spared them. Some Chinese passengers who were coming from Manila in the “Paragon” met the same fate. Their lives were several times threatened, and they were very cruelly treated, but at length were safely landed at Hong-Kong, on a promise being given the Boatmen that they should be paid \$600 for so doing. Poor Mrs Curtis suffered dreadfully—her whole body is said to be covered with black & blue spots & bruises . . . We shall all feel willing to contribute to make up the loss of her wardrobe. . . . My little Dutch friend has a son, two weeks old, as homely as Mrs Delano's is pretty—I could hardly have imagined such a *terrible* difference. . . . Dadabhoj, Byronijee, one of the Parsees, has given me or rather the children, two splendid geese from the North, which make a terrible noise at this moment; and Ecce has had a present of a beautiful doll, from a young man named *Joseph Moses*, a Jew from New York. . . .

Macao 11th mo. 19th, 1844.

. . . I have now a Chinese Ayam, or nurse, who has not had much experience, but will I think soon make an excellent caretaker for baby, as she seems strong & healthy, and is very fond of him, and holds him carefully, and well. It is difficult to communicate with her, as she knows not a word of English, except the very little she has acquired since she has been with me, and I find I shall be obliged to learn a little Chinese, in self defence, and Mrs King, who speaks Chinese very well, assures me that I shall find very little difficulty in acquiring a sufficient knowledge for all practical purposes. It is the custom, for people who have not an English or American female servant, to employ a Portuguese Ayah in addition to the Chinese Ayam, as a superintendant in the nursery. These people, both from temperament & habit are too lazy to *work* themselves, but they generally understand the *care* of children admirably, and the Chinese women obey them implicitly. I intend having one of these Ayahs for a month or two, till my boy gets a little older, and the Aymah learns how to keep him quiet, as I feel that Ecce & Natty (particularly Ecce) require more attention than I can otherwise bestow upon them. . . . I have not told you of the accession to our comforts which we have received in a Cow, which F. Brown brought out and which is most valuable to us. The death of our own poor Mully, was felt to be a serious loss. John is well & as busy as ever. He is delighted with the Baby, which he thinks very *handsome*. . . .

Macao 5th day, 11th mo. 28th 1844

My beloved Mother—

My last letter to you all was written on the 19th of this month. Since that time, a sadness and gloom has been thrown over our little community by the death of Mrs. Tiers, of whom I have often spoken, as "our pretty and interesting neighbor." She died at Canton of Cholera after an illness of only one day. Her death has given us all a great shock; she was an universal favorite, we all loved her very much. Her husband is overwhelmed

by the blow. She has left an adopted child, the little Fanny, whom I think I have often mentioned, about eleven years old. She was brought to Macao and funeral services were performed after the Roman Catholic form, she being a member of that church. Her husband intends going home immediately, and taking his wife's remains with him, which were placed in lead with that view. So we have repeated lessons to teach our frailty. My letters lately have been filled with the recital of mournful events. There was never a time like this before in China, when so many painful events occurred within so short a period. My husband left us for Canton after having been with me in Macao for eight months.

I wish thee could see thy little new grandson at this moment. I have just put him into the arms of his Chinese nurse. He is now two months old and is a fine healthy child. He goes out every after noon in the Ammah's arms, in company with the other children, who are highly delighted with their little companion. The Ammah herself would be a great curiosity to you. She is a strong healthy woman of about 25 years old, with a very pleasant good tempered face, has large, that is naturally large, feet (as I suppose she was of too humble birth to make it necessary to compress them) which she puts, or rather the toes of which she puts, into a pair of shoes or sandals, without *quarters* (as I believe the shoemakers call the part of the shoe which goes around the heel) and the *vamp* of which just covers her toes—How she possibly can walk in them, I cannot imagine, but she does and moves very quickly too. Her dress consists of a pair of loose trousers, of cotton cloth, of a dark blue colour, with a loose frock of the same material reaching to her knees. Under this, she wears a white cotton jacket. The sleeves reach to the elbow—and are loose and graceful, the white ones showing a little below the blue one. She seems exceedingly fond of the baby, and these Chinese nurses are remarkable for their patience and kindness to children—and this one has an admirable faculty in keeping Baby quiet and happy.



We heard of two ships which were to sail the first of 8th month, and it is quite time to expect them, though it is a bad season of the year to make a passage up the China Sea as the Northerly Monsoon is now prevailing. I will have a few sheets in readiness for the next ship. The "Howqua" sails very fast, she will undoubtedly be home first. Wm. Wetmore's new ship the "Montauk" will leave in a few days. . . . Capt. Chever of Salem has been with us the last week. He met with a sad misfortune in going from here to Canton a few days since—His vessel the "Hannah" was attacked by pirates, and he narrowly escaped with his life. The pirates boarded his vessel and took away all his instruments, clothes, writing desk, in short everything they could take except the cargo. His chief mate and five men, seeing there was no chance for them, after defending themselves as long as possible, took to the boat and were drowned,—three of them, the other three reached Macao in safety, having been picked up by a fishing boat, on which they were kindly treated, having dry clothes and food given to them. They report the chief mate to have been badly wounded in the leg with a lance, before leaving the ship. This is a sad thing—Com. Parker immediately sent the "Boxer" to look out for the pirates, with a party of marines on board, but they could find no trace of them. The Chinese Authorities too, seem to be doing what they can to discover the rascals; Their having taken the chronometer, watches, etc. may lead to their discovery should they attempt to offer them for sale. I sincerely hope they may be discovered. Henry Chever is a son of Capt. James Chever of Salem and seems to be a most worthy young man. I have not time, my dearest Mother to say half what I wish. My best and dearest love to my Father and thee too dear mother, a great deal of love to Sister Maria, my dear brothers and sisters and uncles, Aunt Collins as well as other friends—S. Page, Mary Watson, Eliza Nichols and other friends both in Salem and Lynn who may remember me—Tell them I remember them with much affection. Accept for thyself, dear Mother, a precious budget of love, and believe me, now as ever, thy very affectionate daughter

Rebecca



6th day, 10th mo.

We called to see the Rawles, Mother daughter and granddaughter. A delightful family. The elder lady, bright intelligent and evidently a *lady* "born and bred." The little Amelia is a handsome child of 13, Ecce thinks her very lovely. We learn she dances the *Polka*. . . . This afternoon M. and I had a game of "Puss in the corner" with the children, as the rains confined us to the house. Natty entered into the spirit of it immediately, and both Ecce and he thought it "fine fun," as Willie would say. Afterward to cool and rest them before going to bed, we had a game of "forfeits." Before M. left the parlour, and while her hair was hanging over her shoulders, the comb having escaped, in the violent exercise, Wm. Moore came in. He stayed for tea and in the evening. . . . 16th day. We had a violent storm. The wind blew like a perfect hurricane, rocking the house, almost like a cradle—the noise of the surf was almost deafening—All day yesterday, it continued to blow hard, tho' with diminished violence and the tossed & vexed ocean presented a grand spectacle. The wind changed too during the progress of the storm, from North to N. East—then to East and lastly to South East. It has since been gradually subsiding. I think this storm approaches more nearly to a typhoon, than anything we have seen before. . . . I hope no ship was very near to suffer from the late storm. An English ship came in today under Jerry Masts. I wish thee could see some of the daguerreotypes that are taken in Philadelphia. They are much larger than the Salem ones, very bright and clear and coloured and altogether much superior. If any of our friends go to Philadelphia do beg them to have their likenesses taken. If I could only have Father's & Mothers & thine, I should be so glad for then we could have them copied here. The Chinese do it extremely well. . . . Ecce has grown very tall this summer and is rather thin but will undoubtedly grow fatter as the cool weather comes on. She has some pretty white rabbits which Wm. Moore has sent her, and which divide her affections with her babies. They are pretty pets. They are kept in a box upstairs and fed with fresh

grass and fruit—and every fine day, she takes them down in the yard and lets them have a gambol in the green grass. Natty grows, but not so fast as Ecce. He has some white mice and a *monkey* whose amusing tricks I shall reserve for Willie's amusement. . . . Only think Nathaniel and I have not seen each other for more than *two* months. It is hard to think that he must be in Canton all winter and we here, but it must be so. Mary Anne desires her love, John wishes to be kindly remembered to you all—I am so sorry to hear that Thomas has left you—Hope his successor proves as good. Thank thee for the patterns of Willie's clothes. They are pretty and suitable.

Macao, Fourth day Evening  
12th mo 11th, 1844.

This has been a busy & a hurrying day, my beloved Sister. In the first place after breakfast, I had divers household matters to attend to, order dinner etc. the carpenter came to receive directions about divers jobs, one of which was to repair the *cow-house* & I went in *person* to show him how it was to be done. Then baby being quietly asleep in his little basket-cradle, & the other children happily occupied at play, I placed myself at my desk to write to my husband. Several business letters came in, which I was to forward to Canton. I was so constantly interrupted by visitors & various other people & things requiring my attention, that it was three o'clock, before I could finish my husband's letter. Then came dinner and after dinner I had my packages to seal & send to the gentleman who was to take them to Canton, & a note must be written to him. Then the children (baby & all) were to be prepared for their walk—& then & not till then 5 o'clock, was there a moment's breathing time—Mary Anne & I went on to the Verandah to watch the departure of a party of five gentlemen, who were leaving this afternoon for Canton (Americans) rendering Macao almost entirely deserted. Soon Mrs & Miss Delano came in with their devoted and attentive friend Mr Nye, and with the glass we watched the boat (Mr Delano being one of the party on board) till it was quite out of sight—By this

time, the lamps were lighted & the children came home, full of earnestness to relate their adventures. Little Fanny Tiers is staying with us now. She went to pass the day at Mr Pinto's, the ex-governor of Macao & the children went to call for her to walk with them, . . . I wish, dearest thee could be here just now. The weather is perfectly delightful. The windows of the parlour have been open all day and the air is clear & bracing—Oranges are now in perfection & the roses are lovely. Ecce had a beautiful basket of beautiful flowers sent her early this morning, mostly roses & geraniums, a few chrysanthemums & *one* fragrant magnolia. She has so many friends among the gentlemen, that she is often favoured in this way. Thee sees, my darling Sister, I avail myself of all these little sources of happiness & it is fortunate for me that I can do so. . . . In the letter which should have been numbered 24, I mentioned my husband's departure for Canton, and the death of Mrs Tiers, which made us feel even more sad & lonely than we otherwise should—the same afternoon her remains reached Macao. The next morning just as I woke a basket of lovely fresh flowers was brought to my bedside, and almost immediately afterward, a note of invitation to attend the funeral services of our late lamented friend at the Church of St. Domingo. So closely, thought I, do joy & grief, smiles & tears succeed each other in this changing world. This was the first instance, I believe, of ladies attending a funeral here; at least it is not customary . . . Mr. Delano kindly came down & accompanied M. A. & myself, (my husband being absent). The services were long & tedious. Many candles were burning; incense was wafted—the silver crucifix displayed, many priests took part in the *performance*, for such it seemed & my heart ached for that bereaved husband (who knelt & rose and sat listening to such unmeaning ) & the poor little Fanny, now twice motherless. . . .

Oh, how much I want to show thee my darling baby. Thee would love him I am sure, he is so good & happy and he is beginning to smile very sweetly & to exhibit other marks of intelligence, coming out of the "vegetable

state" in which our friend Mrs. King, thinks young infants exist. We had a vaccinating or rather vaccinated party at Dr. Anderson's two days since. Several babies (with their mamas & other interested friends) went to be vaccinated from a *Chinese baby*, who had been sent from Canton as a suitable subject for the purpose, but I fear they are none of them going to take effect. The season of small-pox is approaching—it always prevails here, to a greater or less degree in January & February.

The "Cincinnati" will probably be down tomorrow, and by her I *must* send a letter, as the "Montauk" & "Carolina" have gone without any. My husband writes me that the "Grafton," "Zenobia" "Cohota," "Aldebaron" & I do not know how many more will sail within a week. . . . One of the Parsees called here the other day, who is a great admirer of Ecce's, and he says he has frequently invited her to come to his house, but she always declines. The other evening he told her he should tell her mother. "Very well," said she, "that you may do, but it is my own concern, not my mother's whether I like to come & see you." Another gentleman told me he met her just afterward, & she said to him, "Oh that detestable Dadabhoy, he is always teasing me to go to his house, & I don't want to go at all." . . .

Macao Sixth day 12th mo. 13th 1844

This evening there is to be a concert here, a very remarkable occurrence. It is to be given by a Mr. Jovita, a Portuguese gentleman, who has been teaching music here, & who is now about leaving for Europe. The Delanos have been his pupils. He is to be assisted by several of the most respectable Portuguese gentlemen in Macao, and it is said the music will be fine. Most of the American and English ladies are going. Our kind friend Gideon Nye has invited us, & we may go, as a pleasant variety, if Ecce is well enough for me to leave her. Mrs. Ripley has asked us to tea with her sociably tomorrow evening, and now Mrs. Delano sends for us to spend a good long old fashioned day with her tomorrow. Mother, Niece & children all. . . . My husband's absence causes a

great deal more to devolve upon me. Scarcely a day passes without some business document of some kind or other, being handed in which makes it necessary for me to write to Canton. I sometimes think it never could have been intended that such a variety of occupation should devolve upon one person,—*nursing a baby, mantua making, reading*, writing letters (would I could add *reading* letters, (from home) entertaining visitors, opening the treasury, (the key of which is confided to my charge, as I am now virtually “Wetmore & Co. in Macao,) receiving & paying out money, with other & divers matters too numerous to particularize. One advantage, however, of being so busy, is that it makes the time pass so rapidly, that I have no time to reflect how lonely I am. I have indeed a great deal to do—a letter every day to my husband, takes considerable time, and a *little baby* as thee knows, requires a great deal. We are now nearly ready for winter (high time thee will think, the 13th of December) but the weather is so mild & lovely that I cannot realize that winter is very near. Our woollen carpets are down, curtains up, the children’s wrappers have been turned, I have had new mousseline frocks made for them, & yesterday I got out their woollen stockings and mittens. . . . Nearly all the American gentlemen are now in Canton. Gideon Nye is now almost our only *available* beau.

Macao 12th mo. 23rd, 1844.

My darling Sister . . . . We hear that the “Grafton” which is to Whampoa today will touch here, purposely to take the ladies’ letters. Her owner, Mr. Bull is one of the most gallant men in China, it is said. . . . When I last wrote, my husband was in Canton & I had no expectation of seeing him again for several months, but on sixth day morning last very early, Mary Anne came running into my room, exclaiming “Uncle’s come—Uncle’s here.” He had knocked on the entry door, which I keep locked at night, without awaking me—he came quite unexpectedly on business, but will probably remain 3 or 4 weeks. It is delightful to have him with me once more. This is



Christmas Eve, & the Churches will be open I suppose as last year. Tomorrow we have asked two or three people only to dine with us, of whom Capt. Charles Williams of Salem is one. I received several hints that some minced pies would be acceptable, and today we have been making preparations for some. Whether they will prove good, is somewhat uncertain. It is very much the custom among the Portuguese to send presents of cakes, sweetmeats, &c to each other about this time, and coolies have been passing & repassing in the streets all day, with trays upon their heads & shoulders. The children are to pass the day at Mrs. Sword's as they did last year, and should nothing prevent, I intend asking all the children here at New Years. I have been thinking how few of those who formed our Christmas party last year, are now in China. there was quite a large party of us, among whom were Mr. Lawrence & Mrs. Tiers, neither of whom may we ever again see in this world. How sad their fate to die in a land of strangers. Messrs. Lejée, Whitney, Tiers, Williams, Capt. Sumner & Horace Story have gone home—how changed. When I wrote last, nearly every American gentleman had gone to Canton, but now almost all are back again, tho' only for a short time. It is very elegant at Mrs. Delano's this winter. They have beautiful Brussels carpets, which Mr. D. selected and had sent out when in England, Damask curtains, &c, &c, but the most beautiful ornament of the house is that sweet young Mother, with her lovely babe . . . I think thee would enjoy being here after thee became accustomed to the deprivation of home comforts. Thee would miss the rides very much & the lectures & the meetings, and would perhaps weary with walking every evening "around the gap," or to "Cassilius Bay." But thee would be with those thee loves & who love thee, and this would more than atone for every sacrifice—would it not, dear?

Fifth morning 1st mo. 24, 1845

We had a juvenile party here to pass the day, 18 children & three misses (American & English) besides two Ammahs. Mrs. Delano brought her baby, their little

Susie, Cora and Dora, Mr. Nye & Pierce Graves came and had a frolic with the young ones, Nathaniel too has a grand romp with them & quite reverses his age. I have been looking over thy letters Willie was with you for his long vacation. I am sorry he does not learn to employ & enjoy himself within doors. This "having a little fun" I do not like, and when I next write to Mrs. F. I shall mention my desire that she should endeavour to interest him in quiet indoor amusements & occupations. Why can he not learn to knit & sew. I suppose he would consider these as too girlish occupations, but I should like him to remember that his father can sew, & that it may be very useful to him sometime or other I should like very much that he should learn to sing, he is none too young. Since my date of this morning, we had a walk as usual around the Gap, the pleasure of which was very much marred by our witnessing an attack of a Portuguese soldier upon a sailor (who gave him some provocation) wounding him most severely, cutting his face & head terribly—several gentlemen who collected around the man, advised him to go to the Governor and enter a complaint, which he did, and on our return we found he had been so far successful as that the Governor had sent him to the Hospital to have his wound dressed—and I was glad to hear that he was the *Mate* of a vessel, as the rights of "poor Jack" are seldom much regarded. However, the Government here is so miserably inefficient, that it is very difficult ever to obtain redress of any grievances. We have met with a great loss in the death of *another Cow*—the old one which Wetmore & Co have had for many years—but this time there is suspicion of poison, which is one comfort. The poor Animal was sick for several days and every remedy was applied that our knowledge & experience could suggest, but in vain. She was a valuable cow. We are most fortunate in having the fine young cow that Francis Brown left with us & which he presented to the children. Was he not kind? I think I mentioned that he likewise gave us a dog, of which we have all become very fond. John is very happy just now in the care of a brood of 12 young turkeys, which one of our little flock of four

hatched out a few days ago. One of our large Chinchu Geese is sitting. I wish I could send this pair of geese home to father—they are so handsome, but it would be too expensive getting them there. I mentioned sending some minced pies to F. Bush at H. Kong—We yesterday received an acknowledgment of their having been received and that they “reminded him of home,” which was pleasant. He likewise sent me two baskets of the “*latest dates*” from Nankin, which had been sent to his care, for me, from a young man by the name of Wolcott from Boston, who was for some time in Macao, and is now Am. Consul at Shanghai, one of the newly opened ports. These dates are very nice and resemble figs more than they do the dates we get at home, which come I believe from Persia and Arabia. The plan for our meeting somewhere & going home together is, I fear too delightful to be realized. With so large a family, I fear it will be impossible for us to go home by any other route than the direct one, by the Cape of Good hope, . . . Mrs. Fisher who has recently arrived from England, came overland with her husband, two children and nurse, and in giving me an account of their journey the other day, she told me they had a great deal of discomfort. The constant changes of conveyance, the crowded steamboats, the heat, etc. etc.

Macao, First mo. 19th. 1845

We have had a fire in Macao, which was quite an event. The alarm, in case of fire, is given, not as with us, by ringing of bells, but by firing cannon & beating drums. This in the stillness of night, has a fearful effect. The fire in this instance, was at some distance from us, but very near Mrs Sword’s house, and as Mr S. was absent, it was very alarming for her. My husband went to offer her any assistance in his power to render, but fortunately none was necessary, as the only house burned was the one in which the fire originated, but the whole Praya, was illuminated by the blaze . . . The “fire department” here is very inefficient. There is said to be no plan or method—one runs & brings a bucket of water, and then another if he likes, and their engines are about

equal in force to those used with us for washing windows. Today our friend Mr Lowrie preached his last sermon in Macao. Tomorrow he is to leave for H Kong, and thence takes passage for Ningpo, where he expects to reside. He took tea here last evening, and I asked him how long he expected to remain in China. He answered "during life." that he knew nothing likely to take him home but his health, which is now perfectly good. He considers China his field of labour, and a sense of being in the way of his duty seems to render pleasant what must otherwise look like a dreary prospect before him. He seems to have great faith in the conversion of the Chinese to Christianity—but to me, so far as human means are concerned, it looks hopeless. The other missionaries now here, will soon also leave for the same place, Ningpo, and we fear our little meetings will necessarily be discontinued. Yesterday, Ecce passed the day at Mrs Delano's. I went with her in the chair, and made a pleasant call, walked around the grounds, which are very extensive, saw the geese (noble creatures as to size from the North), turkeys, pheasants, calves & a beautiful spotted deer, which with several horses and a fine dog, completes their domestic establishment. I had forgotten a monkey in addition, with which Ecce was much pleased. I went out for a walk this afternoon. . . . Mr King is now in Macao, his health is so bad that he will be obliged to leave China very soon, probably early this Spring. I shall be very sorry to lose Mrs King from our little circle. We are quite weary of straining our eyes on the look-out for vessels from home. Even the September mail is not here yet, and the latest time that it has ever reached here before, since the establishment of the Overland route, was the 23rd of December, and now it is the 20th of January. An American vessel the "Hamlet" arrived a few days since, the Captain of which reported that he was becalmed in coming up the China Sea, *33 days* within sight of the island. . . . A few days since we learned there were 14 ships to leave Whampoa for the U. States before the 7th of next month which is China New Year, and during the holidays which follow, there is a suspension of all busi-



ness, so they are all anxious to get off before that time. Several of them have already passed out without touching here. I hope Beulah Hacker will not quite despair of ever receiving her tea-set. It might have been nearly home by this time had not the man made a mistake—N. found the cups of the wrong shape & the whole very badly gilded, so he ordered another. Since the business season at Canton commenced and every body is there, we lead so quiet a life that a dinner company is much more of an event.

Letter from Rebecca Chase Kinsman to  
Maria Chase at Salem

Macao 1st. Mo. 21st. 1845

I finished a letter of a single sheet, to thee, my beloved sister, & sent it by the "Pioneer"—I will go on still with my journal, not doubting that even the trivial occurrences of our every-day life will be interesting to thee . . .

After dinner we took our usual walk. As we went down the Praya we saw a great number of people collected in front of the Governor's house, and the troops drawn up with a band of music accompanying. On inquiring into the meaning of this parade, we learned that the Governor of some Portuguese territory or other, I don't know what, was about embarking for the Mother Country, and the Governor's barge was in waiting at the Pier, to take him off to the "Man of War" brig lying in the roads. As the boat pushed off, one of the forts gave him a salute.

Today I have been reading an interesting article in one of the English reviews on "Funerals & Grave-yards"—a mournful subject, but I have even less leisure than before since the little new claimant on my care made his debut into this lower world.

On seventh day, Mrs. Delano was here, & asked us to take tea with them that evening . . . They have adopted the plan of dining late (at half past six) which they like much better than at an earlier hour, and they walk or ride before dinner of course.—They live in beautiful style, every luxury & elegance which money can procure, being at their command. . . . We are on the "tiptoe of expecta-



tion" now for arrivals. An English vessel which arrived a week ago, reports having seen on the 28th of December, an American ship & also an American "top-sail schooner"—these we suppose to have been the "K. Pratt" & the "Dart," & they *must* be here soon. I cannot tell thee how many times in the course of the day, the glass is pointed in the direction of the roads.

This morning I received a note from Mrs. King asking me to let my tailor do some work for her—as they might leave in a few days—Mr. King having come from Canton very ill. Mrs. King looked pale and anxious and seems still very feeble. Her babe now five weeks old is a fine healthy boy. They have not decided as yet as to the time of leaving, or the place *where* to go, but as sea-voyaging has always agreed with Mr. King, they will go somewhere immediately. It will be a great undertaking for Mrs. King with her young infant & invalid husband—Did I tell thee before that Ex-Governor Pinto & family left here a short time since for England in the "Royal Albert," and from thence to Portugal. He was the Governor of Macao, at the time we arrived, & his successor came soon after. They are both fine looking men. Governor Pinto's furniture was sold at auction a few days ago, & Nathaniel bought two immense wardrobes. He had several daughters, some of whom spoke English very well, but I was not acquainted with them. Farewell for to-night, dear—"Pleasant dreams & slumbers light," be thine. I am almost weary of watching for letters . . . The New Year's holidays are approaching. (China New Year commences this year on the 7th Feb.) and most of the gentlemen will come down, as for ten days no business is transacted.

(*To be continued*)

LETTERS FROM MISS ANN POWELL  
COMBINED IN A JOURNAL  
DURING A TOUR TO NIAGARA  
AND DETROIT, 1789

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CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. RICHARD C. PAINE

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INTRODUCTION

Ann Powell, the writer of the following pages, was the daughter of John Powell of Massachusetts, who left Boston with other loyalists in 1776. His wife, Miss Tallmadge of Connecticut, died before that period. (His father of the same name was Secretary to Lt. Gov. Dummer and married Ann Dummer, sister of the Lt. Governor, and of the celebrated Jeremiah Dummer, agent of Massachusetts at the Court of Queen Anne.) His son, William Dummer Powell, was educated in England and married in 1776 Miss Murray, a young English woman. They resided in England until Mr. Powell received the appointment of Chief Justice of Upper Canada, when he returned to Montreal with his family and his sister, Ann Powell, who accompanied him to Detroit. After Miss Powell returned to Montreal she married Mr. Clarke, a brother of Mrs. J. S. Copley and an uncle of Lord Lyndhurst. An amiable and accomplished woman, her death, which occurred very early in life, was deeply regretted by her friends and several copies of this narrative were preserved by their care.

William Dummer Powell and Jeremiah D. Powell, younger brothers of John Powell married Mary and Sarah Bromfield, sisters—daughters of Edward Bromfield of Boston, and sisters of Abigail Bromfield, who married William Phillips (and whose daughter Abigail Phillips married Josiah Quincy, Jr.—1769.) Jeremiah D. Powell was at the head of the Government of Massachusetts during the Revolution as President of the Senate. His widow, Sarah B. Powell survived him and died in 1806. They had no children. The late Mrs. Jonathan Mason and Mrs. T.

Perkins of Boston were the daughters of William and Mary B. Powell—and their descendants are numerous in Boston—but no representatives of the name of Powell, descendants of this family, reside in the U. S.

ELIZA SUSAN QUINCY

5 Park Street, Boston  
May 20, 1863

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When I talked of keeping a Journal from Montreal to Detroit I was not aware of the difficulties attending the journey. I expected it would be tedious, and thought writing would be a very pleasant employment, and so it might have proved, had it been practicable, but the opportunities for writing were so few that I found it would be impossible to keep a journal with any degree of regularity, so I left it wholly alone and trusted to my memory (which never deserved such a compliment) for recalling whatever was worth communicating.

We left Montreal on the 11th of May 1785, with a large party of our friends, who paid us the compliment of seeing us to the first stage, where we took a farewell dinner and the party, except Mr. Clarke,<sup>1</sup> left us. It was a melancholy parting scene—I was the person least interested in it, and partook of it more from sympathy than any real sorrow that I felt. All whom I was much attached to were going with me, but on these occasions crying is catching and I took the infection. I felt melancholy for though I had no particular friendships, I had passed some months very pleasantly with the people of Montreal and received many civilities. I felt a general regret at bidding these good people “Good-bye.” Mr. Clarke stole off in the morning before we were aware, but an honest German whom my brother had discharged, followed us to Lochine, and caused me a tear at parting, though I cannot exactly say from what motive it flowed. With his eyes full of tears he came into the room, and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Clarke was a brother of Mrs. J. S. Copley (the wife of the celebrated artist, and mother of Lord Lyndhurst and Mrs. Gardiner Greene) and of the wife of Henry Bromfield of Harvard.

kissed all the children round, then wiping away his tears, he attempted to thank his Master for past kindness, but the poor fellow's voice failed, he caught my brother's hand with emotion, and held it to his lips, then cast a look at my sister. I suppose he saw encouragement in our faces, for he took our extended hands, and dropt a tear on each, then with blessings which I am convinced flowed from his heart, bid us Adieu!

We now went to our boats, one was fitted up with an awning to protect us from the weather and held the family and bedding. It was well filled, eighteen persons in all, so you may suppose we had not much room. As it happened, it was of no consequence, it was cold on the water and we were glad to sit close. This mode of travelling is very tedious, we are obliged to keep along shore and go on very slowly.

The first night we slept at the house of a "Habitan" who turned out with his family to give us the best room, where we spread our beds and slept in peace. I entertained myself with looking at the Canadian family who were eating their supper, saying their prayers, and conversing at the same time. The next day we reached a part of the river where the boats were obliged to be unloaded and taken through a Lock, the rapids being too strong to pass; these rapids were the first of any consequence that I had seen. Perhaps you do not know what I mean by a rapid—it is when the water runs with swiftness over large rocks, every one of which forms a cascade and the river here is all a bed of rocks.—There is no describing the grandeur of the water when thrown into this kind of agitation—the sea, after a tempest, is smooth to it.

We breakfasted with the man who keeps the Lock, and then dispatched Mr. Smith with a message to Mr. Denie who lives at the distance of a few miles and with whom we had promised to dine. I believe I have not mentioned Mr. Smith before, as he is to be our fellow traveller I will now tell you who he is.—Mr. Smith was a clerk of my brother's, a sensible, well disposed young man who lost his parents early, and was cheated of his little fortune

by his guardian. When my brother gave up business he had no further occasion for a clerk and Mr. Smith saw himself without friends or protection: he therefore preferred following the fortunes of his only friend, to being left at Montreal, and readily embraced the offer of making one of our party to Detroit.

As soon as Mr. Denie heard of our arrival, a Calash was dispatched for the ladies, a saddle horse for Mr. Powell and a wagon for the children and servants. Mrs. Powell was unwilling to place the little girls out of her sight, so we each took one in our laps, but went only a little way when the carriage broke down, but fortunately, none of us were hurt. My brother had rode on and we were in a good deal of perplexity what to do. I proposed getting into the wagon but my sister would trust neither herself or the infant in it. There was no alternative but walking, and letting the servant carry the baby, till the man could go home for another Calash. The sun was hot, and the road dusty, one carriage for me was as good as another, so up I mounted and a very pleasant ride I had, with a fine view of the country. Mrs. Powell was heartily tired before the Calash met her. The hospitable welcome and good dinner we received at Mr. Denie's set all right. In the evening we went on ten miles further to a public house,—we then determined not to stop at another inn if we could possibly meet with other accommodations. My brother had travelled the road before, and knew the people, and the distance from house to house. This part of the country has been settled since the Peace, and it was granted to the troops raised in America during the war. We went from a Colonel to a Captain, and from a Captain to a Major. They have most of them built good houses and with the assistance of their half-pay live very comfortably.

We spent one night at the house of a Captain Duncan whose wife I had heard often mentioned by my sisters and whose story I had commiserated before I had seen her. She is now only nineteen, and has been five years married to a man who is old, disagreeable and vicious. But he was supposed to be rich and her friends absolutely



forced her to marry him. She is one of the prettiest young women I ever saw in my life, both in person and manners. I never heard of such a series of cruelties being practiced on any poor creature in my life, both before and after her marriage. The dislike she felt towards him is now a fixed aversion, which can never change as it is founded on principle! After the sacrifice was made her friends had the mortification to find themselves deceived in his circumstances; so far from being *rich*, he was deeply in debt, and had nothing to live upon but his half-pay, and his new lands which were then in a state of nature. There, however, he brought her and there she lived in a hut, without society and almost without the necessaries of life, till he built a house which he has begun on so large a scale that it never will be finished.

My sister had been strongly attached to Mrs. Duncan, when she was quite a child, and very much beloved by her. I felt much interested by this sweet young woman, and should feel great pleasure in hearing her tyrant was dead; the only means by which she can be released.

At that moment I thought with pleasure on a circumstance that has often mortified me, the slightness of my constitution, which will never leave me to struggle with any great misfortune. A good flow of spirits buoys me up above the common vexations of life, few people I believe bear them with more temper, but an evil too great for the strength of my mind would send me to the grave.

The night following that we passed at Captain Duncan's we reached the house of an old servant of Mrs. Powell's; the children were delighted to see her and I was well pleased to view a new scene of domestic life. Nancy, it seems, had married a disbanded soldier, who had a small lot of land where they immediately went to live, and cultivated it with so much care that in a few years they were offered in exchange for it a farm, twice its value, to which they had just removed and were obliged to live sometime in a temporary log house, which consisted only of one room, in which was a very neat bed where a lovely babe of three months old lay crowing and laughing by itself.

A large loom was on one side, on the other all the necessary utensils of a family, everything perfectly clean.

Nancy went to the door and brought in two more fine children, and presented them to her mistress. We asked her if she was happy—she replied “perfectly so.” She worked hard, but it was for herself and children; her husband took care of the farm, and she of the family. At their leisure hours she wove cloth and he mended shoes for their neighbors, for which they were well paid, and every year expected to do better.

Small as this place was, we chose to stay all night, so while Mrs. Powell was giving orders for arranging the beds, my brother and I walked out to enjoy a very fine evening. The banks of the river were very high and woody, the moon shone bright through the trees, some Indians were on the river taking fish with harpoons, a mode of fishing I had never seen before. They made large fires in their canoes, which attract the fish to the surface of the water, when they can see by the fire to strike them. The number of fires moving on the water had a pretty and singular effect. When we returned to the house we found the whole floor covered with beds. The man and woman of the house with their children had retired to their own room and left us to manage as we pleased. A blanket was hung before my mattress which I drew aside to see how the rest were accommodated. My brother and sister, myself, five children and two maid servants made up the group, a blazing fire (not in the chimney, for there was none, but on one side of the room which was opened at the top to let the smoke out and gave us a fine current of air) showed every object distinctly. I was in a humour to be easily diverted and found a thousand things to laugh at. It struck me that we were like a party of strolling players. At night we always drest a dinner for the next day. When we were disposed to eat it, the cloth was laid in the boat, and our table served up with as much decency as could be expected, if we could be contented with cold provisions. Not so our sailors, they went on shore and boiled their pots and smoked their pipes. One day we happened to anchor at a small Island where the men

themselves had some difficulty in climbing the banks which were very steep. I finished my dinner before the rest of the party, and felt an inclination to walk. I took one of the maids and made one of the men help us up; we strolled to the other side of the Island, and when we turned round saw the whole of the ground covered with fire. The wind blew fresh, and the dried leaves had spread it from where the people were cooking. We had no alternative, so were obliged to make the best of our way back. I believe we took very few steps, for neither of us had our shoes burnt through. The weather was so fine that we ventured to sleep out and I liked it so much that I regretted that we had ever gone into a house.

It is the pleasantest vagabond life you can imagine. We stopt before sunset when a large fire was instantly made and tea and chocolate were prepared. While we were taking it, the men erected a tent, the sails of the boat served for the top and blankets were fastened to the sides. In a few minues they had made a place large enough to spread all our beds, where we slept with as much comfort as I ever did in any chamber in my life. It was our own fault if we did not choose a fine situation to encamp. You can scarcely conceive a more beautiful scene than was one night exhibited. The men had piled up boughs of trees for a fire before our tent, till they made a noble bonfire. In the course of the evening it spread more than half a mile, the ground was covered with dry leaves, which burnt like so many lamps, with the fire running up the bushes and trees. The whole formed the most beautiful illumination you can form an idea of.

The children were in ecstacies, running about like so many savages, and our sailors were encamped near enough for us to hear them singing and laughing. We had, before we left Montreal, heard of his Majesty's recovery,—so if you please, you can set this all down as rejoicings on that account, though I doubt whether it once occurred to our minds, yet we are a very loyal People.

On the tenth day we reached Kingston; it is a small town and stands in a beautiful bay at the foot of Lake Ontario. The moment we reached the wharf a number of

people came down to welcome us. A gentleman, in his hurry to hand out the ladies, brushed one of the children into the lake; he was immediately taken out but that did not save his mother a severe fright. We went to the house of a Mr. Forsyth, a young bachelor, who very politely begged we would consider it as our own. Here we staid three days and then sailed with a fair wind for Niagara. At Kingston we were overtaken by two officers of the Artillery, one going to Niagara, the other to Detroit. Mr. Meredith we had been introduced to at Montreal. Mr. Suckling was a stranger. They both expressed themselves pleased with joining our party, and preferred accepting an offer my brother made them to cross the Lake in a vessel appointed for him, to waiting for another where they would be much less crowded.

My brother had also given a passage to another young man, and Captain Harrow a gentleman who commanded a ship on Lake Erie. We were fifteen where there were only four berths. When the beds were put down at night every one remained in the spot he had first taken, for there was no moving without general consent. One night after we had lain down and begun to be composed Mrs. Powell saw one of the maids standing where she had been making the children's beds and asked her why she staid there. The poor girl, who speaks indifferent English, answered "I am quazed, ma'am." Sure enough she was wedged in beyond the power of moving without assistance. I heard a great laugh among the gentlemen who were divided from us by a blanket partition. I suppose they were "quazed" too! Lake Ontario is two hundred miles over, we were four days crossing it. We were certainly a very good humored set of people, for no one complained or seemed rejoiced when we arrived at Niagara.

The fort is by no means pleasantly situated, it is built close upon the Lake which gains upon its foundations so fast that in a few years they must be overflowed. There, however, we passed some days very agreeably at the house of a Mr. Hamilton, a sensible, worthy and agreeable man. Mrs. Hamilton is an amiable sweet little woman. I regretted very much she did not live at Detroit instead of



Niagara. We received the most polite attentions from Colonel Hunter, the commanding officer, and all his officers. Lord Edward Fitzgerald<sup>2</sup> had been some months at Niagara before us, and was making excursions among the Indians, of whose society, he seems particularly fond. Joseph Brant, a celebrated Indian chief lives in that neighborhood. Lord Edward had spent some days at his house and seemed charmed with his visit. Brant returned to Niagara with his Lordship. He was the first and indeed the only savage I ever dined at table with. As the party was large he was at too great a distance from me to hear him converse and I was by no means pleased by his looks.

These people pay great deference to rank—with them it is only obtained by merit.—They attended Lord Edward from the house of one chief to another, and entertained him with dancing, which is the greatest compliment they can pay. Short as our stay was at Niagara, we made so many acquaintances we were sorry to leave them. Several gentlemen offered to escort us to Fort Erie, which made the journey very cheerful. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Meredith of the Engineers,—Mr. Robinson of the 50th Regiment,—Mr. Humphries with Captain Harrow,—Mr. Smith and my brother went in the boat with us to the landing which is eight miles from the Fort. There the river becomes impassable and all the luggage was drawn up a steep hill in a cradle—a machine I never saw before.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the 5th son of the Duke of Leinster, was born in Ireland October 1763. His father died in 1773. To his mother, Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond, he was warmly attached. He entered the British Army in 1781, served under Lord Rawdon at Charleston, S. C. At the battle of Eutaw Springs he was severely wounded. His life, saved by a negro who carried him to his hut and tended him until he was able to return to Charleston and who remained Lord Edward's devoted servant to the end of his career. After the defeat of the English he went to the West Indies, returned to England in 1783, and again came to America in 1788 with his regiment. In March 1789 he travelled through the wilderness 175 miles from Fredericktown to Quebec, attended only by his faithful negro servant Tony and accompanied by an officer & Mr. Brisbane—for thirty days, through a country before deemed impassable. At Quebec he decided to obtain leave of absence to go to Lake Superior and then down the Ohio & Mississippi, to New Orleans, and accomplished his design.



We walked up the hill and were conducted to a good garden, with an Arbour in it, where we found a cloth laid for dinner, which was provided for us by the officers of the post. After dinner we were to get to Fort Schlofser, seven miles, by any means we could—two Calashes were procured, in one of them my brother drove my sister, and Mr. Hamilton, me, in the other. Mr. Meredith got a horse and the rest of the gentlemen made use of their feet.—The road was good, the weather charming and our ride would have been delightful only the horses were so bad that they could scarcely crawl. I never breathe freely when a horse seems tired; I always feel as if I was committing a crime in driving it. Mr. H—who is very humane, gave up the point of whipping the poor devil out of respect to Captain Watson, to whom the horse had once belonged, a circumstance which increased my compassion, for of all men living, Watson was the most compassionate and in the condition the animal was, would as soon have attempted to *carry* as to *drive* him. It was not to be borne, so we took one of the horses from the cart the children and servants were in, and made the best of the way after the party.—

The afternoon was wearing away and this was the only opportunity we should have of seeing the Falls. All our party collected half a mile above the Falls, and walked down to them. I was in raptures all the way. The Falls I had heard of forever, but no one had mentioned the Rapids! For half a mile the river comes, foaming down immense rocks, some of them forming cascades 30 or 40 feet high! The banks are covered with woods, as are a number of Islands, some of them very high out of the water.

One in the centre of the river runs out into a point, and seems to divide the Falls which would otherwise be quite across the river into the form of a crescent. I believe no mind can form an idea of the immensity of the body of water, or the rapidity with which it hurries down. The height is 180 feet, and long before it reaches the bottom, it loses all appearance of a liquid.—The spray rises like light summer clouds and when the rays of the sun are

reflected through it they form innumerable rainbows, but the sun was not in a situation to show this effect when we were there. One thing I could find nobody to explain to me, which is, the stillness of the water at the bottom of the Falls—it is as smooth as a Lake; for half a mile, deep and narrow, the banks very high and steep, with trees hanging over them. I was never before sensible of the power of scenery, nor did I suppose the eye could carry to the mind, such strange emotions of pleasure, wonder, and solemnity. For a time every other impression was erased from my memory! Had I been left to myself I am convinced I should not have thought of moving whilst there was light to distinguish objects. With reluctance I at length attended to the proposal of going, determining in my own mind that when I returned I would be mistress of my own time, and stay a day or two at least.<sup>3</sup>

As Fort Schlofser was only at the distance of a pleasant walk, we all chose to go on foot. We were received by Mr. Foster of the 60th Regt.—one of the most elegant young men I ever saw. Here we were extremely well accommodated, and much pleased with the house and garden. I never saw a situation where retirement wore so many charms.

The next day we went in a batteau to Fort Erie—when

3 Letter from Lord Edward Fitzgerald to the Duchess of Leinster.

Fort Erie

June 1, 1789

“Dearest Mother:

I have just come from the Falls of Niagara! To describe them is impossible. I stayed three days admiring, and was absolutely obliged to tear myself away at last. As I said before, to describe them is impossible. Homer could not in writing, nor Claude Lorraine in painting, your own imagination must do it. The immense height and noise of the Falls,—the spray that rises to the clouds,—in short, it forms altogether a scene that is well worth the trouble of coming from Europe to see. Then the greenness and tranquillity of every thing about, the quiet of the immense forest around, compared with the violence of all that is close to the Falls,—but I will not go on, for I should never end. I set out tomorrow for Detroit. I go with one of the Indian Chiefs, Joseph Brant—he that was in England. I think often of you all in these wild woods. If I could carry my dearest mother with me, I should be completely happy here.”

we arrived there, we found the commanding officer, Mr. Boyd was gone in a party with Lord Edward<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Brisbane to the other side of the river where the Indians were holding a Council. The gentlemen all returned in the evening, and seemed so much pleased with their entertainment, that when they proposed our going over with them the next day we very readily agreed to it. I thought it a peculiar piece of good fortune having an opportunity of seeing a number of the most respectable of these people collected together. We reached the spot where the council began and as we passed along, saw several of their chiefs at their toilets.—They sat upon the ground with the most profound gravity dressing themselves before a small looking-glass, for they are very exact in fixing on their ornaments, and not a little whimsical. I am told that one of these fellows will be an hour or two painting his face, and when any one else would think him sufficiently horrible, some new conceit will strike him and he will rub all off, and begin again.

The women dress with more simplicity than the men, at least all that I have seen, but at this meeting there were not many of the fair sex—some old Squaws who sat in council, and a few young ones to dress their provisions; for, these great men, as well as those of our world, like a good dinner, after spending their lungs for the good of their country. Some women we saw employed in taking fish in a basket, a gentleman of our party took the basket from one of them and tried to catch the fish as she did, but failing, they laughed at his want of dexterity.

One young Squaw sat in a tent weaving a sort of worsted garter inter-mixed with beads. I suppose she was a lady of distinction, for her ears were bored in different places, with ear-rings in them all. She would not speak English but seemed to understand what was said to her. A gentleman introduced Mrs. Powell and me to her, as white Squaws, begging she would go on with her work, as we wished to see how it was done. She complied immediately with great dignity, taking no more notice of us than if

<sup>4</sup> Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald by Thomas Moore. Vol. I, p. 144.

we were posts. A proof of her good breeding! We then went up a steep bank to a very beautiful spot—the tall trees were in full leaf and the ground covered with wild flowers.

We were seated on a log in the centre where we could see all that passed.—Upwards of 200 chiefs were assembled and seated in proper order. They were the delegates of six nations—each tribe formed a circle under the shade of a tree, their faces towards each other; they never changed their places but sat or lay on the grass as they liked. The speaker of each tribe stood with his back against a tree, the old women walked one by one with great solemnity and seated themselves behind the men,—they were wholly covered with their blankets and sought not by the effect of ornaments to attract or fright the other sex, for I cannot tell whether the men mean to make themselves charming or horrible by the pains they take with their persons. On seeing this respectable band of matrons I was struck with the different opinions of mankind.

In England, when a man grows infirm and his talents are obscured by age, the wits decide upon his character by calling him an *old woman*. On the banks of Lake Erie, a woman becomes respectable as she grows old, and I suppose the greatest compliment you can pay a young hero, is that *he is as wise as an old woman*, a good trait of savage understanding.—These ladies preserve a modest silence in the debates (I fear they are not like women of other countries) but nothing is determined without their advice and approbation. I was very much struck with the figures of these Indians as they approached us. They are remarkably tall and finely made and walk with a grace and dignity you can have no idea of. I declare our beaux looked quite insignificant by them. One man called to my mind some of Homer's finest heroes. One of the gentlemen told me that he was a chief of great distinction<sup>5</sup> and spoke English and if I pleased he should be introduced to me. I had some curiosity to see how a chief of the Six Nations would pay his compliments but little did I expect the elegance with which he addressed me. The Prince of Wales

5 Captain David was the Chief of the Six Nations.



does not bow with more grace than Captain David. He spoke English with propriety and returned all the compliments that were paid him with ease and politeness.

As he was not only the handsomest but the best drest man I saw, I will endeavor to describe him. His person is tall and fine as it is possible to conceive—his features handsome and regular, with a countenance of much softness—his complexion not disagreeably dark, and I really believe he washes his face, for it appeared perfectly *clean* without paint; his hair was all shaved off except a little on the top of his head to fasten his ornaments to—his head and ears painted a glowing red. Round his head was fastened a fillet of highly polished silver, from the left temple hung two straps of black velvet covered with silver beads and brooches. On the top of his head was fixed a Foxtail feather which bowed to the wind, as did a black one in each ear—a pair of immense ear-rings which hung below his shoulders completed his head-dress which I assure you was not unbecoming, though I must confess somewhat fantastical. His dress was a shirt of colored calico, the neck and shoulders covered so thick with silver brooches as to have the appearance of a net—his sleeves much like those the ladies wore when I left England, fastened about the arm with a broad bracelet of highly polished silver, and engraved with the arms of England. Four smaller bracelets of the same kind about his wrists and arms, around his waist was a large scarf of a very dark coloured stuff lined with scarlet, which hung to his feet. One part he generally drew over his left arm which had a very graceful effect when he moved. His legs were covered with blue cloth made to fit neatly, with an ornamental garter bound below the knee. I know not what kind of a being your imagination will represent to you but I sincerely declare to you that altogether Captain David made the finest appearance I ever saw in my life!

Do not suppose they were *all* dressed with the same taste,—*their* clothes are not cut by the same pattern, like the beaux of England—every Indian is dressed according to his own fancy, and you see no two alike, even their faces



are differently painted,—some of them wear their hair in a strange manner—others shave it entirely off. One old man diverted me extremely, he was dressed in a scarlet coat, richly embroidered, that must have been made at least half a century, with waistcoat of the same, that reached half-way down his thighs—no shirt or breeches, but blue cloth stockings. As he strutted about more than the rest, I concluded that he was particularly pleased with his dress and with himself! They told us that he was a chief of distinction.<sup>6</sup>

We only staid to hear two speeches—they spoke with great gravity and no action—frequently making long pauses for a hum of applause. Lord Edward, Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Meredith remained with them all night and were entertained with dancing.

We were detained some days at Niagara by a contrary wind. On the 4th of June as we were drinking the King's health, like good loyal subjects, the wind changed and we were hurried on board. We were better accommodated than when we crossed Lake Ontario, for the weather was so fine that the gentlemen all slept on deck. Lake Erie is 280 miles over—we were five days on our passage. The river Detroit divided Lake Erie from Lake St. Clair, which is again separated by a small river from Lake Huron. The head of Lake Erie and the entrance into the river Detroit, is uncommonly beautiful. Whilst we were sailing up the river, a perverse storm of rain and thunder drove us all into the cabin and gave us a thorough wetting. After it was over we went on shore; the fort lies about half way up the river which is 18 miles in length. In drawing the line between the British and American possessions, this fort was left within their lines, a new town is now to be built on the other side of the river, where the

6 The Chief who strutted about in a scarlet coat was undoubtedly Red Jacket, or "Sa-go-ye-wat-ka." In the Vol. of N. Y. Indian Treaties edited by Franklin B. Hough, and published as one of Historical Series, p. 340 is a letter to Gov. George Clinton, dated July 30, 1789 and signed by Red Jacket as a *Seneca Chief at Buffalo Creek*, which refers to the Council which Miss Powell attended.

Letter of O. H. Marshall, Esq. (Member of the Buffalo Historical Society) to Eliza S. Quincy, Buffalo Feb. 24, 1872.

Courts are held and where my brother must of course reside. As soon as our vessel anchored several ladies and gentlemen came on board. They had agreed upon a house for us till my brother could meet with one that would suit him, so we found ourselves at home immediately. We were several weeks at the Fort, which gave us an opportunity of making a little acquaintance with the inhabitants. The ladies visited us in full dress, though the weather was boiling hot. What do you think of walking about when the Thermometer is above 90 deg.? It was as high as 95 the morning we returned our visits. Mrs. Powell and myself spent the most of our time in our chambers. We found all the people civil and obliging. In point of society we could not expect much, as it depends entirely on the military. An agreeable regiment makes the place gay. The 55th which we found on our arrival there, was a corps that would improve almost any Society, the loss of it has made the place extremely dull and sets the other Regiment in a disadvantageous light which it cannot bear.

While we staid at the Fort several parties were made for us. A very agreeable one by the 65th to an island a little way up the river. Our party was divided into five boats, one held the music, and in each of the others were two ladies and as many gentlemen as it would hold. Lord Edward and his friend arrived just time enough to join us—they went round the Lake by land to see some Indian settlements and were highly pleased with their jaunt.

Lord Edward speaks in raptures of the Indian hospitality—he told me one instance of it which would reflect honour on the most polished Society.<sup>7</sup>

7 Through the medium of the Chief of the Six Nations, David Hill, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was formerly inducted at Detroit into the Bear Tribe and made one of their Chiefs. The document by which this wild honor was conferred has been preserved among his papers, and is, in Indian and English, as follows:

David Hill's letter to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Chief of the Bear Tribe.

"Waghyough Sen non Pryer Ne neh Seghyrage ni i Ye Sayats Eghnidai Ettionayyere.

Karonghyontye—Tyogh Saghnontyou. 21 June 1789"

By some means or other the gentlemen lost their provisions, and were entirely without bread, in a place where they could get none. Some Indians travelling with them had one loaf which they offered his Lordship, but he would not accept it—the Indians gave him to understand that they were used to do without, and therefore it was less inconvenient to them. They still refused and the Indians then disappeared, and left the loaf of bread in the road the travellers must pass, and the Indians were seen no more.

Our party on the Island proved very pleasant which those kind of parties seldom do; the day was fine, the country cheerful and the band delightful. We walked some time in the shady part of the Island and then were led to a bower where the table was spread for dinner. Everything here is on a grand scale—do not suppose we dined in an English arbour! This was made of forest trees, that grew in a circle, and it was closed by filling up the spaces with small trees, and bushes, which being fresh cut, you could not see where they were put together, and the bower was the whole height of the trees though closed quite at the top.—The band was placed without and played whilst we were at dinner. We were hurried home in the evening by the appearance of a thunder storm—it was the most beautiful I ever remember to have seen. The clouds were collected about the setting sun, and the forked lightning, darting in a thousand different directions from it. You can form no idea from anything you have seen of what the lightning is in this country.—These Lakes, I believe, are the nurseries of thunder storms! What you see are only stragglers who lose their strength before they reach you. I had the pleasure of being on the water in one of them, and being completely wet, my clothes were so heavy when I got out of the boat that I could scarcely walk. We were a very large party, going

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“I, David Hill, Chief of the Six Nations, give the name of Eghnidai to my friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which I hope he will remember me as long as he lives.—The name belongs to the Bear Tribe.”

(Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore. Vol. I, p. 148).

on what is called a party of pleasure; most of the ladies were as wet as myself—we could get no dry clothes, and were obliged to dry our own, the best way we could. A pretty set of figures we were when we met to dance, which upon these occasions is customary. Before dinner I had resolved not to dance, for the day was very warm, the party large and the room small. I was prevailed upon to alter my mind by their assuring me that exercise would prevent my feeling any ill effects from my wetting, and I found it so. Some good ought to come from it, for I doubt whether the people in the Black Hole in Calcutta suffered more, only ours was voluntary, and there was not.

The disasters of the day were not over yet, the evening was fine, but the ground was wet so that Calashes were ordered to take us to our boats. A Mrs. Murphy and myself were seated in one, as the distance was small we intended a servant should lead the horse, but the gallantry of the gentlemen would not suffer that. Captain Blacker of the 65th seated himself at our feet, with his legs on the shafts to drive. Mr. Spriet of the Artillery got up behind the carriage—they were laughing and asking me what I would give to be seen going into London in that way? Before I could answer, we heard a loud crash and I recollect no more till I was on my feet in the road. I then saw Mrs. Murphy on the ground, and on the other side of the Calash, and Mr. Blacker endeavoring to disengage his feet from the shafts which were broken entirely off and separated from the carriage. I shall never forget the horror expressed in his countenance. He was not hurt himself, but fully expected all our bones were broken. Poor Mr. Spriet had fallen with his head in the seat we were thrown from and was badly stunned by the blow. When we found no mischief done, we all laughed heartily, which, added to the fright, threw Mrs. Murphy into hysterics, and discomposed us all again. By the time she recovered I found I was bruised and had broken a tooth—however, I had no right to complain; we were highly fortunate to be no more hurt. I hope never to be pressed into the same kind of party again, voluntarily I am sure I shall never make one.

Passing by a house as we went down the river we heard a most horrid scream of distress within it, which continued without intermission, till we were out of hearing. Some of the gentlemen told us it was an insane man who had been so for six years. He had continued constantly to walk up and down on one particular plank in the floor with his hands clasped together crying "O mon Dieu." He went to bed at night and sat down at table with his family, but never spoke any other words, returning to his walk immediately. I think the universe would not tempt me to live with this poor creature, or within hearing of his cries.

NOTE: The Journal of Miss Powell here abruptly terminated. Many copies of it appear to have been preserved among her friends as a memorial of her and as description of the modes of travelling, and the State of Society at that early period when a journey to Niagara was an expedition into wilderness. Miss Powell was remembered and spoken of by her contemporaries as a most lovely and interesting woman. She married Mr. Clarke (mentioned before) and died very early in life.



LIFE AND TIMES OF THE  
HON. NATHANIEL PEASLEE SARGEANT

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Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court  
of Massachusetts

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By HON. IRA A. ABBOTT OF HAVERHILL

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(Continued from Volume LXXXVI, page 246)

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Warren was not a lawyer but a man of influence, Sheriff of Plymouth County under the King, and Speaker of the Assembly at the time of this appointment. He declined the office, stating that he was not qualified for its duties. Cushing, Foster and Sullivan made up a quorum, however, and having been authorized by the General Court to appoint their own Clerk of the Court selected Samuel Winthrop of Boston. June 15, 1776, the Assembly passed an Act authorizing the Court to take up cases which might be in jeopardy through having been so long neglected, and a Session was begun immediately for Essex County at Ipswich, the first to be held since February 1775, at Boston by the Royal Judges. Mr. Sargeant was again appointed in September, and in October 1776, at the Plymouth session, he produced his commission and took his place as a Justice in open Court. One important change had occurred since the previous year when he declined the position. The Independence of the Colonies had been declared and the Court was no longer trying to serve two masters—the King and the People. So its foundation, if not so solid as could have been wished was, at least, clear, and as substantial as any department of the new government. Still, timid men would have feared the risks the Judges incurred. Adams said the danger attaching to the office was the reason why he did not think himself at liberty to decline it. Amory in his *Life of Sullivan* says: "They sat with halters about their necks. Had the



HOUSE OF JUDGE SARGEANT IN 1785

North of where St. John's Church stands now

Moved later to Spring Street



struggle for independence ended in disaster, and the Royal Government, pursuing its usual vindictive policy, selected examples as a terror to disobedient subjects, the Judges would have been among the first to mount the scaffold." It is stated in an article by F. W. Grinnell, Esq. in the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly*, May 1917, p. 416, that in an address to the Bar in 1824, Wm. Sullivan, referring to Judge Sargeant, said, "One of our fraternity, who at present, remembers a confidential conversation with one who was nominated to the bench, while he was considering his answer in which the hopes and fears of that eventful period were feelingly evinced. The appointment was accepted, and this gentleman took his seat on the bench, and died in the office of Chief Justice in 1792."

There are, however, personal reasons which I believe caused Sargeant's acceptance of the office as much as anything. On May 5, 1776, he married Mrs. Mary (Pickering) Leavitt, who had been for fourteen years since 1762 the widow of Rev. Dudley Leavitt of Salem, Massachusetts, and before that his wife for about twelve years, since she was nineteen and he thirty. This second marriage, an event so momentous for both, deserves more than passing notice, even if my surmise as to its effect on the groom's subsequent course in life is unsound. If I could describe the lady as well as the writer of her obituary did years later, I would certainly not resort to it while presenting her as a bride, but it is desirable that we do not postpone acquaintance with Madam Sargeant, as she came to be styled, and the description of her in the *Haverhill Museum* of February 4, 1805 is sufficient.

The *Haverhill Museum* of Feb. 5, 1805.

*Died.*

In this town on Wednesday last, MADAM MARY SARGEANT, aged 71, relict of the Hon. Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant, late Chief Justice of the Commonwealth. Of this dignified and lovely woman it may with truth be said that "*her price was above rubies.*" She possessed and exhibited through life a rare combination of excellencies, uniting with the most elegant accomplishments and refined sentiments, all the endearing and useful virtues of domestic life. Her

very superior powers of understanding commanded the admiration, while her enchanting sweetness of manners and disposition secured the love of her acquaintances and friends. "*She opened her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue was the law of kindness.*" So much real dignity always appeared in her deportment, and at the same time, such engaging condescension, that the high and the humble were equally proud of her attentions and impressed with her goodness. To these various excellent qualities was added the greatest of female accomplishments as well as first of Christian graces, *unaffected piety*. As the happy fruits of this, she displayed through a long life, a uniform sweetness of temper, kindness, charity, and during her last tedious and distressing confinement, she sustained her sufferings with unusual fortitude, composure and Christian resignation.

Furthermore, according to the Pickering Genealogy at the Essex Institute, she was "distinguished for energy and decision of character." Long before Judge Sargeant died, which was 14 years before she did, her brother Timothy had reached high distinction. There can be no doubt that gracious and considerate as Mrs. Sargeant is known to have been, she set great store by the honors which had come to her by blood and marriage.

Her first husband, Rev. Dudley Leavitt, was pastor of the Tabernacle Church of Salem, Massachusetts, and the minister's wife at that time received a liberal share of the homage which her husband's position commanded. To the Rev. Dudley Leavitt must have attached additional prestige for he was a descendant of the Royal Governor, Thomas Dudley, through his daughter Dorothy, and so could claim kinship with the famous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, husband of Amy Robsart, whom Scott idealized in Kenilworth. During the married life of this couple Royal Governors were still in fashion, and their descendants in high favor. By her husband's death, Mrs. Leavitt must have lost much of the deference to which she had become accustomed, especially as she had to move from Salem to Haverhill, and could not carry her background with her. I have not found any hint as to what acquaintance existed between her and Mr. Sargeant before their marriage, but her leaving Salem where she had



so many family ties indicates that financial reasons were the cause of the change. She may possibly have had charge of Mr. Sargeant's household affairs after the death of his first wife. She had relatives on her mother's side in Haverhill—William Wingate, a cousin, and Abigail Wingate, another, "a strong minded woman" who was the wife of Ephraim Elliott and lived in the Garrison House at Rocks Village. Perhaps Mrs. Leavitt lived there. At any rate in a small community like Haverhill, she and Mr. Sargeant must have been acquainted, even if they had not known each other at Salem, where he went on business and doubtless knew her brothers. So she probably had heard of his refusal to accept a place on the bench in 1775, as well as noticed the prestige given the Royal Judges and their ladies. Through her marriage to Mr. Sargeant she very properly became ambitious for his advancement, and her resolute, confident spirit doubtless influenced him with the desire to assume the duties of the new Office in a way to reflect credit on himself and benefit the New State. His devotion to the second Mrs. Sargeant was so great, as shown by letters to her brother, Col. Pickering, that if we believe she wished him to accept the position, we need consider his motives no further. (See Notes 13, 14)

To what public reasons, we may now inquire, was the appointment of Mr. Sargeant due, and why was it believed that he could do the work? His selection cannot be attributed to political influence, as his grandfather, Col. Peaslee, was dead, and he had not become connected with the Pickerings in 1775, when first appointed. The fact that he had been a member of the Provincial Congress and was then a member of the General Court, levying war against King George, was sufficient proof of his patriotism. Judging from the important work to which he was assigned by the Assembly, he had made a favorable impression there. Chase says, "he had the character of an able and honest attorney, though never distinguished at the bar as an advocate. He possessed sound judgment and excellent learning and but few men were more respected for integrity and uniformity of conduct. He may justly

be recorded among the patriots of 1770 and 1775. He was not perhaps so ardent as some others, but he was decided in support of civil freedom and could always be depended upon as a prudent and efficient supporter of the ancient rights and privileges of the colonies. As a Judge, he won the respect and commendation of all for his ability, integrity and impartiality." Myrick says the same. In the account about Slavery in Massachusetts (Mass. Hist. Society records for 1855-58), Ex-Gov. and Judge Emory Washburn describes him as a "sound lawyer and upright Judge," "writing of the time when he had been six years on the bench. Bancroft's *History, U. S.* Vol. 5, p. 414, says the petition of seven slaves to the General Court was referred to "a very able committee on which are the names of Sargeant and John Lowell, both zealous for the abolition of slavery, and Lowell was then the leading lawyer of the state." That Sargeant was the chairman of such a committee is significant. The compliment paid him by James Sullivan in making his own acceptance of a prior appointment dependent upon Judge Sargeant's being ranked above him, expressed courtesy towards an older lawyer and general belief of his greater ability. The biographer Amory says of Sullivan, "His association in the work with such profound lawyers as Cushing, Paine and Sargeant afforded the best facilities for a deep insight into reasons and principles upon which all legislation should be founded and a high standard by which to measure his own conclusions."

We learn more about Mr. Sargeant from John Adams, whose diary and letters have proved such a boon to historians for their vivid description and frank disclosures. In November 1766, Adams was at Salem for the opening of Court and wrote in his diary, "Here I saw Nathaniel Peaslee Sargeant of Methuen, two years an attorney of the Superior Court, now commencing a barrister. He took his degree the year I entered college. He has the character of sense, ingenuity, etc., but not of fluency; he is a stout man not genteel or sprightly. This is the gentleman whom Thacher recommended for a Justice and admired for his correctness and conciseness as another

Father Reed." To be likened by Oxenbridge Thacher to "Father Reed" was praise indeed and it made a strong impression on Adams. He says again, "The evening at Mr. Pyncheon's with Farnum, Sewall, Sargeant, and Col. Saltonstall was spent very agreeably. Punch, wine, bread and cheese, apples, pipes and tobacco." "Bonfires this evening, and a swarm of tumultuous people attending them." This social glimpse of Sargeant is one of the few on record. In a letter to Cushing of June 9, 1776, Adams says: "I am not a little chagrined that Sargeant has declined. I had great hopes from his solid judgment and extensive knowledge."

The books collected in the course of a lifetime, not to complete a showy house, but as taste and needs permit, afford a valuable test of qualities. In the appendix appears a list of books inventoried as a part of Judge Sargeant's estate. The greater part are legal and a very respectable law library for that period. If he had them before becoming a Judge, they were strong evidence of his fitness. It seems improbable that he had money to buy them while on the bench with a small uncertain salary and the "High Cost of Living" owing to war depreciation of currency worse than today. Law books were extremely scarce and Amory says: "Had not the Assembly permitted the Judges to purchase the few law books belonging to the refugee lawyers, they would have often been compelled to rely upon their memories or to have created out of their own sense of reason and justice the law as they wanted it for the decision of their cases." Blackstone's *Commentaries* came out in 1768 in England, but were not published here until long afterwards, except a small subscription edition, so probably his copy came from the library of some refugee Boston lawyer, as Amory describes. Whether he got his law books before or after he went on the bench, or part before and part after; the acquisition of them while he had to "keep the pot boiling" for so many little Sargeants shows an innate love of the law. The fact that he was a barrister weighed in his favor, because lawyers were not made barristers until they had earned their promotion. In all the Province which then included Maine,

there were in 1768, say Washburn and Davis, only twenty-five barristers, five of whom, including Sargeant, were of Essex County. Sixteen had been added to the number before the Revolution began, says Washburn. It was also indicative of Mr. Sargeant's high standing that he was twice deemed worthy of a place with the famous men selected to make up the rest of the Court. Of the twelve who were appointed before five were obtained to serve, all were lawyers but one, James Warren, who did not accept. John Adams, Robert Treat Paine and William Cushing became figures of National consequence; James Sullivan, Governor of Massachusetts, and Sewall, United States District Judge for the Maine Territory. What Sargeant did will be shown later. I have spoken only of his qualifications for the office as they appeared to his contemporaries.

The Court work itself wasn't so very hard in those days, but the trouble was in getting there. Judge Sargeant wrote Col. Pickering that it kept him away from home "above a third of the time." The traveling was irksome and the judges had to find and pay for their own conveyance on horseback or by rude carriages over bad roads; food and lodging was not apt to be good, and they had to pay for that also out of their own pockets. The ordinary work of administering the laws was by no means all that was expected of the Judges; they also had to make most of the laws. They could hold other offices, and Judge Sargeant continued to be a member of the General Court which was preparing a Constitution or "Frame of Government" to be submitted to the people. It was put to vote in 1778 and badly defeated, whereby he wrote Pickering, "a year of hard work was lost." He was magnanimous enough to say that a pamphlet issued against it, stating reasons for other principles of government, had converted him.

The Court was soon to experience the need of a more solid basis than they had. There was disturbance in Berkshire County over the status and doings of some of the lower courts; and the General Court, with a view of placating the people of that county, provided by statute



for a Session of the Highest Court at Great Barrington in May 1778. When the Judges arrived at the appointed time and place, they found the Court House in possession of about three hundred men who, through a committee, stated that their right to sit as a Court was not recognized; that there was no "frame of government" and "no charter they had ever heard of" which empowered them to act as a Court; and they would not be permitted so to act. It appeared that the committee had been appointed to inform the Judges of what had been done and present to them a statement of the grounds of their action. Whether they were sound or not must have been of little interest to the Judges, confronted by three hundred men determined to prevent a Session of the Court. Considering their difficult situation, the Judges made a very creditable retreat from their untenable position. They said the General Court had provided for the Session they had come to hold in the belief that it was desired by the people; and since that now appeared not to be the case, they had no wish to hold the Session. They accordingly departed from the county after making a written report of the occurrence to the General Assembly signed by all the Judges. That occurrence may have hastened efforts to establish a "Frame of Government." The Towns were requested to choose delegates to a convention for preparing a constitution and did so. Judge Sargeant was a delegate and it is said by Bancroft that so were all the other Judges, and most of them on the Committee to submit the Draft, which was accepted by the Convention and in 1780 adopted by popular vote. It did not meet with universal acceptance at first. Judge Sargeant was involved in a contest in the Haverhill town meeting over Article 3 which was opposed by Rev. Hezekiah Smith, the first Baptist minister in Haverhill, on the ground that it discriminated, as plainly it did, in favor of the orthodox established church. The opponents of the article outvoted those who favored it, and Judge Sargeant and the Rev. Mr. Smith each offered a substitute, but neither was accepted, although the meetings were continued four days. Judge Sargeant's proposal got more votes. Finally, it was voted that the town



inform the convention that although they had proposed alterations they were "of opinion and do consider that the whole of said 'Form' be established rather than the same should be returned to the people for further revision," a result which must have pleased Judge Sargeant. This article remained a part of the constitution until the revision of 1830.

The Constitution of 1780 did not deal with the subject of the Judiciary as clearly as might have been hoped from the fact that all the Judges were members of the convention, and prepared the Draft of the Constitution. It did not establish Courts of any kind, or legalize those already in operation, but authorized the Legislature to establish "Judicatories." Evidently Courts were still regarded as instruments, and not as coordinate departments of government. Reference was made to the "Supreme Judicial Court," but there was no court of that name, and there was the "Superior Court" or "Judicature" still acting. The late great Jurist, Horace Gray, claimed that the words "Supreme Judicial Court" were used as descriptive of the highest court, by whatever name it might be called, and that the present Court of that name is but the "Superior Court of Judicature" of Colonial days continued in existence under another name. The Legislatures of the period did not take it so, and on February 20, 1781, a law was passed empowering "the Supreme Judicial Court to take cognizance of matters theretofore cognizable by the *late* Superior Court." And on July 3, 1782 the the Legislature definitely established "the Supreme Judicial Court" by that name.

The Judges, with Robert Treat Paine who had been made Attorney General, James Bowdoin, afterward Governor of the state, and John Pickering, brother of Timothy Pickering, were made a commission by the General Court to "select, alter and abridge" the existing laws so that they should suit the new government. Consider the magnitude of that task. They were to change not only the outward form, but the essential nature of the laws. The precedents they had were to be avoided, rather than followed. The few books they had were to be regarded

with distrust as Royalist tools. In pursuance of this mandate, the commissioners from time to time, submitted to the General Court, suggested Laws, some of which were rejected, but the greater part approved. Such work carried on in the midst of war and in addition to their ordinary work, if anything done at that period can be called ordinary, must command our highest admiration.

Not long afterwards, the Court was called upon to deal with a question of such importance, in which Judge Sargeant took a leading part, that I give an account of it. The Constitution went into effect Oct. 25, 1780. The question came up as to whether it had abrogated slavery by the next April in Barre, Worcester County. The facts were that one Quaco Walker, a negro, left his old master, Nathaniel Jennison, and found refuge and employment with John and Seth Caldwell. Jennison reclaimed him as a slave, beat him with a stick, and imprisoned him about two hours. Quaco brought an action against Jennison for damages for assault, and the latter brought suit against the Caldwells for depriving him of the services of Quaco. The cases were tried in the Court of Common Pleas, made up of selected Justices of the Peace of the County. Apparently the Court did not get to the root of the matter—not one of its members was a lawyer—and in each case, found for the plaintiff and awarded damages.

There was an Appeal to the "Superior Court of Judicature," and one case came up for trial at Worcester in September 1781, Judges Sargeant, Sullivan and Sewall sitting. They had all been members of the convention which framed the Constitution, and Sullivan and Sewall members of the Committee which drafted the Bill of Rights. Levi Lincoln of Worcester and Caleb Strong of Northampton were the attorneys for the Caldwells. They, too, had been members of the Convention, and Strong one of the Committee which drafted the Bill of Rights. They took the broad ground that the clause in the Bill of Rights "all men are born free and equal" was decisive of the case, and so the Court held. It is a singular and impressive circumstance that this Levi Lincoln was a de-

scendant of the first ancestor in America of Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator, who, although he never knew of his kinship with the Massachusetts Lincolns certainly brought this ancestor's ideals to consummation, and seems to have had such a similar fervor of expression that he might almost have read Levi Lincoln's argument. (*Mass. Hist. Soc.* May 1857, p. 198).

The question came before the Court again in April 1783. The Judges were then Chief Justice Cushing and Associates, Sargeant, Sewall and Increase Sumner. Robert Treat Paine who had prepared the indictment was Attorney General. All had been members of the Convention, and Cushing and Sewall members of the committee which drew up the Declaration of Rights. The charge of the Chief Justice to the Jury is given by Bancroft, Vol. 1, p. 420, with a reference to *Proceedings* of the Mass. Hist. Soc. for April 1874. That Society has also a most interesting monograph on those cases by the late Judge Emery Washburn. He and Bancroft as well as Amory, in his *Life of Sullivan* give chief credit to the latter Judge for that most important decision. Bancroft, however, in another place, Vol. V, p. 41, before referred to, speaks of Sargeant as one of a "very able committee of the General Court on the subject in 1777 and "zealous for the abolition of slavery."

The next and most severe test of the Court was in connection with Shay's Rebellion, so-called. Not only was the Court tested, but Massachusetts and the whole country was on trial. The demonstration probably woke people up to the necessity of a strong Federal Constitution. Judge Sargeant urged this plan in a letter to his cousin, Gen. Joseph Badger, a member of the New Hampshire Convention, which accepted the Federal Constitution. How much influence the letter had, we don't know, but it certainly proves that Judge Sargeant could write a powerful argument. Briefly stated, the Insurrection grew out of the conditions left over from the War. The soldiers of the Revolution had been disbanded, as Washington wrote, "without a farthing in their pockets" and promises of payment which never materialized. The confederacy

which carried on the war was still in existence, but the Continental Congress through which its affairs were conducted had become practically powerless. Throughout the new states, there was no business, widespread want, and anxiety for the future. The returned soldiers, from the fact that their private affairs had been neglected so long, suffered more than the generality of the people, and at the same time having borne arms they were less disposed to submit tamely to the "grievances" as they were generally termed. The Executions and other Processes of the Courts against their property and persons, naturally excited resentment, so they tried to prevent the Courts from holding sessions. Their first attempt was successful. They prevented the Court of Common Pleas from holding its usual session at Northampton, Mass. in 1786. Emboldened by that and fearful that Indictments for treason would be found against them by the Supreme Court, they decided to put a stop to its Sessions at Springfield, Mass., and assembled there in September to the number of several hundred under the leadership of Captain Daniel Shays, who had served with credit in the Revolution and was a man of considerable ability. James Bowdoin was then governor of Massachusetts, and Gen. Benjamin Lincoln at the head of the military department of the State. He sent General Shepherd to assemble soldiers to protect the Court and preserve order. At Springfield they already had the nucleus of the present United States Arsenal. Everyone feared the insurgents would seize it and take the arms and munitions. Gen. Knox of Revolutionary fame, was head of the War Department, and he went to Springfield and Boston in the hope of finding some way out of the difficulty. Congress didn't want to relieve a state of a local problem, and besides knew as well as General Knox did that the discontent among the disbanded soldiers was Congress' own fault for turning them off without pay or even thanks. Still more to the point was the fact that Congress was helpless. It had no army and no money to amount to anything and had become a mere shadow of authority. There was good reason to fear an Indian outbreak in the West, and, not daring to say it



needed soldiers for Springfield, Congress voted to raise a force for restraining the Indians, and called on the several states for a share of the money needed. Only one state, Virginia, paid any attention to the call, and that settled the question that there must be a strong central government or else each state act for itself. The next year, 1787, the Convention which formulated the Constitution was held. In the meantime, Massachusetts had to deal with the insurgents as best she could. Fortunately she had an able Governor, James Bowdoin. (See Note 15) Court met at Springfield in September and found a body of Government militia under General Shepherd, opposed by a body of insurgents determined that the Court should not sit, or at least that it should do nothing against them. The rival forces marched and counter-marched before each other, each leader probably willing to impress all with his strength. There was a rumor that the persons of the Judges were to be seized, and it must have been not so easy to walk through the ranks of the insurgents as was necessary in going between the place where they lodged and the Court-house. Court was duly opened and at first enough were present for Grand Jury duty, but there must have been "peaceful picketing" as there were not enough present again while Court was in session. Gen. Shepherd knew that time fought on his side and that the insurgents could not long hold together. So he was quite willing that the Court, having conformed to the Law by holding a Session, should adjourn, which after three days it did. The insurgents had again accomplished their purpose. One writer says the Judges were "thoroughly frightened" and glad to get away. They may have been frightened, but that they failed to do their duty does not follow. While there, they received from the Insurgents a written statement, and the Judges made a written reply which is with the State Archives. It bears the signatures of Judges Sargeant and Sewall, but apparently was written by Judge Sewall, and Judge Sargeant made additions in his own handwriting. Why Chief Justice Cushing and Judge



Sumner did not join in the report does not appear, as the Court records show them present.

In the January next the Insurgents again assembled and marched to Springfield with the purpose of seizing the Arsenal. Again Gen. Shepherd was sent to oppose them, and again after a vain attempt to get Gen. Knox's permission to take arms from the Arsenal, he got some few pieces without consent. The cannon were put in command of the route by which the Insurgents were coming and they were warned to stop, but did not, believing that Gen. Shepherd would not really fire on them. Shots were fired over their heads, but they kept on. Then the cannon were fired killing eight and wounding one. The rest retreated and gradually dispersed, many fleeing to Vermont and New York State. The rebellion was over. Shays became a respected citizen of New York, and finally received a pension for his services in the Revolution.

The next Spring, the Supreme Court tried some of the Insurgents who had been captured and several were convicted and sentenced to death, as appears in a letter to Governor Bowdoin. It was signed by four Judges, Cushing, Chief Justice, Sargeant, Sewall and Sumner. Some particulars were given for the Governor in case he should wish to exercise clemency, which he and his successor Governor Hancock finally did, and all were pardoned. One man who was called out for the militia met some of the dispersed Insurgents who showed him the bodies of those who had been killed, one of whom was his friend and a faithful soldier during the war.

This narrator, Park Hollander said, "He who had stood by the side of these men in severe battles with a powerful enemy and witnessed their hardships and sufferings, borne without a complaint, would much rather remember the good service they rendered their country than dwell upon what historians have pronounced a blot on the Nation's annals." Fortunately the state executives had the same feeling and acted accordingly. But John Quincy Adams, then studying law at Newburyport, records disapproval in his diary (*Life in an old New England Town*, Date Sept. 14, 1787). Is it much to the credit of our

government that a man who has stolen 30 pounds worth of plate should die for the offense, and others commit treason and murder with impunity."

The only event worthy of note in his judicial career after that was when Chief Justice Cushing resigned in 1790 to become "Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States" and Judge Sargeant put in his place, being the first appointed directly since the creation of the Court. He first presided as Chief Justice in Suffolk County, Feb. 15, 1790. At the April session he was not present nor at any later session. His fatal illness (1791) was upon him. He wrote Col. Pickering Dec. 6, 1790, "We all enjoy good Health except myself. The Influenza last year fell on poor me as well as everybody else and left upon me a very troublesome asthmatic disorder which it is very doubtful if I ever get rid of. I find my flesh wears away slowly, but I always had some to spare. What will be the end of it? He that has the right to dispose of us only knows." The epidemic of Influenza to which he refers was connected in the popular mind with Washington's visit of the previous year. (See Note 16)

Judge Sargeant did not succumb to the disease until a year later and in the meantime did some things deserving mention, including the preparation of the answers to the questions of the Senate already noted. Before mentioning them I will relate the unofficial side of his life.

He was living in a house on the west side of "Pecker's Lane," now Pecker Street, where he had resided nearly all of his married life. He owned land near the house of several acres. He had outlying pastures not far away, and at the death of his grandfather in 1775, he became owner of the Peaslee farm, consisting of about eighty acres. The land extended from the Merrimac River to the highway running from Tilton's Corner by the River to Rocks Bridge, now East Broadway. Most of it is now included in the City Farm. The house was not far from Tilton's Corner. Next east of this farm was land which Col. Peaslee had given to his daughter Ruth, wife of Joshua Sawyer, including land on Huckleberry Hill, now

belonging to kin of the late John B. Nichols. Judge Sargeant also had a tract of salt marsh in Newbury, without which no farmer considered himself first-class in those days. The tools and products listed in the inventory of his estate indicate that he did quite a little farming, and, in fact, he must have brought in something for his family besides the small and uncertain allowance paid a Judge. His sons were old enough at the time of his second marriage to be helpful on the farm under the right direction, but he was away from home too often to give them much personal attention, and his wife could hardly be expected to do a man's work of farm management.

In 1784 he bought a sixth interest in a "distill house" of James Duncan previously mentioned. At that time no odium attached to making, selling or drinking good liquor, and New England rum distilled from West India molasses was of highest rank. No one would have criticized a Circuit Judge for being interested in a Haverhill business, and his associates were men of high standing. Besides Duncan, who remained part owner, another was Daniel Appleton whose son Daniel, born in Haverhill in 1785, became the founder of the famous Appleton Publishing Co. The distillery must have been near Fleet Street, not far from Harrod's Tavern. Duncan had a shop nearby. The distillery was located where it could use the water from a spring on Judge Sargeant's land, probably where Spring Street now is. At the time he received his sixth of the "distill house," he entered into a "covenant" (which was recorded) that the water of his spring might be used for the distillery. Evidently the right to use his water was the basis for his partnership. Building excavators on Merrimack Street in 1926, came upon unexpected gushing water, which must have been the Sargeant spring unknown all these years. Some of his ventures were evidently profitable as the next year, 1785, he moved into a better neighborhood and purchased a house suitable to his station described later.

His oldest daughter married Cotton Kimball of Haverhill who had seen some service in the Revolution, and Judge Sargeant added to his possessions by purchasing

at a "sale under an execution" a tanyard which was carried on by the son-in-law. It probably paid well and was situated near the distillery.

The house he bought of John Sawyer in 1785, stood north of where St. John's Episcopal Church now is, adjoining the Common or "Training Field." The meeting House of the First Parish was north of the Common and the Parsonage on what is now Main Street. The Duncan, Appleton and White families lived near, and "Harrod's Tavern" or "Mason's Arms" (Washington's headquarters at his visit to Haverhill) stood where the City Hall now stands. Judge Sargeant's house was therefore in the best neighborhood and was dignified and worthy of his position. According to Mrs. Robert Carleton's account of *Some Old Houses and Families of Haverhill* in the Public Library, Judge Stephen Minot, another jurist of Haverhill, lived there years later. It was called the "mansion house" in Judge Sargeant's will. Chase says that the house had been moved to the south side of Winter Street on the west side of Spring Street and was standing there not much changed in 1861. When the land of that corner was required for a business block, the house was moved again and still stands in fair condition on Spring Street, the first house south of the block and probably on land which Judge Sargeant used to own.

Neither of Judge Sargeant's sons followed professional careers or were college graduates. The oldest, his namesake, learned the goldsmith's trade and started business at Beverly. He died long before his father, it is thought at sea while sick and trying to get home. It is suggested that Judge Sullivan retired early from the bench for family reasons, and it is ironical that the very devotion and personal education given Sargeant as a youth by his father and influential grandfather made him so successful that the Public demanded most of his strength and time, leaving little left to bring up his sons in his footsteps. However they may have done just as well in less prominent ways, and no one was exempt from the hardships of that terrible reconstruction period.

One of his daughters, "Sukey," as the family called



her, made a very promising marriage with the Rev. Huntington Porter of Rye, New Hampshire, a man who had a long pastorate and reached distinction. But she lived only a few years, and he married again. Her marriage, however, furnished one of the few human incidents about Judge Sargeant which we have. The account derives value from its author, no less than John Quincy Adams, then a law student at Newburyport in the office of Theophilus Parsons. Adams had studied for Harvard with Rev. John Shaw, pastor of the First Parish Church at Haverhill, whose wife was his mother's sister to whom he and his brothers were much attached. She was a good classical scholar and assisted her husband in fitting boys for Harvard. While at Newburyport, he often went to Haverhill to visit his aunt, and on one occasion tells in his diary of going across the road with the Shaws to have tea with the Sargeants, as follows:—

August 22, 1787. Dined at Judge Sargeant's with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. Mr. Porter and his lady are there upon a visit from Rye, with a child about six weeks old, which forsooth immediately after dinner must be produced, and was handed about from one to another; and very shrewd discoveries were made of its resemblance to all the family by turns, whereas in fact it did resemble nothing but chaos. How much is the merciful author of nature to be adored for implanting in the heart of man a passion stronger than the power of reason, which affords delight to the parent at the sight of his offspring, even at a time when to every other person it must be disgusting. Yet it appears to me that parents would do wisely in keeping their children out of sight, at least until they are a year old, for I cannot see what satisfaction, either sensual or intellectual, can be derived from seeing a misshapen, bawling, slobbering infant, unless to persons particularly interested. We drank tea likewise at the Judge's, and returned home between seven and eight in the evening. Leonard White came up to give me a letter for his chum.

Judge Sargeant's references to his second wife in letters to her brother, Col. Pickering, are very creditable to him and must have been gratifying to her. The curious recipe for jaundice is interesting. Whether Col. Picker-



ing used the prescription is not related, but he lived to the age of 84 (?) while Judge Sargeant died of "jaundice and a general indisposition of body," resulting from Influenza at the age of sixty. If he "saved others, himself he could not save."

A vein of really noble public spirit runs through his life and was evidently recognized and appreciated by his townspeople and fellow citizens generally. At a town meeting in 1789, he was put on a Committee to inspect the schools, the first instance of the kind in Haverhill records.

His consideration for other people's rights was notably recognized by the General Court's putting him on the Committee to consider African slavery at its memorable session on that subject in 1777. The question had been raised by the Petition of Lancaster Hill and others. The Report was for the Abolition of Slavery. (See Note 17) That Judge Sargeant dared take such a stand at a time when slavery was not only lawful but practised by respected neighbors, and believed by many to rest on Bible sanction, showed not only worthy convictions, but the courage to uphold them. Few of us realize that the Slave Question arose so soon in the history of our country.

After Judge Sargeant had ceased to attend the sessions of Court he still kept up his interest in matters of public welfare and on his petition the town voted to plant trees at the "public land," the first instance in the history of the town, and remarkable when it is considered how short a time had passed since the settlers had regarded the forest almost as an enemy to be destroyed. An effort was made at an adjournment of the meeting to reconsider the vote, but it failed and the trees were planted. Judge Sargeant could see them from his house nearby and no doubt imagined these young Sycamores grown up and as beautiful as those planted by Col. Saltonstall in 1748, and celebrated in Whittier's poem. At the next annual town meeting, Gen. Brickett and others petitioned for the removal of the trees set on the training field, perhaps fearing they would interfere with militia practise. But no action was taken, and Chase, writing about 1860

says the "sycamores" had not then been long gone from the Common.

Only a few months before his death Judge Sargeant joined in what was probably the first of a series of efforts still continuing to improve the navigation of the Merrimac River. He headed a petition to the General Court, which sets forth the need of removing some of the rocks and the large and increasing piles of lumber lodged on them "which impede the transport of masts, yards, plank, boards, shingles, staves, ship timber and in short every other species of lumber, fire wood, etc. from its source to the sea." The petition says the "advantages to the present and future generations would amply repay the same if one or two thousand pounds were expended," a modest amount even at that time, and furthermore the petitioners did not ask for an appropriation, but "pray your Honors to grant us a Lottery for that purpose and as the Legislature have granted the same privilege to other parts of this Commonwealth and this being the first request of a lottery in this part of the Commonwealth, we have as good reasons, at least, as they could offer. We doubt not your Honor will grant the prayer of our petition." We have no record that the Petition was granted.

Judge Sargeant was one of the original members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences which still exists in Boston.

On August 2, 1791, Judge Sargeant executed a will which appears in the collection of Illustrations. It is not in his handwriting, nor in Mr. Cranch's. It speaks of his "present" wife with no term of affection, makes no provision for payment of his debt to her, and cuts down his daughter's Rhoda's inheritance on account of what she had received from her grandmother. September 7th he executed the codicil which terms Mrs. Sargeant as his "beloved wife," provides for payment of a debt he had long owed her, and gives Rhoda sixty pounds to make her share equal the rest. On September 21, 1791, John Pickering wrote Col. Pickering that Judge Sargeant was near death, and sometime between that date and October 12th, he died. The Sargeant record gives the date as

October 12th, but a Notice in the *Salem Gazette* gives October 11th. That obituary was practically the same as one which appeared in the *Massachusetts Spy* of Worcester, so probably was sent in by friends rather than written editorially.

There is ample evidence to sustain the writer of this obituary in representing that Judge Sargeant was of a very sympathetic nature, deeply sensitive to the sufferings of others. Mrs. Turell, a widow, who had endured privation and loss through the siege of Boston, related years afterward how Judge Sargeant was one of several gentlemen who helped her out financially by going to her home for board. (See Note 18)

His letter to Col. Pickering, dated May 28, 1778, describes "the tragical" case of Mr. Spooner. He was killed in a very brutal manner by three men, as the jury found, who were procured by his wife to commit the murder. All four were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, and although I was unable to find any record of the execution, it doubtless took place because in those days it had not become fashionable to sympathize with murderers instead of the families and friends of their victims. Trying the case put a severe strain on Judge Sargeant, as he tells his brother-in-law.

In another letter to Col. Pickering, he wrote with obviously genuine and strong feeling of the death of his wife's daughter, the wife of William Pickman, Esq. Some years later, that gentleman wrote Col. Pickering of the uncontrollable grief Judge Sargeant showed at the death of his younger brother Christopher.

It must have been, as the obituary suggested, extremely painful for a man so sensitive to go on year after year imposing sentences under the almost savage laws of the times, and surrounded by an atmosphere of wrong-doing and distress.

Col. Pickering described Judge Sargeant as follows:—"He was a useful, worthy and amiable man; the prolongation of his life would have been desirable." (*Life of Timothy Pickering* by Charles W. Upham, Vol. 2, p. 477.)

That is certainly not a sensational eulogy but legally accurate, and after all could any better be said of the angels—using legal evidence? Judge Sargeant was not a great man, nor a leader. Perhaps he was too amenable to the wishes of others. But the amiable disposition to conform to the desires of those he loved and respected did not prevent his having a will of iron when it came to his manly duty as a Judge. Myrick, who lived in Haverhill about this time, wrote, "I heard much in his praise from the lips of the aged." One who was so remembered after forty years in the grave where he was powerless to help or harm must have had outstanding qualities that were engraved in the hearts of humble people. He must have been a constructive force in helping the lives of many at crucial moments, and a rock of sanity when everything was chaotic.

*Note by Constance Abbott*—Judge Abbott's original papers for this biography indicate that it was intended to erect a gravestone for Judge Sargeant, inscribed with the above quotation from Myrick; but whether the plan was by lawyers or historians, I don't know, as it has never been mentioned to me. (See Note 19—Family and Estate after Judge Sargeant's Death.)

## NOTE

NOTE 13—*Second Wife.*

Such a lady must have given her husband many social opportunities previously unknown. It appears from his letters to Col. Pickering that she usually went with him on his judicial circuits. In one letter he speaks of their going to Falmouth (Portland), Maine, where he was to sit at a Term of Court, perhaps in the "Battery," a family name for some old carriage. She would naturally go to Salem for family visiting when he went on business. At the several Judicial Seats she must have been a welcome addition socially.

Judge Cushing used a more pretentious equipage. He and Mrs. Cushing rode in a carriage drawn by a pair of fine horses, named "Colt" and "Hartford" and were followed by a black servant on horseback called "Prince." This carriage was provided with various inventions of his for traveling comfort, and after he became "Justice of the United States Supreme Court," he rode in it through the Southern Circuit of thirteen hundred miles.

NOTE 14—*Second Wife.*

At Mr. Sargeant's second marriage, the ceremony was performed by Rev. Benjamin Parker, pastor of the East Parish Church, Haverhill. From the beginning he had been in conflict with his parishioners, and the doors of the meeting-house had been "shut and fastened" against him by a committee chosen for the purpose. When the Revolution began, it appeared he was a "Tory"; so the rupture became final and the people voted to have done with him and close the meeting-house. Why a "patriot" like Judge Sargeant should have consented to be married by Rev. Mr. Parker is odd, unless we assume that it was to please the lady. Two of her daughters were married by Mr. Parker; Mary to Mr. Pickman of Salem, shortly before her own marriage; and Sarah to Isaac White, not long after it. According to Judge Sargeant's letters, she was not a strong "patriot" and may have sympathized with Mr. Parker. Her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Elliott, were connected with that church and may also have favored his cause.



NOTE 15—*Contest for Governorship of Massachusetts caused by Shay's Rebellion.*

Governor James Bowdoin had been resolute in putting down the Shay's Insurrection, even authorizing blood-shed. It was believed he would not prevent their being put to death by Court Order. Sympathy with the Insurgents was widespread and few thought them worse than misguided. John Hancock became a candidate against Gov. Bowdoin and was elected because of his stand for leniency.

NOTE 16—*Washington's Visit.*

Washington's visit to New England in 1789, is so connected with Sargeant's day as to afford a pretext for describing it. In a very interesting article about his father, Increase Sumner, one of Judge Sargeant's associates on the Bench of the Supreme Court (Gen. W. H. Sumner, in Vol. XIV, p. 161, *N. E. Hist. & Gen. Reg.*), tells what he saw and heard of Washington's visit as a boy of nine or ten. He says a number of prominent Boston men, including Adams and Hancock, were in the habit of gossiping with his father in his presence, and were quite free in condemning the selection of Washington as the first President, saying that he was only a military character, and besides had received as much preferment as belonged to him. It has been claimed that Hancock was induced to support the adoption of the Constitution in the Massachusetts Convention, only by the argument that Virginia would not accept it, and in that case would be out of the Union so he, Hancock, could be the first President. Adams was believed to favor the Constitution because working-men's meetings organized by Paul Revere gave the impression that the common people were urgent for its adoption. This is the talk which General Sumner heard as a boy. Hancock, besides, considered himself Governor of a "Sovereign State" and therefore entitled to receive the first call from the President on the occasion of this visit; whereas Washington considered the Nation first with himself as its Head, therefore entitled to receive the first call from Hancock, and he was so "resolved," according to his diary. Governor Hancock did make the first call, but only after delay, which he claimed was caused by gout, and had himself carried into Washington's presence with his legs hanging down and done up in red flannel. But when he got back home, he walked up the long flight of steps to the front door without assistance, according to common talk.

In the meantime, Hancock's condition (whether bodily or mental) caused other vexatious and wearisome delays, among them, Washington and his party, on their way from Cambridge to Boston, had to stand two hours waiting at Roxbury in a raw east wind from which Washington himself got a severe cold. So the Influenza epidemic occurring then was called the "Washington Influenza." It is not stated that Washington had Influenza, but some of his party did, and they thought it began in the Middle States. Judge Sargeant's letters refer to the sickness. This picture makes us realize that our troubles are not new and that big men did not walk in a halo of adoration then, but were mixed up with politicians just as they are now. Fortunately, children are not selfish, and the Sumner boy had only pleasing recollections of our First President.

Sumner belonged to the "West Boston Writing School"; all these boys stood in line at the Old State House arch as Washington marched through, and each was equipped with big quill pens which they snapped or "rolled" with military precision when the General appeared, making a fine noise that tickled the crowd. Furthermore, Sumner says the gold "G.W." on his mother's black velvet ball dress gave him a big impression of Washington's glory, and with his personal appearance, completely obliterated all bad gossip heard from the men.

The records do not show that the Superior Court took any notice of Washington's visit, and I have seen nothing except the mention of Mrs. Sumner's insignia to suggest that any of the Judges individually took part in his welcome. When Washington was at Boston and Salem, the Court was in session at Cambridge, and by the time he got to Haverhill November 15th, it was in session at Salem. Judge Sargeant and his lady may have gone to Salem before Court opened and attended the Ball, but I find no record of it. With a lack of enterprise which would ruin any newspaper of today, the *Salem Gazette* mentioned the Assembly, but gave no names; hence, no description of the ladies' dresses. However, in a later number it does state that Mrs. Derby and Mrs. Pickering were both present, standing one on either side of Washington as he sat in a chair. Mrs. Derby was the wife of "King Derby" whose house is popular today as an antique, and Mrs. Pickering, the sister-in-law of Madam Sargeant.

But at the Haverhill visit, although the Sargeants were not present, the family was represented informally in a way

worth remembering as long as the history of the trip itself. Chase tells of two young ladies who were allowed to drive out toward Exeter in a chaise accompanied by their fathers on horseback in the hope of meeting Washington's party which, unexpectedly, they did and were so thrilled that their carriage upset and they were thrown out. Washington at once halted his party and inquired kindly of the girls if they were hurt, to which they were able to reply in the negative. Later on after he had arrived at the tavern and was receiving such people as called to pay their respects, a younger sister of one of the misses in the previous adventure, politely appeared with her chum, and Washington, always practical, asked which would repair a rent in his glove. Both eagerly claimed the honor, but were persuaded to share it, so the glove was neatly mended and the little girls kissed by Washington.

These enterprising sisters were Madam Sargeant's granddaughters, children of her daughter Sarah, who appears with her in the Portrait, and was married first to Isaac White, the father of the girls,<sup>2</sup> and second to Jonathan Payson with whom she was then living in Haverhill. Everyone seems to have liked her and she was mentioned in Judge Sargeant's letter of May 10, 1781 as "your coz. Sally White." Mr. Payson did not succeed in business at Haverhill, and they moved to New Hampshire where he finally became Postmaster at Portsmouth, and held the office until his death.

#### NOTE 17—*Slavery.*

In Massachusetts, although there were about six thousand slaves at the time of the Revolution, one in seventy of the population, slavery had not become very rigorous. True, slaves were publicly whipped, but so were free white men on occasion. Slaves were allowed to testify against white persons in capital cases and even to vote, Bancroft says.

An advertisement with a humorous aspect which appeared in a Boston newspaper (1761) says:—"To be sold, A Negro Man named Caesar, about 45 years old, can both Read and Write, is a telerable good Cook, can labour well when a

2 Both these enterprising girls "married well." Sally harked back to Salem for a husband in the person of John Pickering, Esq., a kinsman, graduate of Harvard and a lawyer of good standing. Mary became the wife of Samuel Gile of Plaistow, N. H., a graduate of Dartmouth College in the Class of 1804, and a man of much more than ordinary capacity. He became the minister of the Church at Milton, Massachusetts.

Mind to, and is sold at his own Request. Enquire of Major John Wendell."

It is a companion piece for a notice quoted in Myrick's *History of Boston*, Vol. 2, p. 485, from *The News Letter* of Dec. 29, 1726. "A likely Negro Woman to be sold. The Rev. Mr. Prince has a Negro woman about 20 years of age, well educated, accomplished for all manner of household business to be disposed of." These notices of "well educated" slaves tempts one to wonder if Boston's claim of being the Modern Athens was not true, since even her slaves were cultured. Indeed it is related that one slave girl became a poetess of more than colonial reputation and that her owners aided her in obtaining recognition. Judge Sargeant must have personally known of one instance of remarkable leniency toward a slave. Col. Saltonstall, the last of his family to reside in what is now the home of the Haverhill Historical Society, had strong evidence that a young woman slave he owned had been guilty of blowing up his house with himself and family in it. Such evidence in certain parts of our country today would be enough to lynch a colored person or worse; but Col. Saltonstall was evidently a very merciful man, and therefore dropped the matter. An ancestor of his, Sir Richard Saltonstall, remonstrated against African slaves being brought to Massachusetts with such success that two of them were sent back by Court Order.

NOTE 18—*Mrs. Turell.*

*N. E. Hist. & Gen. Reg.*, Vol. 14, p. 151. Recollections of Mary Turell, widow, age 81, Dec. 22, 1821. "When the town shut up I did not receive any income from my estate for seven years. Mr. Turell being clerk of the court, his income at court being stopped prevented his salary. Mr. Turell died the year the town opened. The gentlemen who knew him in the court, came and offered to board with me if I would take them, such as Gen. Warren, Judges Dana and Sargeant, and the Council, making twelve in number." Mrs. Turell's recollections gave us the realities of war. She first saw the British troops on their way north to fight the French and Indians. Lord Percy mounted his horse to go to Concord in front of her gate. During the "Siege" she lived by Brattle Square Church where the British were stationed and which drew the fire of the Americans' cannon, not very effectively but too near for comfort. One ball struck the church wall and rebounded into her yard, where they



put it to use as a weight to keep the gate shut, but later fastened it to the church as a landmark where it remained as long as the church did. She got a permit from "Gen." Pitcairn to go out and see the besieging army, taking her little girl and several women friends. Her husband was left at home sick. While she was gone, the town was "opened" by the British Evacuation, and in great fear for the safety of her husband, she hurried back. Meantime, the little girl had got an "English shilling" lodged in her throat and was "at the point of death." The doctor told her the motion of riding might dislodge it, as it did, but it was "the hand of Providence" and not the doctor's common sense to which the good lady gave praise.

NOTE 19—*Family and Estate after Judge Sargeant's Death.*

Haverhill people may be interested to learn what is known of the family and estate of Judge Sargeant after his death. His will was probated November 7, 1791 by William Cranch, Esq., the executor. The estate must have been difficult to administer, as the will provided that his unmarried children, one son and four daughters, should have the right to continue to live with the widow, their stepmother, in the mansion house and have the use of furniture, etc., together. Two of his daughters, Rhoda and Susannah had married before his decease, and three married after his death. Elizabeth married Mr. David Foss of Barrington, New Hampshire; Tabitha, John Prentiss, Esq. of Londonderry, New Hampshire; and Mary, Galen H. Fay. The youngest daughter remained unmarried and died in 1803 about two years before the death of Madam Sargeant. As she was a baby when her mother died and only two years old when her father married again, evidently she and her step-mother became attached and as congenial as if actually mother and daughter.

Suggestions of a sad story are found in the Sargeant cemetery lot. There is a tablet for her and one like it for Jabez Kimball, A. M., Counsellor-at-Law, on which is also inscribed "Sarah S. Foss, four years old, adopted daughter of Mr. Kimball and Miss Sarah Sargeant." He was a graduate of Harvard College, Class of 1797, listed as "Tutor." The Haverhill records state that he had resided in the family of Judge Sargeant about two years and died about two months after the death of Madam Sargeant. Sarah Sargeant had died about two years before that; all three died of consumption. So Mr. Kimball probably went to live at Madam Sar-



geant's on the death of Sarah. The little girl lived about a year longer than he did. I interpret these facts to mean that Jabez Kimball and Miss Sarah Sargeant had formed an attachment which would have resulted in marriage, but finding they were victims of consumption, did not marry, although so united in sentiment that they informally adopted her namesake and sister's child, Sarah Sargeant Foss. Mr. Foss had died before Miss Sargeant or Mr. Kimball, but Mrs. Foss survived them both, and it seems strange she should have given up her child. But the hard lot of a widow in those days doubtless forced the separation. The Probate Records at Salem do not show an adoption, nor is her birth shown in the New Hampshire records, but the latter are not very reliable.

A few years after the death of Judge Sargeant, there were letters between his widow and her brother Timothy about Haverhill and Moses Wingate. He was Haverhill's centenarian whose portrait is at the Historical Society's house and who died in 1870. Hon. Paine Wingate, who was a relative of the Wingates named in the letter married Eunice, youngest sister of Madam Sargeant. (See Note 20) The letters from her brother on the subject indicate a high sense of public duty as well as confidence in the good sense and discretion of his sister. She was older than he and perhaps like a mother.

The settlement of Judge Sargeant's estate was completed in the Probate Court in 1795, as far as records to, but so long as his widow lived there could not be full and final settlement. Within a few years the real estate he left his children had passed from their hands, except that his oldest daughter Rhoda, wife of Cotton Kimball, continued with her family to live on land which had belonged to her father.

A great granddaughter, Mrs. Matthew French, of Haverhill, has a beautiful mug and a glass decanter which belonged to Judge Sargeant; also articles of furniture, a secretary, a light stand, and three mirrors, which probably belonged to him. The executor completed the settlement of the estate by delivering to the son Jonathan B. with the approval of the other heirs, clothing to the value of 23 pounds, and to his attorney the scarlet robe and other articles. The inventory and executor's account indicate that Judge Sargeant must have found his official position a trying one financially. His executor did not succeed in having the General Court pay the 300 pounds which was owing to him. Besides

what Judge Sargeant borrowed of his wife, he must have borrowed from his friends, as his executor paid a note to James Sullivan, a debt to John Lowell, and one to Theo. Parsons, each large, and another to Sheriff Bailey Bartlett of 120 pounds. If he had lived a little longer he would have seen his property so increased in value that he would have been comfortable for life. Even so, he was probably much better off than most people during the hard times which followed the Revolution. His brother-in-law, Hon. Timothy Pickering, was in such straits for money that friends in Salem raised a fund of twenty thousand dollars and presented it to him as payment for lands he had taken up in the wilderness, but had no value. Judge Sargeant possessed a large number of Promises to Pay for small amounts, some payable in commodities, some against leading men of the town, indicating the difficulty all had in getting any actual money, even if they had lands and goods in abundance. Most of those notes, the executor was unable to collect.

NOTE 20—*Wingates.*

Paine Wingate was a cousin of Col. Pickering and married the youngest of his sisters, Eunice. He was born in Amesbury, the son of a minister, in 1739; graduated at Harvard in 1759; studied for the ministry and became the minister of the church at Hampton, New Hampshire; but after a period of controversy was dismissed and did not take another charge, although he occasionally preached, until as it is related, this incident occurred. He had an unusually strong sense of the ludicrous and was often moved to hearty laughter. On one occasion when people brought their lunches to church and he was officiating as minister, a small dog thrust its head into a pitcher with food at the bottom, and could not get out, but rushed about the church in a panic with the pitcher over his head, throwing the minister into such a wild fit of laughter that he would never again enter a Pulpit feeling disgraced. So he turned to public affairs in which he reached high distinction and usefulness. He was a member of the Continental Congress in the Revolution, and after the Constitution was set up became a Senator, then a member of Congress four years, and later a Judge of the New Hampshire Superior Court.

## EARLY MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL SYSTEM

By LOWELL HARRISON

When the Kentucky General Assembly decided, in 1821, to make another attempt to organize a common school system in the Commonwealth, it sought advice from the other states which had already undertaken such projects. A committee was appointed to collect such information as it deemed necessary to guide the state in its contemplated program.<sup>1</sup> Previous efforts had failed because of the poor management and the reckless sale of the public lands which had been granted for the purpose.<sup>2</sup>

The committee's report of the following year revealed that few Kentuckians had bothered to answer the questions contained in a "domestic circular," but the "foreign circular" was more successful than anyone had dared hope. The queries which elicited the responses were:

"1. Has any system of common schools been established by law in your state?

2. If so, are they supported by a public fund, by taxation, or by a charge upon parents and guardians, whose children and wards are sent to school?

3. Are your counties or townships divided into school districts, with one school in each, or otherwise?

4. What officers are employed in carrying into effect your system of schools, how are they appointed, what are their several duties and what their compensation?

5. Are your teachers employed by the month, or at a certain price for each scholar?

6. What is the average price given per month or per scholar?

7. In what manner is the teacher boarded?

8. Is any particular qualification required in teachers?

9. Can they be removed, and by what authority?

<sup>1</sup> *Acts of the General Assembly of Kentucky, 1821*, Chapter CCLXXXIV, Sect. 1-3, 351-52.

<sup>2</sup> See Barksdale Hamlett, *History of Education in Kentucky* (Bulletin of Kentucky Department of Education, VII, No. 4, July, 1914), 3-4.

10. Are females ever employed as teachers?
11. If so, what is the difference in cost between male and female teachers?
12. How many months in the year, and at what seasons are your schools kept?
13. How many children usually attend one school?
14. To what kind of superintendence are they subjected?
15. Are they free to all children or only the children of the poor?
16. Are they attended by children of every class of the community?
17. What portion of the children in your community receive the rudiments of education at these schools?
18. What is the probable average expense per month or per year, of educating a child at one of your common schools?
19. What branches of knowledge are taught therein?
20. Of what improvement does your system seem to be susceptible?
21. Do the people of your state appear to be satisfied with the present plan?
22. If you can give a brief detail of the origin and progress of your system, it might afford many useful hints for the guidance of the Commissioners in avoiding those errors which have been discovered in your state only by experience."<sup>3</sup>

Among the replies were the two below which dealt with the Massachusetts public school system of that period. One was written by ex-president John Adams who was living out his years at Quincy. The other came from Alexander Bourne, a transplanted New Englander who evidently cherished the memories of his childhood schooling.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Journal of the Senate of the Commonwealth of Kentucky for 1822*, 191-192.

<sup>4</sup> Alexander Bourne was born in 1786 at Wareham, Massachusetts. When he was 26 he traveled westward to Ohio where he carved out a career as a surveyor with a special interest in canal construction. Colonel Bourne died in 1848. Neil E. Salsich, "The Siege of Fort Meigs Year 1813 An Eye-Witness

MONTIZELLO, QUINCY, July 22d, 1822

Sir:

I know not that I ever received a letter with more pleasure than yours of the 30th June last, except the circular from your Committee, which I received some days before.

The wisdom and generosity of your legislature in making liberal appropriations in money, for the benefit of Schools, Academies, Colleges and the University, is an equal honor to them and their constituents; a proof of their veneration for literature and science, and a portent of great and lasting good to North and South America, and to the World.

Great is truth—great is liberty, and great is humanity, and they must and will prevail. I have communicated your letters to as many of my friends as I have seen, and requested them to assist me in complying with your views. If the taper thread of life should continue to burn a little longer, I hope that you will hear more from me. At present, blind and paralytic, I am incapable of research or search. I can only give hints from memory. A law of this Colony, almost two hundred years ago, obliged every town to maintain a school master, capable of teaching the Greek and Roman Languages, as well as reading, writing and arithmetic in English. Those school masters were to be examined by the clergymen and magistrates; and the clergymen in those days were all learned men. This law is in force to this hour; though not so punctually executed as it ought to be. I had myself the honor to be a schoolmaster from 1755 to 1758, in the town of Worcester, under this law. These school-masters and school houses, are maintained by taxes, voluntarily imposed on themselves by the people, in town meeting, annually; and the ardour of the people in voting money for this noble purpose, is astonishing. In this small town of

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Account by Colonel Alexander Bourne," *Northwest Ohio Quarterly*, Vol. 17, No. 4 (October, 1945), 139-154. The account is continued in Vol. 18, No. 1 (January, 1946), 39-48. Information concerning Colonel Bourne was made available by the Ross County Historical Society, Chillicothe, Ohio.



Quincy, consisting of not more than 1,400 inhabitants, I think they voted this year, \$1,700, for the support of schools—more than a dollar a head for every man, woman and child in the place. The principal school, which is not more than half a mile from me, pours out of its doors, at twelve o'clock every day, from one hundred, to two hundred boys and girls, as happy as Scott or Shenton, has described them and their masters, in their romances. Besides this principal school, there are not less than four or five schools kept by women in different parts of the town, for children of both sexes, too young to be able to travel to the central school. Besides these town schools, there are Academies under the auspices of the legislature, and others established by private munificence for teaching languages, arts and sciences, on a more enlarged scale. All these subordinate institutions are preparatory to the qualifications of young gentlemen to enter the University. The Universities and the schools mutually support each other; the schools furnish students for the College, and four years afterwards, the College sends the young men into the country to keep school.

I esteem myself highly honored by your circular and your letter of the 30th June.

And am Sir, your very obedient,  
humble servant,  
JOHN ADAMS<sup>5</sup>

WILLIAM T. BARRY, Esq.<sup>6</sup>  
Lexington, Kentucky

CHILLICOTHE, April 25th, 1822.

Sir:

On looking over the Kentucky Argus yesterday, I saw your Circular relating to Common Schools, which it is proposed to establish in Kentucky, and I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject.

I have not the vanity to believe, that the opinions of an obscure individual will have much weight in forming the plan which will be finally adopted by the School Com-

<sup>5</sup> *Senate Journal*, 1822, 192-194.

<sup>6</sup> William T. Barry, chairman of the investigating committee, was Lieut. Governor of the state and presiding officer of the Senate.

missioners; but perhaps a few facts, relating to the institutions and experience of other States, may be of some use in your deliberations.

The State of Massachusetts is divided into counties, and the counties are subdivided into townships, which may average about forty square miles each. The townships are divided into school districts, according to the number of scholars, or persons of both sexes under twenty-one years of age, in such manner that each district shall not much exceed fifty, nor fall short of thirty scholars, and they generally average forty five.

The Counties in that State are of small importance, except for judicial purposes; but the Townships are perhaps the most perfect democracies now extant, and their officers levy and collect all taxes, and retain their proportion in their own treasury. The legislature only declares what the capitation or poll tax shall be for that year, and the whole amount of taxes to be raised in each township, according to the whole amount of property, real and personal, in that township.

In each township the following taxes are levied annually, and collected with legal rigor, viz. the poll tax, state tax, county tax, township tax, road tax, poor tax, school tax, and clergy tax; and these taxes are generally very punctually paid.

The school tax amounts to about fifty dollars in each district, or nearly one dollar for each scholar. In each township, a school agent is annually elected for each district, who hires a schoolmaster for about three months in each year, which are usually the winter months.

The salary of the schoolmaster is from twelve to fifteen dollars per month, besides his boarding, which is furnished in proportion by the wealthy citizens in each district; and the schoolmaster's salary is paid by the township treasurer, on the order of the agent. The agent frequently visits the school, and can dismiss the master at pleasure; but he generally assembles the heads of families for advice, when any thing extraordinary occurs. The land owners in each district furnish a school house and their proportion of fuel.

The schoolmasters are either students at College, who teach during the vacations, or the best qualified young farmers, who are not engaged in their ordinary business during the winter.

The schoolmaster rarely objects to boarding about among the farmers, eight or ten days in a place; because he is generally acquainted with all his neighbors, and his ancestors have tilled the same field two hundred years before him. He is pleased with the good cheer, hearty welcome, and the tales of other times, which await him; and the old man is pleased with the master's polite attention to his family, and the innocent amusements which beguile the long winter evenings.

The course taught in these schools, includes spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography and the rudiments of rhetoric. Each school is furnished (by the State) with the Constitution of the United States and of the State of Massachusetts, bound together in neat volumes, which are ordered to be read through several times by the higher classes: and the parents furnish all the other books and stationery that are required.

The books generally used, are, Spelling Books, Reading Lessons, Grammars, Geographies and Dictionaries, of the most approved authors; and occasionally, Poetry and the works of taste.

The school agent requires the master to enforce a rigid discipline, a strict morality, and an unremitting attention to the several studies, while in school. The study of the Dictionary is very particularly attended to, and each of the higher classes is required, twice a day, to commit a page to memory. The class first spell and pronounce each word in the lesson correctly; the master then takes the book, and requires them to spell the words without the book, tell him the definition or meaning of each, and what part of speech it is; and if one word is missed, the book is thrown down, and the whole lesson must be studied again.

Those who have been through this course seldom have occasion to look into a Dictionary again, until advanced life impairs the memory.

The constitutions are read so frequently, that it is a dull boy of twelve or fourteen years, who cannot recite at pleasure any clause of these 'supreme laws of the land.'

The study of English Grammar is continued until the most difficult sentences in blank verse, &c. are parsed with facility, and a correct knowledge of the language obtained.

In Geography, the most important particulars are committed to memory; and in Rhetoric, some of the best orations and extracts from plays are committed to memory, and pronounced in school, by the first class, for the purpose of wearing off bashfulness, acquiring the proper gestures and the various modulations of the voice, so requisite in public speaking; and at the close of the quarter, a public exhibition before the parents and others is announced.

The system of common schools established in Massachusetts, is, in my opinion, the best institution of the kind that is to be found anywhere; because it is attended with the least expence; it is managed by the people themselves, and it furnishes an education which is the best adapted to the practical duties of life.

It is not expected that the same plan will prove equally beneficial in every community; because much depends on the manners and customs peculiar to each section of our country. The ardent spirits of the south and west, will never be softened into that patriarchal simplicity of manners so prevalent in the north.

Our boys and girls from the age of fourteen to eighteen, will never pursue their studies together in the same school room with regularity, and whisper the tale of love at night with impunity.

Our population is composed of adventurers from every State and country, who *will* 'carve for themselves;' and when we assimilate, and form a general character, it will be essentially different from that exhibited by the north.

I have dwelt with too much fondness on the customs and manners of my ancestors, and detailed, with a tedious minuteness the principles and practice of that institution, to which I am indebted for what little I know of the rudiments of science; but the outline of this rough sketch, may



afford some hints, which will be useful in forming a plan for the establishment of public schools.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient humble servant,

A. BOURNE<sup>7</sup>

Wm. T. BARRY, Esq. Lexington, Ky.

The report of the committee summed up the findings with high praise for the Massachusetts system.

"The state of Massachusetts is divided into large counties, which are subdivided into townships of various dimensions. The townships are also divided into School Districts, the size of which depends on the denseness of the population. Each township is, for many purposes, a little republic within itself, possessing many of the powers of self government. Among those powers, one of the most important is, that of raising money, by an *ad valorem* tax, for the support of schools. It is exercised by the legal voters of the township, assembled in town meeting. Each man has a right to propose the sum which to him may seem expedient; the vote is taken upon the highest first, and so on, until some particular sum obtains the assent of a majority. The amount so voted is assessed upon the property of the township, and collected like other taxes. It is apportioned among the several school districts, in proportion to the number of children to be educated in each, and paid over to the Trustee of the district. The Trustee is an officer chosen by the people of each district, in public meeting at their school house; and it is his duty to receive the money, hire teachers, and superintend all the details of the school. The sum expended in each district, varies, according to the wealth and liberality of the township, or the number of children in the district; but there is no spot, throughout the State, from which a school is not accessible from six weeks to four months in the winter season, and from two to five months in the summer season. The winter schools are taught by men, and are attended by boys and girls of all ages, from infancy to mature age. The summer schools are taught by ladies, and are attended by girls and young children of both

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 212-214.



sexes. In the winter schools, are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, English Grammar and geography; in the summer schools, generally, reading and writing. The wages of a winter Teacher, are from twelve to twenty five dollars per month, according to the wealth of the district and the reputation of the teacher; but the average price is about eighteen dollars, together with their board. The summer teachers receive about nine or ten dollars per month, together with their board. This system is admirable for its simplicity, its cheapness, and its efficacy. It has no complicated machinery to embarrass its operations; its cost is not two dollars per scholar for six months tuition; and it reaches and blesses with at least the most useful parts of knowledge, every child in the community, rich or poor."<sup>8</sup>

8 *Ibid.*, 165-66.

## BOOK REVIEWS

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JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. 1950, 699 pp. octavo, cloth, illus., Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown and Company. Price, \$5.00.

Mrs. Bowen, who ranks high as a biographer, has written a story of Adams' early years which is most entertaining and informative. Before 1776, he taught the colonies to write their separate constitutions and, as the author states, "thereby put a canvas bottom under the American Revolution, so that when the thirteen colonies cast off their ties, they did not fall through to chaos, internal bloodshed and a new paternalism." His life at Harvard, and study of the law show the character of the man. His exemplary habits, his faith in God and belief in his country, stood him in good stead during the whole of his public life. He died at the age of ninety, a statesman about whom we can discover a great deal by reading this fine biography. Strongly recommended to all libraries and those who would know the calibre of the founding fathers.

HIGHWAYS IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE. A symposium. Edited by Jean Labatut and Wheaton J. Lane. 1950, 506 pp. octavo, cloth, illus., Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press. Price, \$7.50.

This is a series of articles on road building written by experts on the earliest in Europe and Asia to the most modern in this country. A brilliant group of chapters deals with the design of highways and their intersections. Preparation of this book has been a principal undertaking of the Princeton University Bureau of Urban Research during the past four years. It is intended to serve the plain citizen or the framer of public policy seeking to understand the influence of the highway on our present and future life. This volume will prove helpful to students and technicians.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PO CHU-I, 772-846, A. D. By Arthur Waley. 1949, 237 pp. octavo, cloth, illus. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$3.50.

Mr. Waley here gives the biographical background of the

many poems of this early Chinese poet, many of which he has translated. This is the first biography of a Chinese poet to appear in English. The text is interesting and the translations are very intriguing, especially when one realizes how many centuries ago they were written. There is also a genealogy of the family, going back several generations. A book of more than ordinary interest and recommended to students of Chinese culture.

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